Liberty

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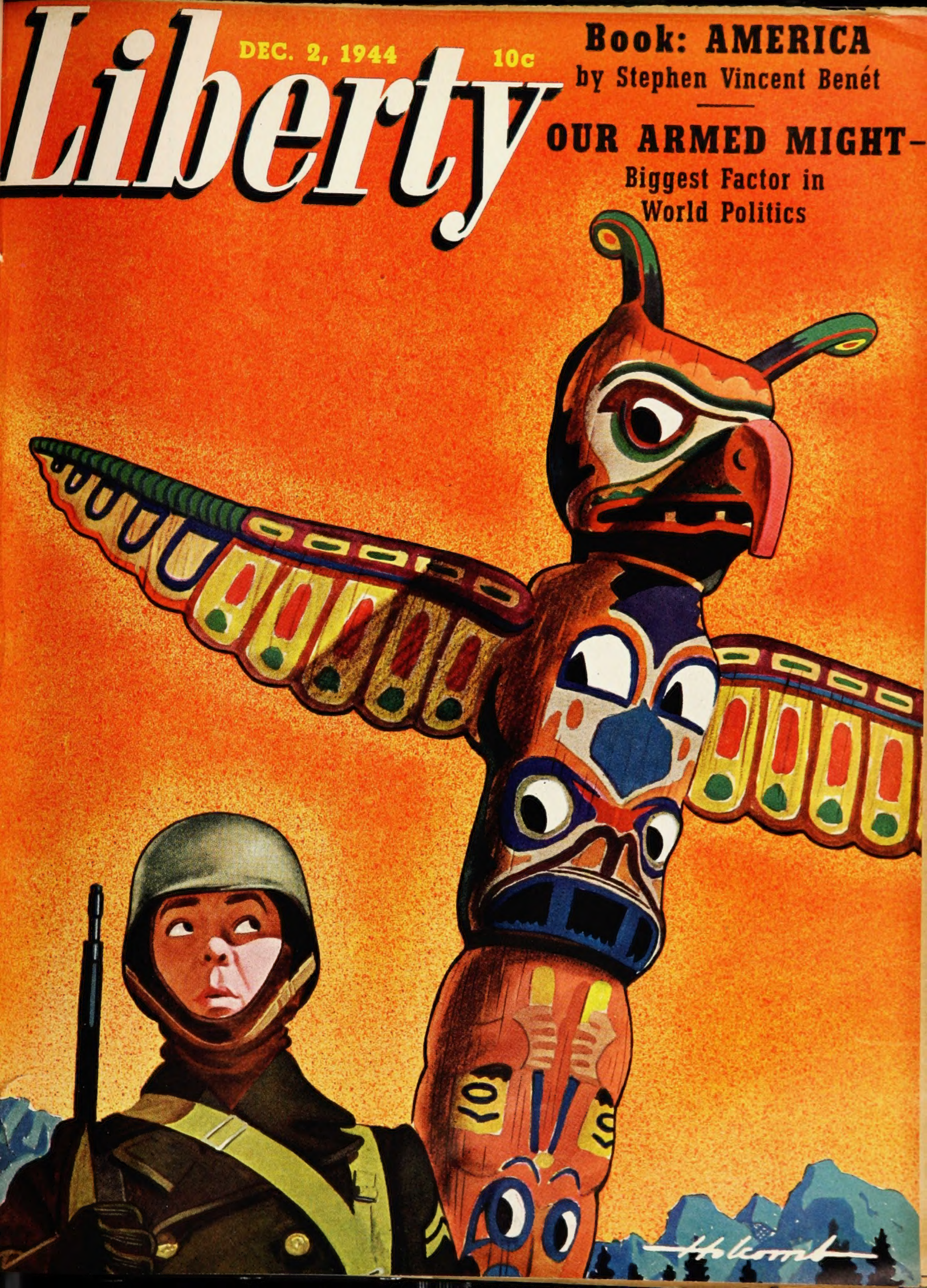
Book: AMERICA
by Stephen Vincent Benét

OUR ARMED MIGHT—
Biggest Factor in World Politics



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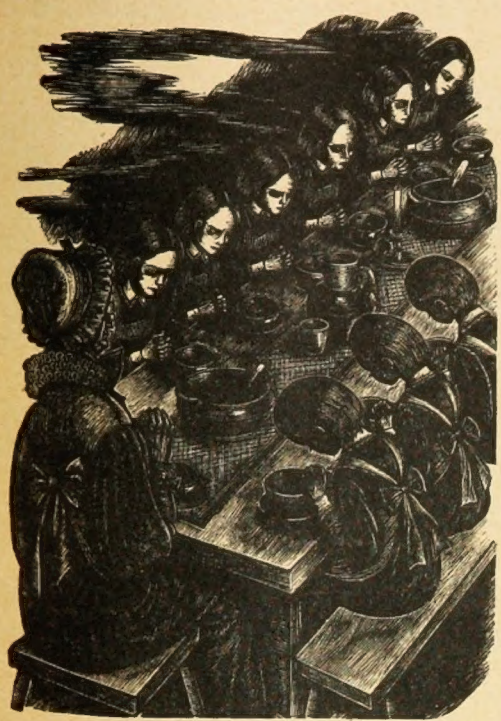

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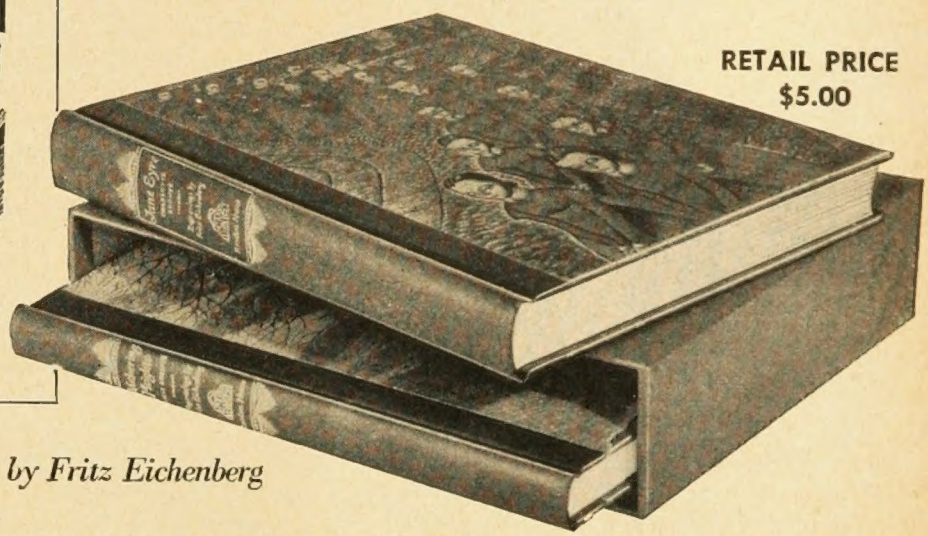

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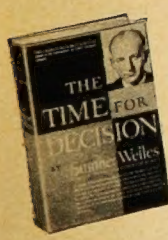

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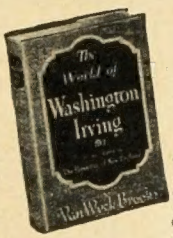

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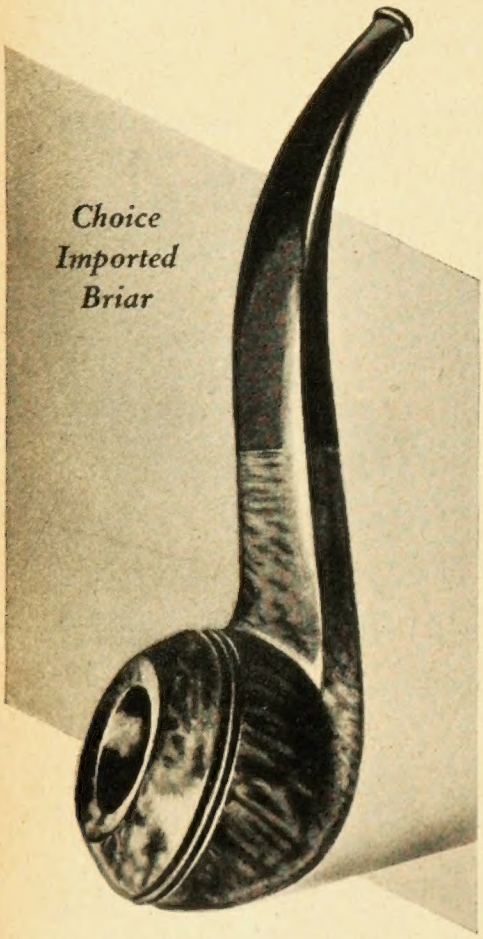

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Cover: Alaska's Watchful Sentries
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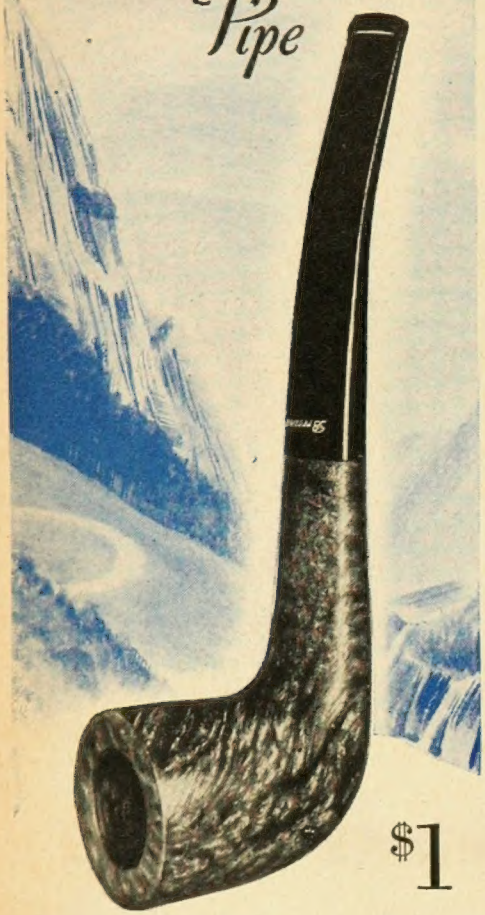

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★ VOX POP ★

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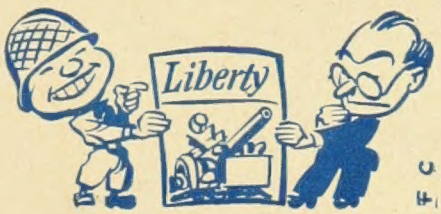
G. I.s GET A LAUGH

c/o PM, San Francisco, Calif.—The article in September 9 Liberty *What* Postwar Problem? by Samuel W. Taylor, is tops. We are a bunch of G. I.s over here in New Guinea and we've read it over at least ten times, doubling over with laughter each time. We want to thank you sincerely from the bottom of our hearts for more laughs than we've had in ages. He hit the nail right on the head.



The civilian won't be able to see the humor in it, but it is so much like the Army in every way, it sounds ridiculous, but oh, how true! Thanks again.—*Pfc. Charles A. Phillips.*

HARA-KIRI—IN TEN EASY LESSONS

Somewhere in the Pacific—In Vox Pop of September 30 there appeared a letter from Russell Dean Fisher criticizing Richard G. Hubler's story L'Affaire Sweeney, regarding the Japanese using dynamite to commit hara-kiri. It might not be such a bad idea if Mr. Fisher took a good look at what's going on in the world today and forgot the encyclopedia for the moment. I would like to point out to Fisher that it is standard procedure for the Japs to kill themselves with a hand grenade clasped in their hands and held against their chest. Mr. Fisher, there is no certain way to commit hara-kiri, and the way Richard G. Hubler wrote it is definitely within the realm of the possible.—*Bob Newton White, S. 1/c, U. S. N. R.*

THE FILIBUSTER EXPERT

Texarkana, Ark.—In answer to Walter White's question How Will the Negro Vote? (October 21), I can tell him that down here they are going to vote few and far between. In three out of four cases here, a politician can buy a Negro a nickel soda pop and the Negro feels obligated to vote for him as long as he runs for office. Does the secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People think we want our elections to be carried and decided by such minority groups? Indeed not!

His suggestion that discrimination against the Negro in the Armed services be abolished was actually funny. Our Southern senators will filibuster anything along that line that should come up in Congress. An anti-poll-tax bill would be filibustered as long as a Southern man can raise his voice. Expect it and don't waste time on a fruitless effort!—*Billy Crane.*

PRACTICING WHAT WE PREACH

Summit, N. J.—I'd like to congratulate Liberty on printing the excellent article How Will the Negro Vote? I am a white person myself, but I have been in sympathy with the enormous problems of the Negro race all my life. Certainly if we are to practice at home what we are attempting to preach abroad—democracy—we should honestly attempt to better the conditions of our minority groups.

It grieves me deeply to see certain white groups trying to suppress the natural instinct of any human being for equality—trying to hold the Negro down to a medieval way of life. Perhaps the greatest wrong done the colored people of our country, outside of the infamous poll tax, is the unjust treatment meted out to some of our Negro soldiers. Therefore I have always derived a great deal of satisfaction from hearing from the lips of many white soldiers words such as—"Sure, he's colored, but so what? He's a darn good fighter and a good Joe, too." Thanks again, Liberty, for printing this fine article.—*Mrs. Dorothy Elizabeth Albert.*

I LOVE HIM, I LOVE HIM NOT!

Minneapolis, Minn.—Just this minute I finished reading One I Love—Two I Love, by Anne Hall (October 21), and I simply had to write in and say thanks for such a grand story. It's a doozer! Also it strikes me kind of funny. You see, I'm just twenty-one years old and I've been trying to make

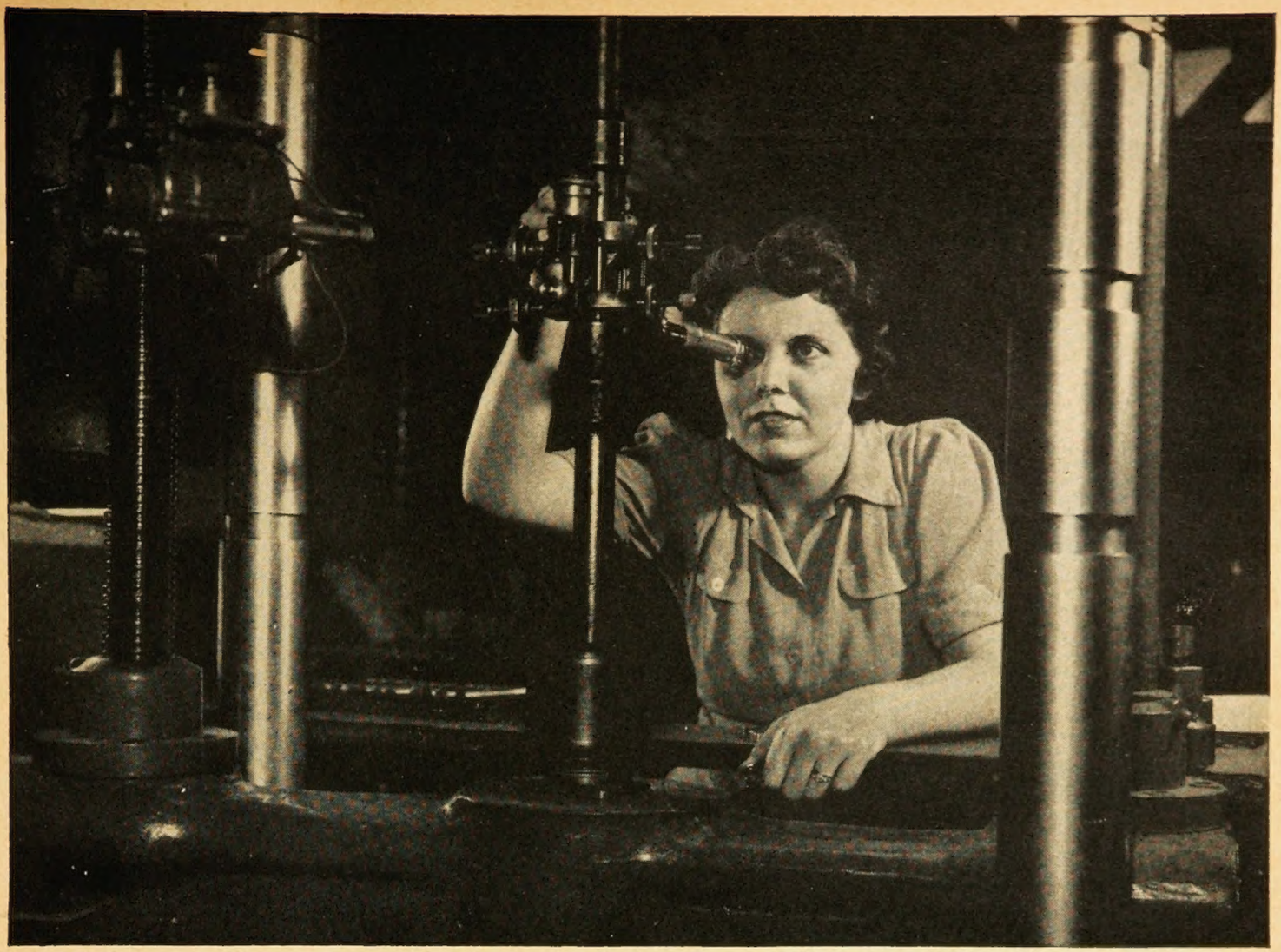
up my mind between two young men, one a wonderful person but inclined to fall for a pretty face (not mine, darn it), and the other a very lovable person but less—"romantic." Now I know which one I want. It's Mister Two for me! Thanks for showing me the Light, Liberty!—*Dodo Greenwill.*

MARGIN FOR ERROR!

Greenwood, Miss.—I just finished reading the story Solo for Weezy, by Ware Torrey Budlong (October 14), and being a cadet in Basic, I'd like to remark that the author doesn't know very much about cadets.

In the first place, who ever heard of a cadet getting home between Primary and Basic? Unless you wash out, one of your immediate family must die in order for you to get five days' leave. And this business of going to Pre-flight eleven days

(*Continued on page 8*)



The eyes have it

Scene: One of the laboratories in the Bethlehem Steel plant at Bethlehem, Pa. Time: Almost any minute during a 24-hour working day. Business in hand: Determining the elastic limit of a sample of steel. Tester: Mrs. Mildred Kacar, who is a housewife when she isn't working in the laboratory.

It's a big and important part of the steel business, this testing. Working with chemicals and machines—operating controls, reading dials and studying columns of figures — heat treating, bending, etching, examining steel specimens. Important? The big Navy gun, which may be made from steel such as Mrs. Kacar is testing, just *has* to be right—beyond shadow of doubt.

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(*Continued from page* 6)

after he was eighteen! It took me ten months, and that isn't slow!

Also the collar insignia are on backward in both illustrations and a cadet can't wear his cap in the "sloppy Joe" manner pictured.—*A/C Donald O. Lahrman.*

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION . . .

CLEVELAND, OHIO—I would like to congratulate Mr. Paul W. Kearney on his very fine article Run, Sheep, Run! (October 14). He stressed some very good points in that article, of which too many of us are totally unaware. Of the six points he brought out, I think that number one was the most important: "Never settle yourself in any place of public assembly without making a quick survey of the nearest *secondary* exit and fixing its location in your mind."

Most of us were taught in our school days how to conduct ourselves in case of fire by having periodical fire drills. Why can't we follow those same rules now? What is the matter with us today? Do we grow dumber as we grow older? If so, and even if we don't, I think everybody should read Mr. Kearney's article and get smarter. It may well save *your* life some day!—*Richard Mould.*

CORRECTION FROM A CAPTAIN

CAMP CHAFFEE, ARK.—In your recent article The Army's Grasshoppers, by Major Richard Thruelsen and Lieutenant Elliott Arnold (October 14), it was stated that General Walter Krueger, while on maneuvers in Louisiana in 1941, was with the Second Army. During the maneuvers in 1941 General Krueger was commanding general of the Third Army, and General Ben Lear was commanding general of the Second Army.—*Captain John B. Watson, A. G. D.*

THAT CERTAIN SOMETHING!

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I notice that Liberty gives the picture Dragon Seed a heading which reads, "Special Mention." Well, it takes quality to know quality, and the film Dragon Seed is certainly a movie of quality. It's one of the most outstanding films the movie industry has issued of late, and, needless to say, lovely and capable Katharine Hepburn steals the picture! It's a real treat to see an actress like Katharine Hepburn perform on the stage or screen, for she is one of the few actresses who possess that Sarah Bernhardt quality of perfection in acting, plus an exciting magnetic personality. The public is hungry for more appearances of Katharine Hepburn, whose finished performances are a credit to her profession. Three cheers to Liberty for giving Special Mention to Dragon Seed.—*Helen Widoff.*

"He took off from Shangri-La . . ."

Ted and Ellen had been to a dance the night before—excited and gay, as if they knew the parting would be soon.

And they had whispered the refrain of a song to each other . . . "I love you, I love you, I love you."

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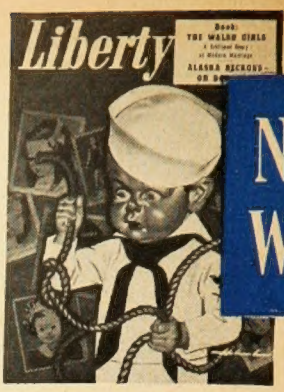

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THE WALSH GIRLS

By Elizabeth Janeway

Liberty's Book Condensation

Helen Walsh had a healthy appetite for life and love; her neurotic sister, Lydia, wanted to live only by proxy. How Helen met this threat to her happy marriage is the theme of a story of compelling reality.

ALASKA BECKONS—OR DOES IT?

By Peter Wood

A man who knows his way around Alaska gives you the low-down on where our new frontier's great opportunities lie—and also, where they don't!

YOU'RE WINNING THE WAR AGAINST INFLATION

By Gerald W. Johnson

Don't let anyone kid you. It's you—John and Jane Citizen—who are winning the battle of the pocketbook. Here's how and why you're dealing the enemy a major blow.

AMBUSHES IN THE SKY

By Technical Sergeant M. R. Ellis

Using stratagems reminiscent of Indian fighting, the desperate, dying Luftwaffe lurks in clouds and traps unwary pilots.

NOTHING FROM JOE?

By John O'Hara

As Kate Smith says, "If you don't write, you're wrong." But if your man in uniform isn't writing often, there may be a hatful of darned good reasons. A reporter in the Pacific explains for Joe.

PULCHRITUDE BY PARCEL POST

By Juliet Bridgman

You clip a coupon, you pay your money, you work like a mule—and the next thing you know, you're beautiful! Charm-by-mail is a million-dollar business.

THE LIE

By Matt Taylor

Here is a gentle tale of a boy in a crisis. His name is Frankie and his father has just gone away.

THE END OF HERR GENERAL

By Ken W. Purdy

The Führer had commanded. A single elusive idea could smash England—but an old wrong was waiting to destroy the destroyers.

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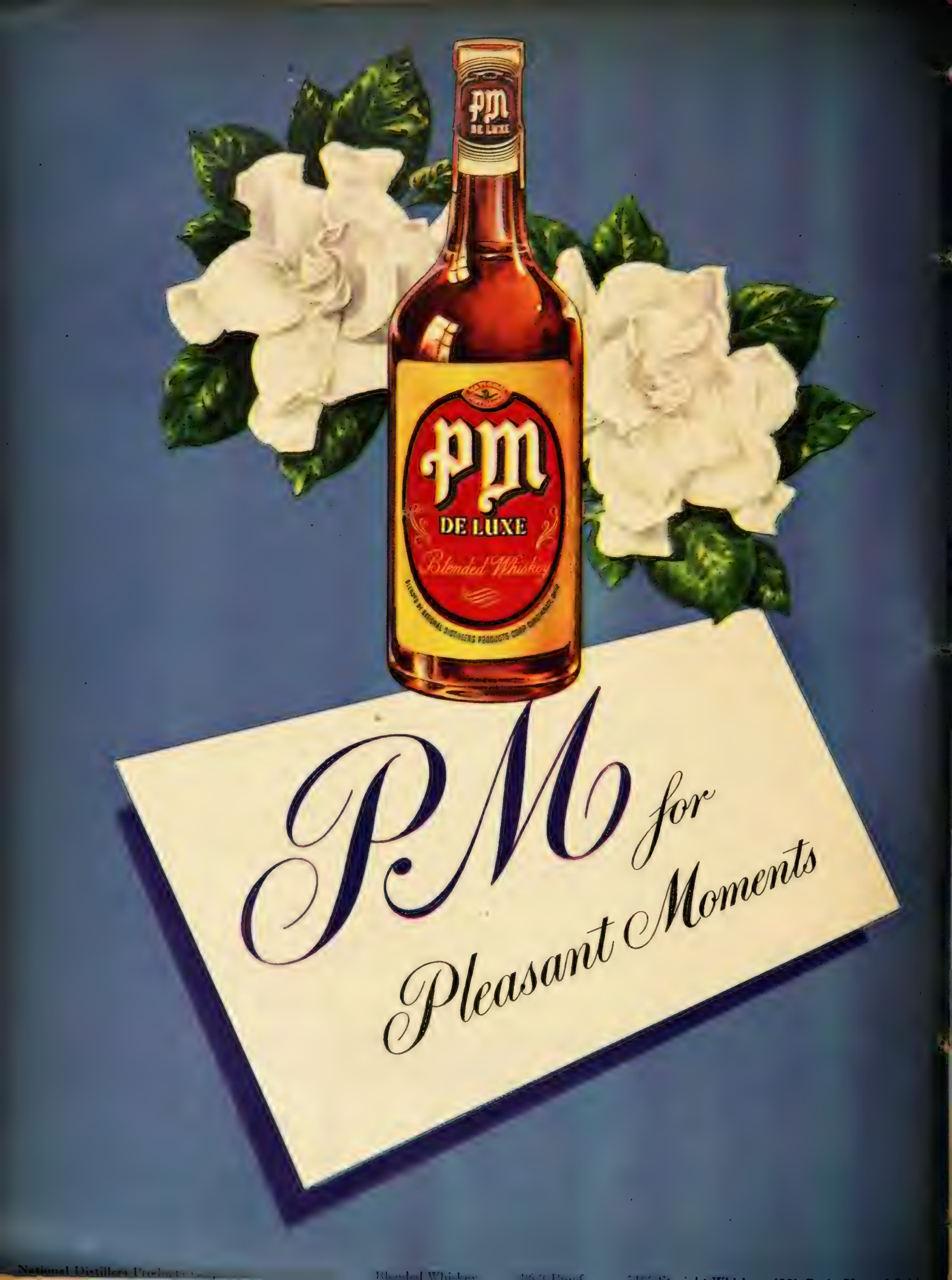

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Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

STRICTLY FRESH FASHIONS: Among those present at a Preview of 1945 Flower Fashions in New York's Waldorf-Astoria was Helen Weber who had dramatized her black ensemble with a metal link necklace on which were clipped the bright heads of twelve red rosebuds. She tells me the necklace, with clips ready for holding blossoms in place, is on sale in department stores, and that the thrifty nature lover can unclip the blooms after the party, float them in a bowl of cold water, and have a gay aromatic centerpiece for

a week thereafter. Under the supervision of Alyn Wayne, stylist of the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association, the Flower Preview included flower hair-dos that take the place of hats. One was called "Pocahontas" and consisted of a small skullcap of croton leaves surmounted by a coronet of brilliant red glamellias, designed to be worn with a black dinner dress. Another floral topknot was labeled "Gretchen" and involved coral red epidendrums, a tiny orchid that grows in California. These were manipulated into a circlet from which swung two seal brown ribbons over each ear, with more orchids at the ends. This winter, as more and more milliners are prescribing more and more hat, with quantities of feathers, ribbons, fabrics, and sequins, it may be that conservative husbands will prefer floral hats on the theory that they will at least *smell* good. One problem presents itself, however. Hostesses whose guests want to remove their hats, may have to get larger refrigerators so that the hats may be parked close to the ice to keep them fresh.

EARLY MEANS EARLY: *Shopping early* doesn't mean just shopping early in the season, but early in the month, early in the week, and early in the morning. Any Christmas shopper who can do her stuff in the early morning is assured better selection and much better service. Most stores report that the early days of the week are also much less crowded than the latter half. So do yourself a favor and shop early.

NIGHT WORK: Night work for mothers is nothing new. But it is news when the Winchester Repeating Arms Company's gun plant in New Haven appoints a woman as night boss. Mrs. Olive Dahlberg is the lady with the job, which she says has changed her personality. Though she approached it with mouselike trepidation, after a month in the saddle she found she could depend on her colleagues, and discovered that running a gun plant was not very different from running a house. Thirty-five years old, attractive Mrs. Dahlberg is the mother of four children, and went to work for the Winchester plant three years ago as a cartridge loader. Later she became a matron, then personnel adviser, then chief night personnel adviser, and now night superintendent. Her hours are from midnight to 8 A. M. Ninety per cent of the force are men, and the plant covers some eighty-seven acres.

BLOOD DRAFT: In Brooklyn's Flatbush Avenue Court, Magistrate Charles Solomon appealed for blood donors for the Red Cross blood bank, and commented, "I'm wondering if the time hasn't arrived when we should seriously consider applying the Selective Service principle here in Brooklyn, so as to require every physically competent person to meet what is a very great obligation and to make at least one blood donation." This sounds like a very just idea. After all, the wounded who need our blood have no choice about being shot on the battlefield. Magistrate Solomon has given blood five times. . . . Seventeen members of the North Atlantic Division of the Air Transport Command answered appeals of the Red Cross for donations of Type O blood, which is the type that is being flown overseas as whole blood instead of being changed into plasma first. It arrives at its European destinations within thirty-six hours and is thus administered to wounded soldiers even while the donor is still enjoying that warm glow that comes with sharing life. The Air Transport donors gave a pint each and were back at La-Guardia Field in time to see the blood put aboard one of their own planes. . . . After my last donation I had coffee and doughnuts with three young women, one of whom had just given her sixth pint,

another her eleventh! She was already a member of the Gallon Club, with three pints to spare. The other two of us were neophytes with only three pints apiece to our credit. . . . Sing Sing prisoners gave 225 pints of blood to the Westchester County Chapter of the Red Cross on its eleventh call at the prison since the war began.

FALL CLEANING: Helen Cole, on retiring from an extended career as stylist for a large New York store, turned housewife with a vengeance. For the first time in ten years she tackled the house cleaning herself. She began by throwing out a tin box that appeared to be a dust catcher. It turned out that it had contained the cook's door key and all the ration books!

BEST GIFT BUY – WAR BONDS • NEXT BEST – KREISLER JEWELRY
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ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Jacqueline Cochran used a bottle of C_2O to christen 10 Grand, the 10,000th Republic P-47 Thunderbolt when it came off the assembly line, September 20.

Prelude to June 6

The lightning Allied drive through France was made possible by the greatest demonstration of air power in history. The westward drive of the Germans in 1940, with the assistance of the Luftwaffe dive bombers, was a small show by comparison. All the advantages this time were with the German defenders, as they were in 1940. But the Germans in 1944 had no defensive air power, and they were licked from the start.

When an air force can point to as many as 5,500 sorties in a day in the midst of a campaign, that is a record of which to be proud. For each sortie means a single specific mission by a single plane and the servicing and operation of 5,500 planes in a day means a tremendous and efficient behind-the-scenes organization.

The invasion of France really began in April, for it was during this month that the airmen started methodically to carry out the prelude moves. These early air attacks were on rail yards, tracks, and bridges in eastern France and even into Germany—far from the actual invasion coast. This was the earliest phase of the communications strangle that was to prove the downfall of the Nazis.

One month before the actual invasion, that is on May 7, the first real phase of the air campaign began with the destruction of the Seine River bridges.

Next came operations against bridges, embankments, and choke points in the Paris and Orléans gap, and bridges crossing the Loire from Orléans to the Bay of Biscay.

Then, with the actual invasion of the coast of France, the airmen concentrated on enemy traffic within the blocked-off area, including operations against troop and supply movements in the immediate fighting zone.

The final air phase was the strafing and bombing of all rail and road traffic by which the Germans tried to move supplies and reinforcements from the Calais region and elsewhere in northwest France and Germany to the battle area.

This caused the strangulation of German troop and supply movements which eventually brought about the disintegration of the entire German defense. It was not merely a question of a break-through; the entire area of France was strangled.

All of this American air offensive was executed by medium and light bombers of the Ninth Air Force, fighter-bombers of both the Eighth and Ninth Air Forces, and heavy bombers of the Eighth Air Force—the Eighth Air Force bombers being diverted temporarily from their strategic targets to participate in the communications strangle. This meant exceptionally good organization and planning. And the campaign could not be so obvious as to provide a pattern which would permit the Germans to know what our real goal was.

The De Luxe Postwar Mars

Now that the Glenn L. Martin Company is hard at work turning out twenty seventy-two-and-a-half-ton cargo flying boats for the Navy, the Martin engineers have completed their designs for a postwar commercial flying boat, utilizing the same basic designs. If you've seen any flying boats around lately, you're due for a surprise when these new Martin boats are ready for flying, because they are much larger, in every way than anything now in service except the Mars.

The prototype for the new models is the famous Mars which has received much publicity as the largest flying boat in the world and which is now operating for the Navy between San Francisco and Hawaii. A prototype simply means that a single plane is built and then used for tests and is the basis for a subsequent production order. In aircraft of large size it is always wise, and sometimes necessary, to build one plane first before going into full-scale production. So the Mars was the guinea pig, and the new models (also to be called the Mars) are more efficient, larger, heavier, and more refined in detail. The mere gross weight of seventy-two and a half tons indicates that this flying boat is no toy—it's actually larger than many of the early sailing vessels that crossed the Atlantic.

The Martin engineers have designed three double-deck models. One is a de luxe transport plane carrying fifty-eight passengers on long hops with full sleeping accommodations. During daytime operations, seventy-nine passengers could be accommodated in luxurious seats. A crew of eleven would be in charge, including five stewards.

Solely as a daytime aircraft, 105 passengers could be carried. A novel feature of the two-decker boat is a complete loudspeaker system. There are also eighteen telephone outlets.

As a cargo plane, all trimmings would be eliminated and no less than five cargo handlers plus six other crewmen would be required. As much as 13,220 gallons of gasoline can be carried, which means a very long flying range.

Here are the specifications of the new Mars: four Pratt & Whitney engines; wing area of 3,686 square feet; wing span of 200 feet; speed of over 200 miles an hour at 10,000-foot altitude; fuel cost per hour of $71.60; propellers on two inboard motors to be reversible, to serve as brakes and to facilitate maneuvering at loading docks. There are many unique features being built into the designs.

How We Get Essential Material

The Foreign Economic Administration continues to fly large quantities of priority materials and ores to the United States and, according to the last calculation, had flown 59,000,000 pounds out of China, India, South America, and Africa to the United States, the United Kingdom, and Russia in the past eighteen months.

Only about two thirds of these materials are flown here, and a variety of air services is utilized. For example, the Army's Air Transport Command and the Navy's Naval Air Transport Service perform the bulk of the transportation. But SABENA, the Belgian air line in Africa, the South African Air Force, and British Overseas Airways Corporation are also utilized. From India, Brazil, and Africa comes mica, which has important war uses and is not found in the United States. From India comes valuable talc. From China come tin, mercury, tungsten, and silk. From South Africa comes pyrethrum, the revolutionary insecticide. Quinine and beryl come from South America.

When war spread around the world, the Allies were caught short of a few basic materials. The FEA was given the task of rounding up all available sources, and almost all of the transportation has been by air—at least on the initial stages of the journey. As the war has progressed favorably, the urgency on some materials is falling off.

Aviation Training Aids for Schools

Here's good news for public and trade schools that have aviation courses or classes, or that plan to add such courses after the war. The Army Air Forces spent about $100,000,000 on educational training aids such as films, slides, charts, booklets, cutaway models and the like. It is estimated that at least a fifth of this vast amount of

training-aid material can be salvaged for use after the war, and steps have been taken to "freeze" these aids so that they can be turned over to some agency such as the Civil Aeronautics Administration and disposed of to schools and industry. Some of the material, especially cutaway models of engines, instruments, and planes, would be suitable for museums. All of the A. A. F. material was used to train pilots, mechanics, bombardiers, engineers, and other crewmen.

Something New in Census Taking

Believe it or not, the airplane will aid in taking a census of some 6,000,000 farms starting next January. But census takers won't be flying on their rounds. Instead, the aerial maps produced by some eight government agencies will be used by the Census Bureau. It won't be necessary to take additional aerial photos because the U. S. Department of Agriculture and other agencies have already done the job.

Only those isolated areas which are without local maps locating farms will be covered by the aerial-photo process. The main object is to discover where all the farms are, and get an idea of what the farm consists of, and then to follow up with ground calls to obtain more detailed information. Census officials estimate that about 360,000 farms out of the country's approximately 6,000,000 farms will be involved in this novel method. They figure it will save taxpayers money.

An Idea That Took

One day J. K. Dobbs, who is president of the Hull-Dobbs Enterprises, a chain-restaurant concern, was a passenger on an air line. The stewardess was airsick and the twenty-one passengers began to get hungry. Mr. Dobbs offered to serve the meal for her. He was struck by the low quality of the poorly-packed food and the tepid coffee. He got an idea.

And out of this idea came the world's largest air-line catering service. Hull-Dobbs now serves meals on eleven different air lines over the country. Although the company headquarters is in Memphis, it serves such widely-scattered points as Northwest Airlines in the north, and Pan American Airways in the south.

The problem of keeping food at proper temperatures for serving aloft is one that has received much attention in recent years. United Air Lines had conducted many experiments in serving food. As for Hull-Dobbs, it uses huge thermos bottles and special containers. It learned to place eggs, only slightly cooked, in heated casseroles, where they continued to cook slowly aboard plane. Water put on a plane at 38 degrees was the proper temperature for drinking an hour later. For coffee, the thermometer shot up to 198 degrees. Altitude, with its lighter oxygen, creates quite a few problems in food handling. But air-line passengers have been treated to better meals more consistently than almost anywhere else.

Oddities in the News

One state areonautics director found he had an easy time selling a new hangar. Sheldon B. Steers, director of the Michigan Board of Aeronautics, flew to Flint, Michigan, to discuss it with city officials. At the meeting in an office on Bishop Airport, a rain squall accompanied by a seventy-mile-an-hour wind blew up. After the storm they found the only plane owned by a new flying school was smashed beyond repair, and another aircraft damaged. Flint is going to have a hangar.

"Engineering officer, my eye . . . Why, that dressed-up dumbjohn hasn't had his hands dirty in a month. All he needs to do with those Jacobs engines is to keep their serial numbers. A smart guy in his spot would let the sergeant sign all the reports and just show up for inspection!"

"Tch tch! Keeping an operating quota of these coffee grinders I have on the line would learn him. Want to trade jobs, feather merchant?"

To his brother engineering officers with the beefs, the occupant of the office says "You mail order mechanics fairly snow me!" and gives a snoot salute.

No AAF Engineering Officer has a soft job . . . but the Jacobs engine has helped to make his life easier.

At his own discretion, he can now let the Jacobs engine run up to 1,200 flight hours between major overhauls—time equivalent to 180,000 miles! The period has been gradually increased from 350 hours since the start of the war.

Once overhauled, the Jacobs is good for six months service, despite the fact that these engines, under hard student handling, must make more take-offs, spend more time at full power, stand more wear and tear than engines in almost any other type of service.

Jacobs has meant less work for ground crews . . . smaller inventories for supply officers . . . maximum operational air time to officers in command . . . greater security and safety to instructors and cadets, because Jacobs engines keep running . . . more peace of mind to parents whose sons are safer . . . and a break to the taxpayers due to lower maintenance costs!

In peacetime, when costs will count as well as performance . . . Jacobs engines will give as good an account of themselves . . . both in aviation and in other fields. Because it means minimum maintenance, maximum dependability, lower costs—Jacobs is a good name to remember . . . Jacobs Aircraft Engine Co., Pottstown, Pennsylvania.

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Names That Endure

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Immortal Author and Humorist

Portrayal of Charles Dickens author of "A Christmas Carol." Brought to life in his inspiring classic are Ebenezer Scrooge, Tiny Tim and Bob Cratchit.

Conklin Glider
Pen and Pencil Set $3.95

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The Pen that Endures for Generations

- Masterpiece of Dickens' many celebrated Christmas tales, "A Christmas Carol" perpetuates the spirit and tradition of gift giving. To give with thoughtfulness as well as sentiment, select the new Conklin Glider Pen and Pencil Set . . . a gift that keeps on giving through the years . . . proudly presented . . . gratefully received.

Pride of skilled craftsmen, the new Conklin "Glider" Pen and Pencil Set provides years of efficient service. 14K Gold iridium-tipped Cushon Point Pen assures smooth writing. Visink Gauge guards ink supply. Single Stroke Lever gives quick, capacity filling. Trim, matching Pencil has easy action mechanism. Dichroplastic stripe-inlay patterns. Available in many smart color combinations. Guaranteed and Serviced. See this magnificent value at Jewelry, Stationery, Drug and Department Stores.

Conklin Glider
Pen only
$2.75

14-KARAT GOLD
Conklin *Cushon Point*

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CARTOON BY LAWRENCE BUTLER

DO WE KNOW OUR OWN STRENGTH?

BY MARQUIS W. CHILDS and EDWARD A. HARRIS

The greatest factor in world politics postwar will be America's armed might. To use it wisely we should know how great it is. Here's how others see us

WHEN the fighting stops in this war, the United States will have amassed the greatest power ever assembled by any country in the history of the world. That is the staggering fact which most Americans have not yet begun to take in.

We will rank first in air power, first in naval power, first in industrial power. We will be second only to the Soviet Union in the strength of our armies. We will outrank the world in armament, technical skill, inventive potentiality, managerial capacity—in short, in all the requisites that go to make up a champion of champions.

Now, the strange thing is that the rest of the world is acutely aware of this with feelings of hope, misgiving, jealousy. Yet the ordinary American is just awakening to a startled and unbelieving realization of his stature on the international horizon.

He is like a man who looks at himself in a distorting mirror, unwilling to believe that the modest fellow he knew has become suddenly a colossus. This time the mirror is not lying. This giant is America. And the sooner we get used to the idea, the sooner we will learn to use our power with intelligence in the interest of world security.

Several avenues are open to the new giant. We can, as we have done in the past, scuttle our Navy, muster out our Army, and crawl back into the illusory shell we lived under before 1941. Or we can take our turn at world imperialism. There are precedents, American precedents, for that. We can throw our economic and political weight around indiscriminately in every corner of the globe.

Or, finally, we can pursue the course to which the great majority of Americans appear honestly—if vaguely—committed. We can work with other nations—and it will mean hard work, with much persistence and more patience—to achieve enduring peace and a better world. That is the way of reason. It is the way to avoid, in fifteen or twenty years, a disastrous contest with a rival power.

Since a knowledge of our power is essential if we are to use it sensibly, the time has come for stocktaking. While military secrecy screens some of the facts, enough of them are available to show what fabulous power America can send out to the farthest reaches of the earth. So let's step back for a moment and look at ourselves as the rest of the world sees us. Then we can better grasp the grave responsibility that is ours to make the proper decisions.

By the beginning of 1944 our rate of production of munitions almost equaled the total of every other nation put together, a phenomenal accomplishment in less than four years' time. By the end of the war, as economist Robert R. Nathan has pointed out, we will have devoted enough resources to the war to have been able to rebuild, with those same resources, all our reproducible assets—every office building, every home, every bridge, every automobile, everything we use and wear.

Plane production, by the start of this year, had been geared to exceed the goal set by President Roosevelt after Pearl Harbor—more than 8,800 a month. The 86,000 planes delivered during 1943 represented a miraculous increase over the 6,000 turned out in 1940, the 20,000 in 1941, and the 48,000 in 1942. Cutbacks in plane production have already begun, but the potential is still there, to say nothing of the demonstration of what was done in the face of a threatening enemy.

In the five years since the outbreak of the European war the Navy has constructed 65,000 vessels of all types, and the naval expansion program is only half completed. The number of warships has more than trebled, as has the Navy's fire power. The Navy's air force has multiplied twenty times. The monthly production rate of torpedoes is forty times the average rate in 1939.

(Continued on page 67)

Smoke's eyes were blazing. "A devil of a lot of housekeeping you do," he said. "If it weren't for mother I'd starve to death."

WEEK-END WIFE

Many a war-wed couple will find disillusionment; many will make a go of it; but still more will have to work out a way of life to meet their needs

BY MARGUERITE EYSSEN

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

THE alarm clock under her pillow whirred in Nan's ear, and she forced her eyelids open to glance at the watch on her wrist. It couldn't be—but it was!—it was seven o'clock. Beside her in the in-a-door bed that let down into their one-room-kitchenette, Smoke slept on, his pillow a ball under his head. Nan sat wearily up, threw the covers back, and swung her feet out. She sat there on the edge of the bed, soddenly sleep-drunk while her eyes traveled heavily around the room.

Rum Collinses. On the arms of the chairs, the table, the window sills, were the sticky glasses, the filled ash trays, plates and remnants of scrambled eggs and toast, murky coffee cups. Who was it last night? Oh, yes, a couple of fellow pilots Smoke had known in England, stopping on their way back to Marsh Field. Oh-hum, and Smoke would brood again now about being out of it. Nan felt for her bedroom slippers and stumbled groggily to the bathroom. If she could sleep just once around the clock!

In the bathroom she brushed her hands across her eyes, shook her head to clear it, and looked in the mirror. Twenty-one, and she felt a round hundred. The soft tangle of dark hair emphasized her morning-after pallor, the blue circles under her eyes, the red gash of lipstick, just as she had tumbled into bed beside Smoke at three o'clock that morning. Her eyes were dull, burned out. Her eyelids drooped again as she fumbled for the shower faucet. Brrrr! But nothing less than the sting of ice-cold water could penetrate the fog.

Dressed for the office in the dark blue dress with its slightly mussy white collar and cuffs, her bag under her arm, she stopped in the living room beside the bed, looking hazily down at Smoke. Even in sleep, with the bedclothes knotted under his chin and his bare feet protruding, there was something dashing and headlong, unreckoning and devil-may-care about Smoke; something that was very much Captain Richard Barcroft, D. F. C. and two bars. He stirred as she stood there, opening his eyes, blinking.

"Hello, Ma," he murmured, and turning over, he was dead to the world again.

Nan was left in the rush for the first

bus at the corner, but she wangled a seat in the next one. She sat straight up, rigid, clutching her bag in her lap. If she leaned her head back and relaxed, if she so much as shut her eyes, she'd wake up at the end of the line. Thank heaven it was Saturday and only a half day at the office.

But it was one of those mornings. Typing a long legal brief for Mr. Parmenter, she used the eraser four times to the page on the average. From the next desk, Tess Willard said, "What hit you this time? A truck?" Tess had a husband somewhere in the Pacific, so she still lived at home. Her organdy dicky was crisp and fresh.

"Fliers' bull session, and on into the night," Nan said.

"If I had your luck!" Tess would always regard the piece of flak which, shattering Smoke's right femur bone, had washed him out of the war, as a special dispensation from Providence to Nan; as, of course, it was when you considered how much worse it could have been.

"How's Smoke's leg?" Tess said.

"Just the difference in length," Nan said, "but maybe not forever, if the pelvis does tip to compensate."

"It must be the way you live," Tess sighed, and Nan seized the eraser again.

ALL mornings passed, of course; even that one. The hands of her watch crawled toward noon, and Nan promised herself, I'll hit the hay the minute I get home, and sweep out afterward. It was a quarter of twelve when Mr. Parmenter's bell rang for her, and Tess said, "Oh-oh!" It jolted Nan awake. She was conscious at least when she opened the door of Mr. Parmenter's office.

"Sit down, Nan," he said. In front of him on the desk was the smudged brief she had typed, and Nan flushed.

"All right, what's the trouble, Nan?" Mr. Parmenter was gray-haired and all-enduring. There was only a solicitous note in his voice, but at the sound of it, Nan felt tired tears sting under her eyelids. Swallowing, she said, "I know I—I've been missing since Smoke came back."

Mr. Parmenter made circles and squares with his pencil on the desk blotter. He said finally, "Maybe you're trying to carry too much. Is it necessary? Didn't you tell me Smoke had gone to work for Atlas Refrigeration?"

"He did work there." Nan ran her tongue over dry lips, moistening them. "But he didn't take to refrigeration, and he had the chance with American Supply, and—"

"American Supply?" Mr. Parmenter brightened. "That ought to be a pretty fair go. I know Ben Cobb, their chief engineer, and—"

"It did look for a while as if it might work out," Nan said, "but it—it didn't, and now, while I'm working, is the time for Smoke to—to look around."

"I see." Mr. Parmenter's eyes were thoughtful behind his spectacles as he studied Nan. "Then you plan to stay on with us?"

"Oh, yes. Yes indeed!" Nan said, her heart skipping. "And I've been thinking about other arrangements for the housekeeping and—and all." She held her breath until Mr. Parmenter, still thoughtful, said, "All right, Nan. I just wondered."

But the jolt was still with Nan when she got off the bus at the corner and stopped at the market. Her brain, numb from lack of sleep, rebelled at concentration on food—something—anything for lunch and for dinner tonight. She'd take a chance on her mother's asking them for Sunday dinner. What was it Smoke wanted? Oh, yes, matches. Lighting his cigarette at one of the electric hot-plate burners, Smoke had groused, "For the love of Pete, can't we have some matches?" The carton of matches protruded from the top of the bulging brown paper bag Nan set down in front of the apartment door to let herself in with her key.

She opened the door—to see the bed still down, the tumble of bedclothes on the floor. And there were the sticky glasses, the egg-stained plates, the coffee cups; the coffeepot still perched on the radio.

"Smoke?" There was no answer. Damp towels lay where Smoke had tossed them into a bathroom corner. The shower curtains still drizzled. Smoke always had to turn the shower on full blast, of course! Sloshing up the puddles on the floor with the damp towels, Nan dragged back to the living room. Smoke had probably gone home, to combine breakfast and lunch with his mother. Afterward he would nap in the swing on the shaded verandah. By dinnertime he would be starving, caught up with his sleep, and all set to go places. Standing there beside the rumpled bed, Nan thought of her old room at home: of the sun pouring through the crisp ruffled curtains, of her bed with its smooth blue counterpane. Her throat tightened, and anyhow, she had to have this talk with Mom.

She shut the door on last night's aftermath, locking it. It was twenty minutes by bus to Overbrook Road. Nan sat rigid, her eyes aching. But Mom would say for her and Smoke to come right home to live, of course, until Smoke caught on. Just putting it up to Mom, though, would be admitting a lot of things. It would be admitting that probably she and Smoke had been a little young for the furlough marriage, and that maybe they might better have waited until Smoke, who had gone straight from school to the Air Corps, had come back and settled into a job. It would be admitting that maybe war marriages were a risk at best, because, as Mom and Dad had said, men didn't always come back the same. There was more than the limp that was different about Smoke. There was the taut look in his eyes, his quick flare-ups, his dread of being ten minutes in the same place, the little nerve twitching in his cheek. Yes, going home to live until Smoke caught on would be admitting a lot of things, but she simply couldn't take any chances with her job right now.

"Overbrook!" the driver called out, and getting off, Nan turned up the quiet maple-arched street, passing comfortable houses with wide cool porches. She turned in the walk at home and stopped at the top of the porch steps, her eyes lingering on the cushioned porch swing. Opening the screen door, she stopped again. The shades were drawn against the sun, and the room was clear and cool, ordered and sweet. Walking on through the dining room, Nan stopped in the kitchen doorway. Mom was frying doughnuts, turning them in the kettle of deep fat with her long fork.

"Mom, I'm going, if I walk over red-hot coals!"

"Dad and I thought we'd pack a lunch tomorrow," she said, serene and neat as a pin in her starched print, "and ride to the end of the line on the bus for a picnic."

"Gosh, sinkers!" Nan said. She tipped a bottle of cold milk from the refrigerator over a tall glass, and dropping down at the kitchen table, she took a bite out of a fresh doughnut, savoring it.

"Lord, how I hate to cook!" she said; and chuckling, Mom said, "But you do like to eat."

Over the glass of milk Nan looked around the sunny spotless kitchen.

"It's different cooking in a dark cubby-hole on a court with a darned old electric hot plate," she said.

"Our hot plate was gas when Dad and I were first married," Mom said as she lifted the wire rack of doughnuts from the bubbling fat and set it down to drain on a sheet of brown paper. "You look tired, dear."

"I'm dead," Nan said. "Too much night life by us, but Smoke's got to be on the hum."

"It will take time, Nan, for Smoke to relax," Mom said. "But you'd think he'd be tired now that he's working."

"He quit the new job yesterday," Nan said.

The pink in Mom's cheeks faded a little as she stood there looking at Nan for a minute, but all she said was, "Oh."

"It means I'll have to hang on to my job until he catches on," Nan said, "but I can't work and keep house too."

"But it's such a little place, dear," Mom said. "Maybe if you'd work out a system, and—"

"System! With Smoke?" Nan said. "It's the cooking that gets me. Food!"

MOM'S eyes twinkled as Nan started on her third doughnut. She said, "Why don't you start tomorrow and make out your market list for the week, and—"

"Ugh!" Nan grimaced, and she gave it a light touch as she added, "You wouldn't take a couple of boarders, would you? I've got to get shut of one job or the other. Mr. Parmenter hinted around it this morning."

"Boarders?" Mom was lining a pasteboard box with wax paper, laying doughnuts in it. "Boarders?"

"I might suggest it to Smoke's mother," Nan said.

This was a joke. Smoke's mother had been dead set against the furlough marriage too. She had thrown her full weight on Mom's side and Dad's, but underlying her concern was the fact that she had had other plans for Smoke; plans that included Janey Summers. Nan and Smoke had always had a secret name for Janey. For good and sufficient reason, they called her Janey Trust Fund.

"Smoke's mother would take him to her buzzum," Nan said, "but I'd be Orphan Annie."

"She'd probably say it takes effort for two people to live together, and I doubt if she'd see why she should make the effort."

"I can just hear her saying it," Nan said.

Mom shut the box of doughnuts. She laughed. "Of course if Smoke's mother decides to withdraw her entry, we'll just have to take ours back!" Handing the box of doughnuts to Nan, she said, "For Smoke." Nan felt a sinking in her stomach.

(*Continued on page 75*)

TOMORROW'S NEW JOBS

There'll be new jobs in new fields after the war. The ground-floor opportunities will go to those with imagination and training. If you're planning a personal reconversion, here are some possibilities

BY DARRELL HUFF

SOME young men named Fisher left their father's blacksmith shop in Norwalk, Ohio, and founded the Fisher Body Company in 1908. They hitched their futures to the fumbling young automobile industry, and now they have something more than $250,000,000.

Right after the last war a handful of visionaries had enough of an inkling of the future of radio broadcasting to stake their careers on something called wireless. Today the president of the giant Radio Corporation of America is David Sarnoff, who started as a messenger boy. The president of the National Broadcasting Company is Niles Trammell, who began as a salesman.

Such decisions as these men made are ahead for a good many million Americans. There will be ex-G. I.s who will not be satisfied—as we are already learning—to return to dead-end office-boy and clerking jobs. There will be the millions more who went into service directly from high school or college without ever holding a job. And there will be war workers whose jobs have vanished or who now want to turn to permanent careers. Whichever of these you may be, you're part of a personal reconversion program of unprecedented magnitude.

Which kind of industry will you work in? If you're a serviceman who'll be going to trade school or college under provisions of the G. I. Bill of Rights, what should you study?

You're facing questions like the ones the Fishers faced in 1908, but the answers are different now. Let's take a look at the industries, some already large, others still small, which promise the greatest growth and the greatest prosperity for those who enter them in 1945 or 1950.

ELECTRONICS is a word most of us would have trouble defining, but it is the name of a giant who is just beginning to get into his stride. Radio and television are electronic devices. So is the precipitron, which bats dust, smoke, and pollen out of the air, lightening the housewife's task and preventing factory explosions. So is the electric eye, which opens doors, turns on street lights, and sorts, grades, inspects, and counts objects going by so fast your eye couldn't see them. Our vastly accelerated production of aluminum depends upon electronic rectifiers for direct current.

But, as any electronics engineer would delight to tell you, these magic tubes can do a hundred other known things—and a hundred thousand yet unknown ones.

Needed to create these new things, to keep them going and to bring the known ones into mass production, will be engineers, salesmen (and salesmen-engineers), factory workers, maintenance mechanics, operators, designers, and research men with technical knowledge. And, like any other great industry, electronics will offer jobs to clerical and commercial workers of all sorts.

RADIO, offspring of electronics, is no longer a baby. But it had a rebirth in frequency modulation. To the listener, FM offers perfect reproduction and freedom from static. To the job seeker it offers a tremendous new manufacturing field, since it requires a different kind of receiving set. One manufacturer sees a waiting market for five million FM receivers in the first postwar year.

It means there is room on the previously crowded air for hundreds, perhaps thousands, of new broadcasting stations—each requiring technicians, directors, writers, actors, musicians, announcers, engineers, and so on.

TELEVISION is a midget industry today, just as automobiles were in the early 1900s. It awaits only the go-ahead of war's end to explode to enormous size.

Thomas F. Joyce of RCA-Victor sees television as the source of 4,600,000 jobs within ten years after its full commercialization. Out of every five homes having electricity, four will then have television service available. It will be a billion-dollar industry.

And the end is not in sight. Color television, already a laboratory fact, should be here within a decade. The miracle of stereoscopic television may follow on the heels of color.

Yet with these prospects dead ahead, no one knows much about how to use television. Writing and programming for sound-plus-sight broadcasting are new arts. We have only a few hints of what television may be able to do as an advertising medium. Men and women who enter television now have a rare chance to pioneer.

WOOD, one of the oldest materials, has suddenly become one of the newest. And from wood chemistry is springing a new industry. Wood is now fireproof and decayproof. It is plastic. It is hard as metal, and incredibly strong for its weight.

PHOTOS FROM AMERICAN FOREST PRODUCTS, RCA, LIBBY OWENS-FORD

Wood, made incredibly strong and hard and plastic by chemistry, will provide a multitude of new jobs. Here, plastic plywood forms a fuselage skin.

Green woods impregnated with urea and heated can be bent or twisted like so much putty into chairs which fit the body. When cool they retain their shapes. Wood can be impregnated with resin, heated with high-frequency waves, and simultaneously compressed; the result is a new substance which looks like highly polished wood but is harder than wood ever was before. From it will come chairs and tables and nursery furniture and paneling which are scratchproof, fireproof, waterproof, alcoholproof—resistant against any home accident you can name.

And from it will come jobs. Plentiful softwoods become immensely valuable in the face of a process which can make pine as hard as oak and convert poplar into something which still looks like wood but behaves more like tempered steel. With wood in position to compete on even terms with the best of the plastics and light metals, lumbermen will be busier than ever. Wood can continue to dominate the furniture business—an industry whose past rate of growth promises it will be a billion-dollar business by 1946.

GLASS is no longer merely transparent stuff which cracks under heat, shatters at

the impact of a baseball, and lets drapery-fading rays of light into your house and warmth out. We now have glass which is almost unbreakable, glass with the structural strength of steel, glass which is light as cork and saws like wood, glass which moves from hot stove to icy refrigerator without cracking. There is even a brownish oily glass which can lubricate motors. Details are a war secret.

Since new forms of glass can be used in home building (the all-glass kitchen, for instance, has been displayed by one manufacturer), glass will share the coming building boom. Windows, walls, furniture, fireplaces, draperies, and accessories can all be of glass.

Each new use creates new jobs. Some of the best of these will be in fields where glass overlaps plastics or metals, being used in combination with them to produce unique new materials.

PLASTICS have spent their wartime childhood outgrowing the gadget stage. Plexiglass makes strong transparent noses for bombers. It may soon form parts of automobile bodies, or give you an unimpeded view of the ground from your private plane or helicopter. Mass production of chairs and other furniture is possible when the material is a plastic. And plastic-impregnated plywood can reduce the weight of a house from 125 tons to forty tons, saving money and bringing portability.

Plastics is a large-scale chemical industry, but small plastic objects can be formed with inexpensive machinery. With one good idea and a few hundred dollars' worth of simple molding machinery you can start a business, getting technical advice free from the big producers. They will recognize you as a small customer who may turn into a big one.

SYNTHETIC FABRICS are already clothing many a girl who has no idea their snug softness started life as milk or coal. Competing with these will be textiles created from such diverse materials as soybeans, glass, wood, and perhaps coffee or pineapple.

The political maxim, "If you can't lick 'em, join 'em," applies here. For many purposes neither cotton nor wool can equal some of the glowing new synthetic fabrics—but some of the best fabrics are a blend of natural fibers with the artificial.

The synthetic textile business is hardly a gamble now. Some manufacturers already have accumulated enough advance orders to keep their plants busy for years to come.

Imagine, for instance, how long it will take to satisfy the pent-up demand for nylons. (Or, instead of imagining, take a look at these words from the makers of nylon: "Our future planning group indicates that the new projects which du Pont will be ready to launch in the next decade, together with increased outlets for existing products, will give rise to an all-time high in employment.")

LIGHT METALS are going to be used, one producer has predicted, for "everything that has to be picked up or moved"—for buses, trains, airplanes, helicopters, and automobiles, of course, but for chairs, tables, couches, and desks, too. You can get an idea of what's ahead from one designer's discovery that a magnesium typewriter need weigh only two pounds.

Aluminum production is already big business—a million tons a year compared with the prewar 100,000. The big unexplored future is in peacetime uses for this mass of light metal. The same goes for even lighter magnesium and the once-rare beryllium which makes light, hard alloys possible.

The Reynolds Metals Company sees the future this way: "There will be such quantities and so many kinds of products demanding light metal after the war that we expect even our great wartime capacities to be taxed to produce and fabricate enough metal."

A great building boom lies ahead. This "solar" house, partly heated by sunshine, suggests one of the ways the glass industry will share in it.

PREFABRICATED HOUSING proved what it could do in meeting war emergencies. It will have a growing place in the home-building boom.

In many ways Americans have never been well housed. During the prewar years just about as many houses wore out each year as were built—leaving nothing for the half million families added to the population annually. And here is one statistic which indicates how far we have to go: 16,000,000 of the 37,000,000 houses and apartments in this most prosperous of nations have neither private bathtub nor shower.

Building predictions indicate that new homes will be built at the rate of a million a year within the next five years, and even this unprecedented construction boom will barely permit us to hold our own.

Prefabrication is the infant industry which will be diving into this juicy market. More and more houses are going to be constructed in factories in the form of large panels to be bolted together at the site. Designs for complete bathrooms to be cast in one piece are ready for production.

Conventional construction jobs will continue to exist, but they offer a shrinking opportunity as compared with work in prefabrication. There will be opportunities for architects, designers, salesmen, real-estate men, decorators, and all kinds of merchandisers who recognize ways to bring prefabrication and house-hungry families

(*Continued on page 81*)

Television, one of the hundreds of applications of electronics, awaits an explosive postwar expansion. It's a ground-floor opportunity.

SEAFARER'S SEARCH

The calculations said Johnny's plane was out of gas and lost at sea. But fishermen know a few things about the sea that calculations never take into account

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

BY HERBERT L. McNARY

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

TONY MORELLO climbed out of his hooker—which is the lowest in scale of all the fleet that goes out of Boston for fish—and clumped his way in rubber boots across the congested Fish Pier and into the cubicle that purported to be the downstairs office of the Mason Brothers. The storms and the fog had weathered Tony's features so that he looked more than his thirty years, but there was a youthful glow in his caramel-brown eyes. He grinned.

"Hi, we talk about fish later. Maybe you have a letter from Johnny."

George Mason winked at his brother Bert. Both brothers weighed over two fifty and shared a delight in teasing. "Letter? This ain't no post office, you know."

But Tony grinned patiently, until at last the expected letter was dug out of an accumulation of papers.

"Please," said Tony. "You read."

Grumbling in mock protest, George Mason adjusted his reading spectacles.

"Look at the penmanship—and after you breaking your back to send him through college. Le'see. Johnny's got wings—but you knew that. He's a navigator—"

"This navigator—it is good, yes?"

Bert Mason snorted where he stood blocking the door. "It's a lot of newfangled instrument figuring. Give me dead reckoning when you're caught in fog or storm." Bert had sailed out of Gloucester and still championed the sail carrier's contempt for scientific progress. "Right now you're a better navigator, Tony, than your kid brother will ever be."

Tony smiled but shook his head. "No; Johnny is smart. What more does he say?"

"He says he thinks he will soon be on his way across the Atlantic. 'I may pass over Boston. If I do, I'll buzz the harbor.' That's aviation talk. It means he'll come down low in case you happen to be here."

"I'll be here," said Tony with simple conviction. He took the letter and went out. George Mason shook his head.

"It would kill Tony if anything happened to that kid brother. Remember how proud he was when Johnny made all those football headlines at Boston College?"

DESPITE the high price for fish, Tony Morello found excuses to keep close to the Pier, where his brown eyes would gleam at the sight of wings in the sky. And one day, out of a flight of droning bombers, one twin-motored B-25 peeled off and swept low, half rolled, banked, and came back again mast-high to the fishing fleet moored to the Pier.

In the glass nose a helmeted figure waved to Tony—who stood on the stringpiece at the channel end of the Pier—and Tony waved back. Then the plane climbed swiftly to rejoin its formation. Tony stood watching until it had merged into the overcast far down the harbor.

WHEN Tony came to the Pier the next morning, prepared to go to sea again, the heavy weather had settled down for a visit, after the fashion of northeasters. The weight of the drizzle and fog appeared to hang over the Mason brothers.

Bert Mason growled gruffly at his brother as Tony watched them wonderingly. "I still think you had better tell him."

George looked at Tony.

"A Navy officer was in here. Johnny's plane was forced down at sea—"

"How they know it is Johnny's plane?"

"He had time to give his position before his radio went dead. The commander was saying that was what must have happened. You see, the plane releases a raft that has everything in it—oars, flares, and a radio. The aerial is held up by a balloon. The commander says it probably broke away. But the Navy is making a search. They got Coast Guard amphibians out and planes from Squauntum and when the weather breaks they'll send blimps from Weymouth—"

"Please," Tony spoke through dry lips. "You take me to this commander."

The war years found the Fish Pier almost engulfed by the Navy, with barracks and embarkation piers stretching to Castle Island. George Mason took Tony into a gray building and brought him to a room where Tony's pained eyes saw young ensigns and lieutenants busy over maps and charts; smart college boys like Johnny. They showed Tony where Johnny's plane had crashed and the red and blue lines that revealed how they had traced the course over which Johnny would be carried by currents and tide through the fog.

But in his own crude, dead-reckoning fashion, Tony was trying to picture the scene of the disaster, and found that Johnny had come down on fishing grounds that Tony had worked these many years—where Johnny himself had gone with him on summer trips. And as he watched these college-trained young naval officers make calculations, Tony felt a bit bewildered—and uneasy.

As the day wore on, other uniformed men came in and departed. Some showed wings when they threw back their dripping slickers. Then an elderly officer came into the room. His dark slicker hid his rank, but he wore gold on his visor. He looked inquiringly at Tony. Someone said something by way of explanation, and then the officer came over to Tony, a warmth of sympathy in his tired eyes.

"You must be Tony," he said. "It may be some consolation to know your brother's last words were for you. He said, 'Tell Tony—' and then his radio went dead."

"Tell me what, please?"

The officer's brows knitted as Tony's question perplexed him. Then suddenly Tony understood the significance of the officer's statement, or of the thought behind the statement. He saw now why all these young officers had been so considerate and sympathetic, forcing an air of hopefulness they did not believe. The Navy would never give up searching, but this fog might set in for days, and with all the calculations of these bright young men the search was more exacting than the hunt for the needle in the haystack.

They thought—all of them here in the room, and George Mason—that Johnny had been attempting to say, "Tell Tony—*good-by.*"

But Tony didn't believe that. Johnny had been trying to give a message. In his moment of grave peril for himself and his bomber crew, Johnny believed his seafaring brother was more to be relied upon than this great Navy—and Tony felt certain he knew why.

A crew were drawing slickers over wings, unswerving in their duty, but with a grim lack of confidence unconsciously limned on their damp boyish faces.

Tony crossed to the officer with the gold-incrusted visor. "Please. You let me go with them. I find Johnny."

THE faces of the amphibian crew revealed startled annoyance checked by sympathy. The rear admiral frowned, parted his lips to say one thing—and said something else:

"Take him along, lieutenant."

And Tony, who had chugged down the harbor hundreds of times in his little hooker, journeyed into the fog for the first time in his life by air. But he had other things to think about as he sat beside the navigator: about Johnny when he had gone with him on these summer trips. And out there Johnny had not been so much the college student, but the younger brother of a fisherman, to be told those things Tony's father had told him, and his father before him: the way of the sea and its tides and its current, and what to do in emergencies. And thinking the while that he was wasting words because Johnny was going to college and would never have to fish for a living.

"If only we get a little ceiling," said the navigator to Tony, "we'd hit your brother right on the nose."

But Tony knew from the tight catch in the voice that the young navigator was only speaking words and that he believed the most they would find would be an overturned rubber raft.

All the way down the bay the ceiling remained at zero and the droning amphibian barely skimmed the waves. If anything, the weather worsened as the Coast Guard plane put the unseen Cape Ann behind

Tony crossed to the officer with the gold-incrusted visor. "Please, you let me go with them. I find Johnny."

its tail and headed into the broad Atlantic.

Soon the plane began to circle, and then Tony saw the navigator bend over his chart and make marks and intone directions into his mouthpiece. Outside the beaded window could be seen only the gray swirling fog and occasionally the white crest of a breaking comber.

Finally Tony pointed to the chart. "Please. You go here."

With the interphone still open, the navigator explained patiently.

"That is where he went down—yes. By now your brother would be somewhere around here." And he jabbed the chart and lapsed into technical terms.

Tony put a stubby finger down where he had first pointed. "Please. You look here."

The pilot's voice suddenly broke in! "Hell, Dike, we brought him out here. Let's go where he says."

The navigator shrugged his shoulders, but gave new directions. The motors picked up. Minutes later they throttled down again. Tony stared through the window as if trying to pierce the gray fog by the intensity of his sight. . . .

Tony saw it the same time other lookouts spotted the red flare that streaked briefly through the gray fog.

The motors gunned quickly and then faded. "Brace yourselves," came over the interphone. "I'm setting her down."

The amphibian bumped hard. Tony lost his balance and apologized to the navigator, but each member of the crew was quickly assuming his expert duties of a rescue. Tony could only watch through the fog-beaded window, forgotten. He caught ghostly glimpses of the bobbing rubber raft and the blurred outlines of the five B-25 crew members. Tony's heart beat rapidly because he couldn't recognize Johnny—and then he heard the booming football voice:

"What kept you guys? 'Bout time you showed up."

Someone said something about drift and tides.

"Drift—hell! When you go astray in a fog you keep your position if you have to bend the oars day and night until the fog lifts. Any fisherman could tell you that." Tony heard the thud of boots as men came over the side.

"If you could only have talked to my brother like I was trying to tell you when the damned antennae collapsed—"

A big black, bearish youth, soggy and unshaven, stopped and stared.

"Tony! You old son of a gun! I might have known."

His arms closed about his older brother, and then he backed away with a wide grin on his wet features.

"They threw plenty of book navigation at me down in Texas, but I guess we fishermen know a thing or two they don't put in books. Huh?"

Tony beamed. "Sure, Johnny. You remember what I teach you." He turned proudly to the faces crowding upon him. "Johnny is smart boy."

THE END

ACME, PRESS ASSOCIATION

Paris is still Paris—cafés, hair-dos, and all. But behind her joy lurk disquieting puzzles.

PARIS NOW

BY ERIKA MANN

Now that the flush of liberation has worn off, what goes on in Paris? A reporter finds that all is not sweetness in the City of Light

Paris.

THE last time I saw Paris, in the summer of 1939, she looked much as she does today. Her traffic, of course, is not what it used to be. Except for military cars, motorized vehicles are scarce. Instead you find a strange assortment of buggies, carts, and "velo taxis"—and swarms of bicycles. For the rest, however, Paris, her famous face unblemished by scars, doesn't seem to have altered.

Civil affairs officials found conditions much better than they had anticipated. While Paris was hungry, she was never starving, and these officials declare that when transport facilities have been partly repaired and lanes opened to civilian traffic, food will be plentiful. As one remarked, "Once again Paris will eat well."

Some Parisians do, even today. The black market flourishes openly—a semiofficial institution which nobody seems to mind. Money buys practically everything, and although the poor are poorer than elsewhere, the well-to-do live—and look—far better than do their equals in Britain. Compared with London—or, for that matter, with any fighting city this side of the ocean—Paris appears to be untouched by the war.

Just how misleading this appearance may be, it is hard to say. On the whole, the Germans seem to have seen fit to kid-glove the capital which they meant to be the pleasure park of Europe. But while many Parisians resigned themselves to this humiliating state of affairs, a very considerable number refused to play ball.

Resistance leaders assert that no fewer than 75,000 men and women have been executed by the Germans. They also say that despite her smiling looks, the whole of Paris has suffered. In the presence of the Gestapo, nobody—not even the most "co-operative"—could ever be sure he'd be alive tomorrow. The air was full of fear.

Paris is not France. But France is highly centralized and her heart and head must be sought in Paris. I spent a couple of weeks listening to people, trying to find out what's in the minds of some of those by whose collective decisions French officialdom will have to abide. Here are some of the citizens of Paris.

Captain Pierre Neuville, twenty-two, is a senior member of one of France's oldest resistance movements, the Corps Francs. When his country collapsed in 1940, Pierre, then eighteen, was a student of engineering. Under various assumed names, of which Neuville is probably the last, and equipped with a multitude of false papers, this ninety-six pound pocket partisan escaped seven attempts to arrest him, one by the Vichy police. One of his most serviceable documents asserts that Pierre Neuville was released from a Nazi prisoner-of-war camp as "a superfluous medic and a chaplain."

Personally he has killed ten Germans, but he claims to be responsible for the deaths of at least 250 others. On August 19—D Day for underground Paris—Captain Pierre and his men, by capturing and defending La Cité, won for the F. F. I. the first decisive round of the Battle of Paris. The young veteran's orders were signed by Colonel Rol, Supreme Commander of the Paris Forces of the Interior. The paper is Captain Pierre's proudest possession.

He explained to me that while the F. F. I. in the rural districts of France were furnished with Allied arms dropped by parachute, the Paris branch had to rely on what they'd taken from the Germans. "The thing to do," says Pierre, "was somehow to get yourself a knife. With the knife you'd kill a German and liberate his pistol; with the pistol you'd kill a couple of Germans

The Allies bring food to Paris, where hunger has long been frequent, but starvation rare.

and inherit their machine gun; with the machine gun you'd kill five Germans and take their tank. I wish there were a lot of Germans around, or that the Allies wouldn't move so fast, so we could catch up with them!"

When Paris began to run short of Germans, Pierre began to get restless. His last catch—200 prisoners taken on September 1 in the very center of Paris—included only a few Germans, Gestapo men disguised as members of the F. F. I. The rest were Frenchmen belonging to Joseph Darnand's Vichy militia. Since then Pierre has been out of both luck and gasoline. His only hope is to be admitted into the regular French Army. "Then," he declares, "we'd at least be permitted to go where there are bound to be Germans—to Germany!"

BUT Captain Neuville's status remains in doubt. One of the vital questions facing General Charles de Gaulle has been what to do with the F. F. I. He reached a partial solution late in September, but it wasn't received with overmuch enthusiasm. He incorporated the F. F. I. enlisted men and noncoms into the French Army as F. F. I. units, but did not decide whether the F. F. I. officers would continue their old commands. Great numbers of the F. F. I. have gone to the front as replacements for French divisions, but the solution by no means pleased everyone.

Pierre's horizon is as limited as his desires. Once the war is at an end and the hunt is over, he may find it difficult to readjust himself. The political future of his country does not interest him. Fighting is all he cares for, although he's found it an expensive passion. At the time of writing, Pierre, who, like the rest of the F. F. I., served without pay, had incurred personal debts to the amount of 325,000 francs. His men had to be fed and it was Pierre who fed them. As for their clothes, they were less important. Even so, the liberators of Paris, their light shoes tattered and torn, their "uniforms" a weird collection of civilian and military bits—the latter of Nazi origin—their raincoats and topcoats nonexistent, view the approaching winter with a measure of alarm.

Mlle. Ivonne, twenty-six, works in a beauty parlor. Although her income is moderate, her looks match those of her wealthy customers. I wouldn't have met chic Ivonne had it not been for her ardent interest in her profession and for my American uniform, which led her to believe that I was a fount of information.

"Excuse me for talking to you," she said, "but we've been locked in here for so long we don't know what's going on in the rest of the world. What sort of nail polish are they wearing in New York? I understand lipsticks are darker than they used to be. But then, it's only rumors I have to rely on. Is it true that London is short of perfume?"

I didn't know about the nail polish and wasn't even sure about the lipsticks. But when I told her that, along with any other beauty product she might think of, neither commodity was procurable in London, she was deeply impressed. "*Mon Dieu!*" she said. "How little one knows!"

Here, according to Ivonne, things had been going "very nicely." There had never been any shortage of materials. Even grease for facial creams and alcohol for perfumes had been plentiful. Prices had remained normal on the beauty market, but other prices had risen annoyingly. Nylon stockings, for example, were so expensive that she couldn't afford them any longer. She wore plain silk stockings now.

My puzzled expression must have prompted her to explain that it was a good thing for all that silk to go into stockings. Otherwise it would have been used for German parachutes.

Paris was an easygoing city and always would be, she said. One did, of course, feel "a little futile" in times like these, but luckily the war was as good as over. When peace came, a lot of beauty stuff would arrive from the United States and one could move into a lovely shop on the Champs Elysées. Would I come to see her there? She was so glad to have made my acquaintance!

I HAD known Paul Eluard long before Hitler had become a menace. The young poet was a prominent surrealist, an outstanding member of a group of French writers whose literary style was as radical as their political leanings.

Eluard is a passionate fighter and an ardent French patriot. Yet his nationalism in no way conflicts with his Communistic tendencies. On the contrary, for the time being, the party line prescribes a stern France First attitude, and it is on this basis that Communists and de Gaullists meet. The Communists have been very ac-

(*Continued on page 73*)

THE SHERIFF and the KID

Willie saved the sheriff's life; but—being in love with the teacher—it wasn't so easy for the sheriff to save Willie from the threat of education

SHE was after him, all right. From his place of concealment on the roof of the vacant building, Willie Jones peeked through a knothole in the wooden false front and watched Miss White, the slim young schoolma'am, gather up her long skirts and step primly down from the buggy and go into Nat's Barbershop across the way. Willie grinned. Ordinarily he would have been in there shining boots. But five minutes ago a customer had remarked that he'd seen the schoolma'am headed toward town. That had been warning enough for Willie. He'd made himself scarce in a hurry.

The afternoon sun beat harshly down on the tar-papered roof. A fly lighted on Willie's snub nose and he impatiently brushed it away. Miss White came out of the barbershop, face flushed with irritation, stood hesitantly on the boardwalk for a moment, then with a determined air walked downstreet and pushed through the swing doors of the Blue Turtle Saloon.

Boy, thought Willie, she must really want him bad! Well, she'd have a heck of a time finding him. Nobody had seen him climb up that drainpipe. Even if she did guess where he was, it was a cinch she couldn't climb no drainpipe in those long skirts. And she couldn't get nobody to climb it for her. Unless it'd be her beau, Joe Riley.

Willie frowned. Joe could climb it, all right. Only Willie didn't think he would. After all, wasn't Joe his friend?

For half an hour Willie watched her make the rounds of the stores and saloons looking for him, and he began to wonder if she was ever going to give up. But pretty soon she climbed into the buggy and headed for home. Willie started breathing easy again. That had been close.

He climbed down the drainpipe and stood in the alley, scowling as he thought it over. Something had to be done. School, which had just started today, would last for five months. Sooner or later she'd catch him. Unless—a gleam came into his eyes at the thought—unless he could get the law on his side.

Joe Riley, handsome young sheriff of Lone Oak County, was sitting with his boots propped up on the desk plunking on a battered old guitar when Willie came into the office. Willie said hello and hunkered down near the door, balancing on his calloused, bare feet as he studied Joe intently.

Joe stopped plunking. "Hi, Willie. *Que va?*"

"O. K.," Willie said. He lowered his voice. "Did *she* come in here?"

Joe laconically struck a minor chord. "Yep."

"Lookin' for me?"

"Yep."

"Didja tell her where I was?"

"Didn't know."

Willie took a deep breath. Joe Riley was one *buen amigo*. Joe suddenly laid the guitar aside and gazed soberly at him. "How old are you, Willie?"

"Eleven—goin' on twelve."

"Don't you think you oughta be in school?"

"Heck," Willie said, "I went to school last year."

Joe pushed back his Stetson and ran meditative fingers through his curly black hair. "Ain't you got no ambitions? Do you want to grow up and be an ignoramus?"

"I want to be like you," Willie replied.

Joe coughed and thoughtfully rolled a cigarette. Willie didn't take his eyes off him. Joe was the best friend he had. Willie never had had any folks to speak of. His mother had been dead as long as he could remember. His father had been the town drunk, and all Willie had ever known from him were blows and curses, so that when he died a year ago all Willie felt was a sense of relief. Since then he'd made his own way, answering to no one and asking advice of no one. Except Joe. He'd do whatever Joe said he ought.

"You ain't goin' to make me go, are you?" Willie pleaded.

"Nowadays a gent needs an education," Joe parried. "In school you learn things. Like when to say 'aren't' and when to say 'ain't,' an' all about them explorers like Vasco de Cortez and Sir Walter de Soto. Them's real important things."

"Seems like," Willie muttered, "a guy's friend oughtn't to mind doin' him a favor."

"I thought we was friends."

A troubled expression came into Joe's eyes and he threw down the cigarette. "Doggone it, course we're friends! But they's a law that all kids under fourteen got to go to school. I got to do my duty."

Willie wriggled his toes on the dusty floor. He guessed Joe had to do his duty, all right. Only he didn't see why Joe couldn't concentrate on catching bank robbers and rustlers, and just sort of overlook hooky playing.

"Seems like," he muttered, "a guy's friend oughtn't to mind doin' him a little favor."

Joe squirmed uncomfortably. Studying him, Willie thought maybe he was weakening a little.

Just then a horse galloped up the street, stopping in front of the jail. Ben McDade, a tall grizzled rancher, came stomping into the office. The anger in his eyes temporarily drove the thought of school from Willie's mind.

"They're at it again," McDade boomed. "Just found a fresh-killed cow up in the Willow Creek pasture. Her calf was gone. They even had the nerve to build a brandin' fire right there."

Joe got up. His eyes were no longer lazy. "Did you see 'em?"

"If I had I wouldn't be wastin' my time with you," McDade snorted. "But it's the Morgan boys, all right. I'm sick an' tired of foolin' with 'em. I got half a notion to ride over an'—"

"Easy!" Joe cut in sharply. "If there's any fighting to be done, I'll do it. C'm'on, let's go take a look."

The two men left together. Excitement made Willie's breath come a little faster as he watched Joe swing lightly atop his tall dun and ride off down the street. The two Morgan brothers, Nick and Walt, were always making trouble. They ran a few head of scrubby stock on the flats north of Willow Creek, and weren't too careful about whose calf they slapped their brand on. When they were drunk, which was often, they liked to come in and shoot up the town just for the hell of it, and more than once Joe Riley had had to throw them in jail overnight to cool them off. Maybe, Willie thought hopefully, they'd keep Joe so busy that he'd forget about making Willie go to school.

When Willie got back to the barbershop, Nat was hopping mad. The swarthy little Italian stopped lathering a customer's face and shook the soapy brush threateningly at Willie. "To where have you been run off to, Weelee Joneses? Look at dees floor—dirty like a hogsty! And how you theenk the customers get those boots a-shined when you been run off? And who am I your poppa that the school miss gotta come in here and jump right from the middle of me because you play the hooky?"

"I was talkin' to Joe," Willie said meekly, and picked up the broom and started sweeping out the shop.

Nat put a hot towel on the customer's face, still grumbling. "I don't like. That school miss she jump right from the middle of me. What do she think I am—your poppa, anyhow?"

Willie went on about his work, ignoring the barber. Nat wasn't happy unless he was complaining about something. The customer suddenly raised up his head and roared, "That damn shine boy come back?"

Willie put the broom in the corner and turned around. The customer was Walt Morgan. He was a burly man, coarse of feature and surly of manner. From his appearance now, he was drunk.

"Yes, sir," Willie said politely. "You want your boots shined?"

Walt grunted something unintelligible as Nat started lathering his face again. Willie moved his shine stand over by the chair and lifted a heavy-booted foot onto the rest. "Shine 'em good," Walt muttered, "or I'll give you a worse cuffin' than that drunken old man of yours ever give you."

Willie wiped the dust off the boot without speaking, but his lower lip trembled a bit. He wasn't afraid of Walt Morgan's threats. But it hurt to be reminded all the time that your dad was the town drunk. Some day, he thought, as he smeared on the polish, he'd grow up and be like Joe Riley. Then nobody'd dare talk to him like that.

Nat paused with his razor suspended just above Walt's nose. "You leave Weelee alone," he said. "He is a good keed."

Walt gave a snort but said no more.

BY BILL GULICK

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

Willie gave the boots the best shine he knew how. After he had had his shave and haircut, Walt got out of the chair, glanced down at his gleaming boot tips, and grunted that he guessed it would do. "Here's a dime," he said, tossing Willie a coin. "Go out and buy yourself a drink." Laughing, he left the barbershop.

Nat stared after him reflectively, shaking his head. "That man is no good," he murmured. "Don' you be like him when you grow up, Weelee."

Willie said he didn't intend to. He wondered what Joe Riley had found up on Willow Creek.

IT was nearly dark when the sheriff got back to Lone Oak. The barbershop had closed, and Willie was walking up the street toward the jail when he saw Joe wearily dismount from the dun and toss the reins over the hitch rail. He was alone. Willie called to him, and the sheriff paused outside the office door.

"Find anything?" Willie asked eagerly as he hurried up.

Joe shook his head. "Nothing but a dead cow, a day-old branding fire, and a lot of tracks."

"Did you trail 'em?"

"Just to the creek. Too rocky on the other side to read sign. I rode over to the Morgan place to talk with Walt and Nick, but nobody was home."

"Walt's in town," Willie informed him. "He was in the barbershop a couple of hours ago. Bet he's in the Blue Turtle now. Why don't you go arrest him?"

Joe regarded him quietly for a moment, seeming to weigh something in his mind. Taking a small piece of metal from his pocket, he studied it, then shrugged. "I can't arrest him. Not enough proof."

"What's that you got there?" Willie inquired curiously.

"Heeltap off of a boot. Found it by the brandin' fire. Now all I got to do is look at every pair of boots in Lone Oak County until I find one with a missing heeltap."

He'd said it as a joke, Willie knew, but Willie didn't laugh. Because he knew where that heeltap came from. He started to blurt it out right then, but a shrewd inspiration hit him. He said cautiously, "If I do you a favor, Joe, will you do me one?"

Joe scowled. "What d'ya mean?"

"Will you promise not to make me go to school if I tell you who's got a heeltap missin' off their boot?"

Joe's face sobered and he shook his head. "The law don't make deals," he said sternly. "Tell me what you know, kid."

Willie stared glumly down at his feet. It didn't hardly seem fair. After all, one favor ought to deserve another, and heck, playing hooky was such a little thing compared to cattle rustling!

"It's Walt Morgan," he muttered finally. "I seen a heeltap gone off one of his boots when I shined them this afternoon."

Joe's face grew grim. He stared for a moment at the Blue Turtle Saloon across the street, then hitched up his gun belt and snapped, "You stay here, kid."

"But about school—" Willie protested.

"Later," Joe said, and started across the street.

Willie knew better than to argue with him when he spoke in that tone of voice, so he sat down on the edge of the board-

(Continued on page 62)

"Look out, Joe!" Willie screamed, and threw the shoebrush at Nick's face.

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPHS

Adrift on a raft—in a tank at the Naval Research Center, Bethesda, Md.—Ph.M2/c J. N. Shaver pulls up a sample swig to test his sea-water de-salter.

GUINEA PIGS

BY LOWELL

HOW would you like to submerge yourself in a diving suit to determine at what distance a 300-pound depth charge could explode without squashing your insides? To go 50,000 feet up in the air to find out your minimum oxygen requirements? To drink contaminated water containing previously untried sterilization agents? To allow disease-infected insects to bite you? You—and nearly everyone else—would say, "No, thank you." Yet these dangerous experiments are just routine jobs to the boys in Naval Medical Research.

When Pearl Harbor precipitated us into war, the Navy needed answers to countless similar tricky questions—and fast! Machinery was set up, and on October 27, 1942, the Naval Medical Research Institute at Bethesda, Maryland, opened its doors.

It's a unique set-up. By July, 1944, the staff had successfully concluded 100 minor and seventy major assignments. Now they have eighty different projects in the works simultaneously. Seventy-five officers and 125 seamen (including forty-two Waves, twenty-three of whom are officers) are concentrating all their energies on helping the Navy to safeguard life and to control environment. They are headed by Captain E. G. Hakansson, an authority on tropical medicine, and Captain R. H. Draiger, the executive officer, who is equally skilled in engineering and medicine.

Theirs is research with a deadline. The minute anyone thinks he has cracked his particular nut, he takes his laboratory into the field. To check his findings he may go down in a submarine off the Grand Banks, float on a life raft in the Mediterranean, wade through a swamp in the tropics. Members of the Institute are thus temporarily scattered over the seven seas and spend much of their time on these missions.

Civilians have already benefited from the Institute's findings on burns. And when twenty-two babies in a Connecticut hospital were poisoned by boric acid accidentally mixed with their formulas, Lieutenant C. C. Pfeiffer (M. C.) of the Institute was rushed to the hospital by plane. He had been conducting experiments in connection with the use of boric-acid ointment in the treatment of burns. He advised plasma and salt-water solution intravenously, because Institute research had shown these measures to be the best way of combating shock and washing boric-acid solution out of the body. Seventeen of the infants lived.

Numerous insect-borne diseases, especially malaria and typhus, have been studied by the Institute. One of the projects for their prevention has been the development and improvement of insect repellents.

Testing for a mosquito repellent is not an enjoyable indoor sport. Men and women expose their arms for half a minute in cages filled with the hungry buzzers, and repeat the procedure five times, averaging the bites to establish a "control biting range." Usually they are pricked from twenty to forty times each time. Then, with measuring spoons, they carefully spread on their arms the particular concoction to be tested and expose them in the cage again for five full minutes. They repeat this challenge every half hour, until the first recorded bite marks the time-limit value of the repellent.

Citronella, the old stand-by, holds out for just ten minutes. Currently used repellents keep mosquitoes away for two or three hours. They can be made effective for twelve hours by mixing them with a sticky paste, but no one wants to smear the paste on. So the search continues—to obtain an easily usable, agreeable product that will hold the pests at bay for at least twelve hours.

Since the Navy, like the Army, travels on its stomach, the Institute also concerns itself with problems involved in feeding huge numbers of hungry men. Under the supervision of Lieutenant Commander C. M. McCay, H-V(S), U. S. N. R., it put a food laboratory on wheels—a small truck equipped with a freezing cabinet and sampling and testing apparatus.

The crew, officially termed the "mobile nutrition unit" but better known as "the chow chemists," consists of an enlisted man, an officer, and four Waves—two of whom are nutrition experts and two home-economics specialists. They anchor behind a mess kitchen and for two weeks sample three meals daily. Typical meals are weighed, ground up in an automatic chewing machine and frozen in cellophane bags for later analysis. Samples of garbage from these meals are likewise ground and

frozen for laboratory examination. Thus a check is kept of what each man eats and what he throws away.

The chow chemists have made discoveries which will improve Navy and, eventually, civilian diet. The average sailor throws away more than an ounce of fat daily, chiefly from pork and beef—and this despite the fat-conservation drives. At one training center, the wastage came to one and one-fourth tons every twenty-four hours. Since this was mixed indiscriminately with garbage, it could be used only for feeding pigs. Now experiments are being made with meats closely trimmed in the kitchen, garnished with sour pickles and relishes to create an appetite for fat.

The Navy just doesn't like liver, and more vitamins accumulate in the garbage can on liver days. And, although the giblets in one pound of chicken contain half of a daily vitamin-A ration, cooks are apt to discard them because they are hard to clean and cook. Rutabagas, not spinach, are the men's particular vegetable hate. And unless watched carefully, they will waste one slice of bread out of every ten.

To save lives, they gamble their own, drinking infected water, moving in with mosquitoes, plunging into the ocean—these Navy medical researchers

IN UNIFORM

BRENTANO

Thus the average sailor daily throws away approximately 500 of the 3,500 calories allotted him. Then with his own funds he buys candy bars, ice cream, and soft drinks and makes up the shortage almost calorie for calorie. As a remedy, the Institute advocates more jams, jellies, and marmalades, partly to encourage the men to eat more bread, partly to lessen their appetite for ship's service sweets. But since the boys will persist in demanding candy bars, it is working out a formula for a super-duper bar of the highest nutritive value.

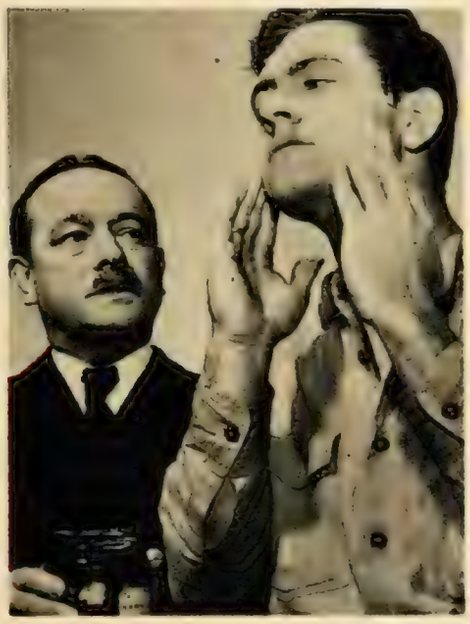
Sleep is essential for life, but in wartime the soldier who gives way to sleep when he should remain alert often never wakes up. So, under the guidance of Lieutenant Commander E. L. Corey of the Research Division, Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, the Institute set out to observe whether men living on field rations and carrying a full pack could fire all day and march all night for sixty continuous hours; whether they could maintain normal efficiency during this period, as measured by their marksmanship.

The 100 marines who volunteered for this workout were given pills of similar appearance, fifty benzedrine and fifty blanks. The scientists did not want the volunteers to "imagine" the results, or to furnish the conventional answers. And just to make sure everyone was on his toes, forty-five noncommissioned officers took turns acting as slave drivers.

The fifty men who actually took benzedrine did not become fatigued—not even sleepy—and had no bad aftereffects. They did not appear as hungry as the other group, and they lost slightly more weight. At the end of the test they were happy and full of energy. The fifty blank-pill boys were pale, punch-drunk, dead on their feet, and dropped like logs the moment the test was over. Comparative marksmanship scores are a secret, but the benzedrine boys' hitting improved as time went on, while the blank-pill crew's record was not so hot.

The Navy concluded that benzedrine should be given, on advice of the battalion surgeon, to men in the field where the situation is so desperate that they must be kept at their guns. But the Navy warns that benzedrine should be taken only on medical advice.

More than in any previous war, the Navy faces the problem of confining men within small spaces under varying air pressures—divers and submarine crews hemmed in under enormous pressures, airmen sealed in high-altitude planes flying through a rarefied atmosphere. When divers and underwater workers rise to the surface, or airmen ascend from sea level to great heights, they frequently experience painful and dangerous symptoms, caused principally by the liberation of gases from the tissues and fluids of the body because of low barometric pressure. These gases create air bubbles which obstruct blood vessels; what doctors call air embolisms —air clots.



The sailor's cosmetic is a cream to protect against burns. Below: A treadmill test to find endurance limits.

It is of the utmost importance to determine the fitness of men for such different environments. It has long been realized that fat men are poor subjects for extraordinary pressure conditions, for fat acts as a good solvent for gases. But Commander A. R. Behnke (M. C.), one of the Navy's great experts on medical problems encountered aboard submarines, distrusted the standard height-weight scales as superficial and misleading. Was it possible that a so-called fat man could really be a "lean" man—or vice versa? Just because a man was big and made the scales groan didn't necessarily mean that he was carrying a lot of "excess baggage." And even a "thin" man might actually have a disproportionate amount of fat.

He felt that his real problem was to determine what constituted an individual's weight—what proportion was tissue and bone and what was fat. He pondered the well-known fact that fat men float easily. Fat has a lower density than the body's other substances; that's why it tends to keep a man afloat. That led him to physics and Archimedes' principle: a body totally immersed in a fluid loses in weight by an amount equal to that of the fluid displaced.

BY suspending a man, weighted down by a heavy lead belt, below the surface of the water on a line leading to a spring scale, he devised a method of finding the specific gravity of his subject. The lean man weighed more submerged, displaced more water than the fat man, had a higher specific gravity. After making corrections, both for the weight of the lead belt and for the weight of the air in the lungs, he obtained an accurate estimate of tissue density.

These experiments, remarkably consistent, revealed that the body of the ideal lean man is composed of 75 per cent tissue, 15 per cent bone, and 10 per cent essential fat, with a specific gravity of 1.099. When the body has additional layers of fat, the tissue and bone structure remain approximately constant. Further, both small lean men and large lean men have chest circumferences approximately seven inches larger than the measurements around their abdomens.

Specifically, Behnke succeeded in isolating the excess fat—regardless of the size of a man's frame or his weight on ordinary scales. Thus a group of All-America football players ranging from 200 to 230 pounds, who, under standard height-weight tables, would be classified as overweight, had a specific gravity of 1.080, exactly the same as seventy-five naval officers weighing from 149 to 157 pounds!

But don't jump to conclusions! Commander Behnke's experiments are not for the purpose of permitting candidates previously regarded as overweight to enter the service. They are intended to provide a technique for personnel classification far more exact than the present tables. But his findings revise the entire concept of what constitutes a fat man—or woman.

The Institute has also added a new possibility to the list of penicillin's wonders. Peritonitis causes 92 per cent of the deaths of patients admitted to hospitals with acute appendicitis. A group of Institute doctors found that dog peritonitis closely resembles that found after rupture of the appendix in man, both in the nature of the bacteria present and in the clinical

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MR. SWEEBLE

BY STANLEY DISNEY

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CRAWLEY

The riotous story of Gus Sweeble, bail runner and witness fixer, who'd go to any lengths to make a dishonest dollar—even matrimony

MR. SWEEBLE'S stomach preceded him into the Court Square Pharmacy by a comfortable margin. He was a short man, bald, and possessed of an air of respectability that gleamed from his rusty derby and shiny trousers. He walked with firm tread to the soda fountain, keeping his eyes away from the dragoness at the cash register. Not that he was afraid of Mrs. Colavitch, mind you. He wasn't just another bail runner and witness fixer like the rest of them bums hanging around the courthouse. No, siree. Augustus L. Sweeble was in a class by himself.

He was still muttering this cool and unbiased self-appraisal as he hoisted himself on his favorite and customary stool. He folded his paper, nodded to the boy, and was open for business.

"The same, Joe," he ordered, breathing hard. "And heavy on the cream."

The boy placed a cup of coffee and two lifeless doughnuts on the counter. He coughed. Mr. Sweeble looked up. He frowned with lordly impatience at the interruption, then dug into his pocket for a dime which he placed reluctantly on the counter.

"Any calls for me, Joe?" he asked.

"No, sir, Mr. Sweeble," the boy answered in a troubled voice. "Tha's just it, Mr. Sweeble. I don't mind taking your calls on the pay phone, but Mrs. Colavitch don' like it. And she bawled me out when she heard me answer, 'Sweeble Investigation Agency,' like you told me to."

Mr. Sweeble sighed. It would sure be swell if only he could tie up with some big lawyer. Being a free-lance runner was tough, specially since the two alibi witnesses he'd furnished for the Spike Russo case had forgotten the stories he'd told them to tell. Things like that hurt professionally. No wonder most lawyers were afraid to use his services. And now Mrs. Colavitch was threatening to make him stop using the drugstore as his office. And just as he was getting the phone number well known, too.

"So the old battle ax doesn't like me," he said with hurt dignity. "Well, you stick with me, Joe, and I'll make you a member of the firm."

"Maybe you could sort of polish up to her again," Joe suggested. "She hasn't been the same since you stopped big-smiling her and buying all that stuff from her on credit to give her."

The little man shuddered at the memory till his jowls quivered. He had started the play to assure himself of a nice place to stay. And he had almost let himself in for it. Only the woman's mention of the advantages of matrimony and of working back of the patent-medicine counter had given him courage to break away. And now she was all ice.

"Not a chance, Joe," he said hastily. "She'd marry me in a minute and put me to work in here." He grew querulous. "It's not that I don't buy anything."

"But you take most awfully long on that cup of coffee and doughnuts," the boy replied. "Maybe if you'd buy a second cup sometime, she wouldn't mind so much. But she don' like you sittin' here all morning and just spending a dime."

"You tell her she is running a public eating house and has to feed everybody that comes along," Mr. Sweeble blustered. "That's the law. I guess I know more law than most lawyers, for all their fine offices and books. And she can't make her customers gobble their food neither."

The phone rang. Mr. Sweeble scurried over to the booth. He suspected that if Mrs. Colavitch got there first and found the call was for him, she would hang up.

"Sweeble Investigation Agency, Augustus L. Sweeble talking," he announced.

"That you, Sweeble?" came the voice. "Where are you? I got a proposition I want to talk over with you."

It was Max Bochak, the busiest, if not the best, criminal lawyer in town.

"Maybe I better come around to your office, Mr. Bochak," the little man suggested hopefully.

"You stay away from my office," the voice swore. "Business with you I want elsewhere. Now, where are you?"

"O. K., Mr. Bochak. O. K. If that's the way you feel," Mr. Sweeble replied in a hurt voice. "Meet me at the Court Square Pharmacy. It's about halfway between our offices." And as soon as the receiver was hung up, he continued sharply, "Maybe I don't want you around my office, neither."

He walked back to the fountain, pleased with the neat way he had almost talked back to Maxie Bochak. They didn't come too big for Gus Sweeble. Talk down to him, would they? He'd talk right back. He was still exulting over this almost triumph when he perched himself back on his stool. He looked with startled eyes at the counter. Someone had taken away his coffee and a whole doughnut and a half.

"Hey!" he replied. "Who took my stuff?"

"Who you kidding?" the lawyer demanded. "If that's a family Bible, he must have been born at the Asbury Hotel. This sticker says the Bible is their property."

His voice faded into a faint bleat. Mrs. Olga Colavitch stared across the counter at him with cold disfavor.

"I took them," she said shortly. "You left, so of course, naturally, I thought you'd done. Maybe you want I should break the law and leave old food on my counter. Maybe you don't like it. Maybe you will take your trade elsewhere." She shrugged. "It is hard, but I can stand the loss."

Mr. Sweeble was vanquished.

"I wasn't finished," he said lamely.

"So sorry, I am sure." Her voice rose. "But you are now. I will thank you to move on and make my stools free for customers who spend more than a dime a day."

The little man looked around like a trapped animal.

"Doughnuts and coffee," he ordered meekly.

He laid his last dime on the counter. And he didn't protest when the coffee came ice cold and mostly in the saucer.

Max Bochak glided up and took the next stool. Without looking at Mr. Sweeble, the lawyer ordered lemon cake, coffee, and a bicarbonate of soda.

"Sweeble," he said, "I got a job to throw your way. And if you pull it off, maybe I can put you on the payroll steady."

Mr. Sweeble's heart jumped. It was something to be runner for Max Bochak. Wouldn't it make the rest of the boys around the courthouse take notice!

"Leave it to me, Max," he said.

"And don't call me Max," the lawyer cried. "If you take the job I don't want any bungling, either."

"Me bungle?" Mr. Sweeble said.

"Yes, you!" the lawyer answered.

Mr. Sweeble swallowed.

"Yes, sir, chief," he said meekly.

"O. K. Listen," Mr. Bochak said coldly. "All you have to do is find someone with a birthday on Friday, August 25. And with a birth certificate to prove it."

"Oh, is that all?" the little man answered, relieved. "It's a cinch." His face grew puzzled. "Maybe you better tell me why, chief, so I can tell whoever I find," he suggested.

The lawyer looked around cautiously.

"That's so," he agreed with some doubt. "It's this way. Some clients of mine are throwing a party at the Venus Arms that day. And this person's birthday will be the excuse. You see, these clients may slip out for a while when things get going good. But if they're ever asked where they were on August 25, maybe they'll swear they were at the party all the time. They can fix the date because it's a birthday party. See?"

Mr. Sweeble nodded in admiration.

"Boy, oh boy, that's a beaut!" he exclaimed. "Now you just leave it to me, chief. I can find you a dozen guys to swear that Friday's their birthday."

"I don't want a dozen guys," the lawyer snapped. "All I want is one. And with papers to prove it. Then, even if the D. A. is suspicious, he can't prove the party wasn't for a birthday instead of an alibi. Forget all the courtroom tenors in that witness stable of yours and get somebody new. I'll meet you here tomorrow to check results."

"It's in the bag, chief," the little man said. He cleared his throat. "Harrump! There may be a leetle expense attached to the job," he suggested.

The lawyer slipped him a ten-dollar bill and left. Mr. Sweeble was suddenly at peace with the world. He rapped loudly on the counter with his spoon. Mrs. Colavitch came charging up, eager for battle. Mr. Sweeble checked her.

(*Continued on page 56*)

FOURTEEN-CARAT GLAMOR

BY PRIVATE HOWARD SHARPE

WHEN Gene Tierney announced to her studio, back in 1942, that she wanted a leave of absence in order to follow her newly drafted husband, Oleg Cassini, off to camp, they pointed to her contract. She was scheduled for months of work. Besides, too many Twentieth Century-Fox girls were out of action, having babies.

Miss Tierney retired, undefeated. After a suitable period she reappeared, triumphantly demanding a year off. "You too?" cried her boss, and she said that was right.

The Cassinis had long welcomed the idea of being parents, but such an extreme measure to achieve a purpose would not be outside the realm of Miss Tierney's apparently endless possibilities. Her most refreshing characteristic is that she almost inevitably gets what she wants.

Professionally speaking, Twentieth's publicity department will tell you that their Miss Tierney, perhaps the first authentic Glamor Siren to discover Hollywood since Lamour first climbed into a sarong, is the smartest cookie on the lot. This has not always been so. In the beginning, when she was fresh from Connecticut and Broadway, she strenuously resisted making cheesecake stills, once even going so far as to speak of her "dignity." The department, predominantly male, felt it would be a pity to watch such an exciting young thing talk herself into oblivion and took her aside for a fuller explanation of her position. It was not long before she saw the light.

In gratitude, the boys exerted themselves to keep her professionally alive during the dark days when she appeared in such turkeys as Sundown and Shanghai Gesture. Similarly they conceived the idea of pushing her into the co-starring role of the naïve little Kansas girl in Heaven Can Wait, and suggested it to Ernst Lubitsch. When Lubitsch stopped laughing (he had seen both Sundown and Shanghai Gesture), they presented him with a folder of press clippings, magazine stories, and carefully selected art, in which they had built up the case for Gene as the typical American girl.

He gave in, then discovered that her experience before the cameras had consisted almost solely of looking sloe-eyed and reclining languorously on divans. During the following weeks both Lubitsch and Miss Tierney dripped a great deal of sweat and not a few tears onto the sound-stage floor, but when they were finished he had a hit and she was an actress.

By the time the crisis of an assignment in a story named Tampico turned up she knew how to play the Hollywood game. She read the script and decided that it stank, but before going into battle about it she checked to see if another member of the cast might not have a similar reaction. Jean Gabin was her man. Knowing Gabin, she sat back, sweetly amenable to all production plans, and waited. Eventually Gabin refused flatly to make Tampico at all, whereupon it was temporarily shelved. Twentieth officials were pretty cross with M. Gabin, but they thought Gene had never behaved better.

In Laura, her first picture after her return to the lot, she was given the title role. The dramatic gravy, however, went to Dana Andrews and Clifton Webb. Continuing her policy of active nonresistance, she had a few wistful words with her boss and emerged with a bargain: for not getting mad about Laura, she should have a plum in her next assignment, which will probably be Dragonwyck.

She has matured professionally at about the same rate as she grew up emotionally. It is probably true that she first met Bob Sterling (a young actor who is now the husband of Ann Sothern) through the offices of the publicity department, although the love affair which immediately developed was unforeseen, if welcome for its news value. She became engaged to Sterling, but a lovers' quarrel of titanic proportions left her free to play the field for a time and then to marry Cassini.

If Gene Tierney gets away with murder, it's because she's that rarest of Hollywood gold mines—a glamor girl, bred to wear well, who can also act

Proving that servicemen like Gene Tierney, and vice versa, this marine collected a $25 bet when he kissed her on the set of Laura.

She met the count, a dress designer, at a party given by Johnny DiMaschio, her agent. Eventually Miss Tierney and the slender, debonair young nobleman with the mandolin-pick mustache set out together for Yuma to be married. But she changed her mind at the airport, explained that she wanted her mother, and went home. When, after a number of trial runs with other men, she decided she wanted her count after all, he refused to renew their friendship at all unless she announced their engagement.

Playing for keeps for the first time, Gene defied both her friends and her family and made the announcement. The Tierneys, executing a flanking movement, O. K.'d the marriage on condition that Cassini become a member of the family corporation, formed originally to safeguard Gene's professional interests. He read the terms of the contract (which gave Mr. and Mrs. Tierney the right even to choose the state in which his future wife would maintain residence) and tore it up. Instead, he had his attorney write a release in which he renounced any claims on his fiancée's earnings or share in community property in event of a divorce.

This compromise was not acceptable to the Tierneys, who forthwith forbade the match. On June 1, Gene flew with Cassini to Yuma and married him. Thereupon the Tierneys gave a statement to the press: "Gene is just a misguided child. She has been carried away by this suave man of the world." Thus began an abysmal family feud which was carried on at long distance and at length, with the newspapers as intermediaries.

ALL of this publicity has turned nice young Miss Tierney into the cagiest of Hollywood stars so far as public relations are concerned. Her very beautiful back is up, in particular, about references to Cassini which she considers uncomplimentary. Cassini's hard-way rise in the Army from G. I. buck private to first lieutenant has silenced a lot of critics.

Occasionally, of course, someone still questions in print the authenticity of his title—long since renounced in favor of American citizenship. Then she rises to his defense with more vitality than dignity. For the record, it is true that Oleg Loiewski Cassini de Capizucchi's grandfather, Count Arthur Cassini, was the Czar's ambassador to the United States and even had an American city, Port Arthur, Texas, named after him.

Perhaps the most bang-up collision she has had with a reporter occurred when Jimmie Fidler, *enfant terrible* of the Hollywood columnists, wrote that because Cassini smokes cigars, his wife had taken to sitting in the middle of the twelve-by-twelve bed in her Victorian bedroom and smoking long black stogies in order to get used to the smell. Gene, who chain-smokes cigarettes when excited but who has not yet come to gnawing on Havanas, exploded in Twentieth's front office—so effectively, indeed, that Fidler was barred from the studio, and none of the company's stars was thereafter permitted to appear on the major network which bought Fidler's air show. This incident is a small but accurate measure of the influence she wields in her organization, and of the value it places on her services, since the action taken with Fidler was expensive even by Hollywood standards.

IN her first year or two as a film actress Miss Tierney was cast successively as a frontier girl in The Return of Frank James, a Georgia poor-white in Tobacco Road, an Arab beauty in Sundown, a Eurasian in Shanghai Gesture, and a Polynesian in Son of Fury. All this time she was being publicized as a tinseled socialite direct from a floor table at Fefe's Monte Carlo. She had arrived during the great Debutante Gold Strike of 1939-40, having come out resoundingly at a Connecticut country club the year before. But little or no emphasis was placed on the fact that while she was a member of New York's café society, her furs had been paid for from a straining budget. Her father, a corporation insurance broker, had made and lost most of his considerable fortune during his daughter's teens.

She was born in 1920, in a respectable but not opulent Brooklyn house, where she grew into a short, fat-faced little girl with no especial talent. The family moved to Connecticut, remodeling the usual Somebody-Slept-Here farmhouse into a modern colonial. During the following years the potential of beauty and ability that had not before been evident in Gene emerged. By the time she was fourteen she was lovely.

At this age she left St. Margaret's Episcopal School in Waterbury in order to attend a junior prom at Hotchkiss. Since she had been expressly forbidden to do so by the headmistress, although she did have her father's permission, she did not return to St. Margaret's. Instead she entered Fairfield High School, dividing her time between classes there and swimming lessons at the Fairfield Country Club beach. The lessons were given her by a Yale football star, with whom she fell rather desperately in love.

The Tierneys decided to send her abroad to school. She spent two years at Brillmont in Lausanne, Switzerland, did a tour of Europe with her brother, and came home for a year of final gloss at Miss Porter's School for Young (Continued on page 70)

KODACHROMES FOR LIBERTY BY ROY PINNEY

They'll soon be in there pitching—and batting. Amputees at the Army convalescent center at Forest Glen, Md., warm up for a baseball game.

HELPING THE WOUNDED TO HELP THEMSELVES

BY ELIZABETH HENNEY

Disabled men will not be doomed to lives of idleness and frustration. As soon as they enter an Army hospital, the process of restoring their activity and usefulness starts

TODAY, in military hospitals all over the world, thousands of wounded American fighting men are receiving the benefit of the most practical and thorough physical and mental reconditioning program ever devised.

For the first time in history, a nation is undertaking not only to heal the battle scars of its soldiers but also to improve their education during hospitalization, with the result that when they return to civilian life their earning power often is greater than when they entered the Army.

The program began on September 21, 1943. In little more than a year hundreds of veterans have been sent out into jobs they would not have been qualified to hold when they left their peacetime pursuits.

Typical of the military hospitals throughout this country and overseas is the Army Medical Center in Washington, D. C. This huge institution comprises Walter Reed Hospital, the Convalescent Center at Forest Glen, Maryland, and the Advanced Reconditioning Section in Beltsville, Maryland. Here, more than 3,000 patients are being "processed" at a time.

From the moment the enlisted man or officer enters the hospital his reconditioning starts—to continue until he is completely restored to health, and even after he is dismissed.

For purposes of identifying types of patients easily, they are divided into four classifications: the Fours, the Threes, the Twos, and the Ones.

The Fours are the bed patients, or those just up and around in wheel chairs. Except for the more serious cases, these men, treated at Walter Reed Hospital, begin [illegible] simple exercises in bed the day they are brought in. Each afternoon, under the expert direction of noncommissioned officers especially trained for the job, the men in the long rows of cots go through a set of exercises with such names as the "raise and push," the "leg stretcher," the "shoulder-blade squeeze," the "curl and twist," the "bridge raiser," the "hip shrugger," and the "four-count breather."

"We never have to urge the men to exercise," the instructor points out. "They know what it does for them. Look at Private Rossi there. He tells the story."

Twenty-year-old Private First Class Albert Rossi of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, who lost both legs below the knee at Cassino, has a pair of twenty-five-pound dumbbells attached to his knees and is putting on an exhibition of bicycle riding. This is not a regular part of the early reconditioning program, but it is permitted if the man is sufficiently fit. And Private Rossi doesn't look like a sick man. As a result of his supervised exercises his muscles are stronger than they have ever been.

In addition to the physical training, the Fours are given optional educational courses and medical treatments to prepare them for more vigorous reconditioning when they become Threes.

The Threes are the ambulatory patients, convalescents who can walk about. They are also called the "Red Suit Boys," because they wear the Medical Corps' red pajama suits, suitable for wandering about hospital grounds, although hardly formal enough for a trip into town. Their home is the Convalescent Center at Forest Glen, once a fashionable girls' finishing school known as National Park Seminary.

There, on the green lawns, in the gymnasiums and swimming pool, and under the shady trees, the men take exercises, play games, and wander about at will. Their set of seven exercises is considerably more strenuous than the Fours'. One of their games is an indication of the fine mental adjustment most of the men have made concerning their physical disabilities. They have learned to take their limitations in stride, and even to kid about themselves.

They have formed two baseball teams, the Amputees and the Non-Amputees. The difference is that the Non-Amputees have a regulation nine-man team; the Amputees, eighteen.

This is how it works: An amputee with one leg and two good arms bats, while his teammate, with two good legs and only one arm, runs the bases. It's quite a game, and usually the Amputee team wins.

However, all is not play at Forest Glen. A typical day's routine is broken down into the following hourly activities: Occupational therapy for arm amputees; phys-

Put it over. He can't run, but he can hit.

His teammate runs for him. They're an unbeatable outfit, this baseball "eighteen."

ical reconditioning exercises for officers; physical therapy; lectures for officers and enlisted men; physical reconditioning exercises for leg and arm amputees; motion pictures; educational classes; walking classes for leg amputees; dancing class and applied music class for amputees.

When a patient "graduates" from Group Three, he becomes first a Two, then a One. These are the men who, respectively, are "being reconditioned for return to active duty." Both groups are stationed at the Advanced Reconditioning Section in Beltsville. All of them wear the uniform and are subject to military discipline.

The schedule for the Twos and Ones includes a three- to five-week course in calisthenics, running, obstacle courses, guerrilla exercises, gymnastics, athletic games, physical-fitness tests, and regular medical examinations. Just before they are graduated back to full-time duty they wind up with a fifteen-mile hike.

BUT, so far, this is just the physical side of the reconditioning program. When he first arrives at the hospital, every serviceman is handed a pamphlet entitled It's Fun to Learn! Signed by Major General Norman T. Kirk, Surgeon General of the Army, the pamphlet begins:

"You've got one big job while you're here—to get well quickly and return to your outfit. We'll do our best to make it fast—everything we've got is yours—but your recovery may take time.

"Would you like to use this time as an opportunity to continue your education? Perhaps learning a subject you never before had the time to study? . . . Self-teaching courses are yours for the asking. A few hours a week (when you feel like it) is all it takes to learn something for your own good. The fun you get out of it will take your mind off your own troubles and give your body a chance to mend. . . . Pick a subject you will enjoy learning and that will help you."

The pamphlet explains how to sign up for a course in the USAFI, the United States Armed Forces Institute, or, as it calls itself, the Army-Navy School with the World Campus. This official War Department school has headquarters in Madison, Wisconsin, and branches in Alaska, the China-Burma-India, South Pacific, North African, European Middle East, Central Pacific, and Southwest Pacific war theaters.

Incidentally, the students of this school are not limited to hospital patients, and approximately 300,000 members of the armed forces are now enrolled as students. Fifty per cent of them are serving overseas.

After the patient has had a chance to digest the pamphlet, he is visited by Major Roy S. Haggard, assistant to Major Fred B. Gachet, head of the whole Army Medical Center reconditioning set-up in Washington, or another member of the reconditioning unit. They find out what the patient is interested in doing when he leaves the service, and what further education will help him achieve that ambition.

As Major Haggard puts it, "It isn't enough for these men to be just medically and physically fit when they leave the hospital. They must be mentally ready to take their places in civilian life and to fill the spot they dreamed about before they went into the service. To help equip them for that is our job."

An illustration of how well that job is done is provided by young Sergeant John G. Rooney of Providence, Rhode Island.

For years Sergeant Rooney has wanted to be a G-man. When he came down as a paratrooper over Normandy, he lost a leg. He was considerably discouraged about his future. However, Major Haggard contacted J. Edgar Hoover's office, and soon had a job lined up which will be waiting for Johnny when he gets out of the hospital. But Major Haggard, who for many years was a high-school principal in East Hartford, Connecticut, didn't rest there.

"Now look," he told Johnny. "You don't want to stay at the bottom of any profession when you can get to the top. But to do that, you'll need a college education. You can get that through this program. Let's see how many credits you still need to get into college."

Johnny quickly learned that by taking a couple of correspondence courses while he was waiting for his leg to heal sufficiently for an artificial limb to be adjusted, he could qualify for a high-school diploma, to be issued by his own high school under a War Department arrangement. He will then be ready to start night-school courses at college while filling his new job, after dismissal from the hospital.

SO enthusiastic has been civilian cooperation in the program that twenty teachers from the Washington area alone gave up their summer vacations this year to give courses to these veterans. The courses range from English and typing to geometry, art, and blueprint reading.

Though the whole program has been established on a pattern, there is a certain elasticity in individual cases for the very practical reason voiced by Brigadier General C. C. Hillman, chief of the Professional Service Division of the Surgeon General's office.

"We must keep in mind," he says, "the primary purpose of the program. The objective is the beneficial effect that the program will have on the patient, rather than the program itself."

All of the men who take part in the Army's world-wide reconditioning plan are graduates of a four-week course given at the Morale Services' Training Center at Washington and Lee University, under the direction of Major A. W. Clevenger.

Working under General Hillman and directly in charge of the whole reconditioning program is Colonel

(Continued on page 74)

Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D. C.

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

THAT OLD-TIME RELIGION—On a remote Pacific isle, Coast Guardsman Farley Archer of Los Angeles is baptized by Chaplain Harold G. Sanders of Birmingham, Ala. About 30 servicemen are baptized here each Sunday to the accompaniment of a real choir at the right.

G. I. HIGH LIFE—It's mud for Staff Sergeant David Wilson of Baton Rouge, La., and mineral water for Staff Sergeant Sherman E. Riley of Baltimore. They're taking the baths at the famous Belgian resort of Spa. As for Private Frank Robert Bieen, perched up there, he just came along for the picture.

CO-ED SULTAN—His older buddies overseas could sure use some of this excess femininity crowded around seventeen-year-old C. C. Lyon, freshman at Louisiana State Normal, where the current ration is ten girls to every male student.

HELLFIRE—It was shells from such Calais coastal guns as this that earned Dover the name of Hellfire Corner. When Canadian troops moved in, they found this gun had already been knocked out by fire from across the Channel.

SHARKS' NEST—These are the U-boat pens at Brest, France, lair of the undersea raiders and repeated target for Allied bombs, the effect of which shows up in this picture by an R. A. F. photographer.

NEAR MISS—Comedian Jimmy Savo gets funny as he pours champagne for singer Gertrude Niesen and screen actress Jane Withers at Café Society Uptown, New York night club.

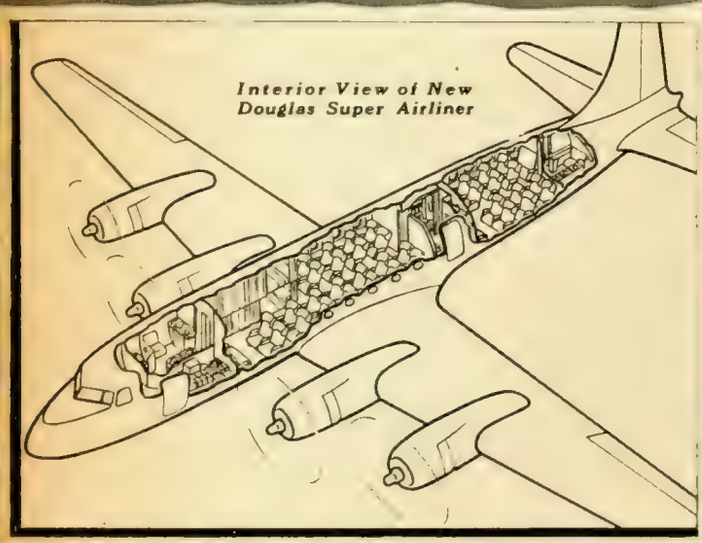
RESISTANCE POINT
The resistance along this section of the beach was extremely bitter and the beach was literally lined with dead Marines from the third wave. At leeast 100 Marines fell at this point.

BOARDING PARTY—After a miniature naval engagement, marines from an amphibious tractor board a Japanese landing barge. Leathernecks have their weapons ready—but the enemy is dead.

TARAWA TODAY—Marked and ready for postwar sight-seers is the beach where marines made history just a little more than a year ago. The sign tells the story.

WAR'S WAKE—From Naples, where tragic scenes of war abound, comes this picture. A Navy photographer caught this moment of silent sorrow as one ragged Italian lad helps his crippled companion across the street.

SINCLAIR 100-OCTANE FOR NEW SKY GIANTS



Interior View of New Douglas Super Airliner

5-MILE-A-MINUTE SPEED in huge 4-engined, 50-passenger planes! That's planned for transportation over the post-war air routes. These great planes will require super-gasoline. SINCLAIR 100-OCTANE, now devoted to war uses, will be available for the new sky giants . . . and for the further development of civilian aviation.

SAFE FROM THE JUNK YARD—but neglect and excessive wear are sending 280 cars there every hour. SINCLAIR-IZE for WINTER service will help your car to last till a new one is available. See your Sinclair Dealer today.

AMERICAN AIRLINES Flagships at an air terminal. They use Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oil. American has contracted for huge new Douglas 4-engined planes for passenger service.

AMERICA

BY STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

This powerful and poetic story of the making of America, written shortly before his death by one of the country's most beloved writers, is more than just a current best seller. It is destined for a permanent place among our literary treasures.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

THERE is a country of hope, there is a country of freedom. There is a country where all sorts of different people, drawn from every nation in the world, get along together under the same big sky. They go to any church they choose, and no man may be persecuted there for his religion. The men and women of this country elect the people they wish to govern them, remove those people by vote—not by revolution—if they feel their representatives have done badly, speak their minds about their government and about the running of their country at all times, stay themselves and yet stay loyal to one cause, one country, and one flag.

The country is the United States of America. It looks to the future always—to a future of free men and women, where there shall be bread and work, security and liberty for the children of mankind.

It does not want to rule the world or set up an American empire in which Americans will be the master race and other people subject races. If you ask any real American whether he believes in a master race, you will get a long stare or a long laugh. Americans do not believe in master races.

It is a fighting country, born in battle, unified in battle, ready and willing always to fight for its deep beliefs. It has never lost a war. But it does not believe that war and the martial spirit are the end and goal of man.

Always since the first, the American people have had a chance to use their own judgment, make their own mistakes, correct them and go ahead. And "the people," in America, does not mean a class, a caste, or a specially appointed set of men. It means you and me and the man next door—the butcher, the baker, the farmer, the workman, the lawyer, the doctor, the woman who keeps her house. It means everybody.

Under this sort of government, the United States has become prosperous and wealthy, a huge industrial power.

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a vast granary of food. Yet, whenever flood or fire, earthquake or catastrophe devastated another land, American food and medical supplies, American nurses and doctors have gone there to help out. They went because they thought they should.

Behind every American soldier in this war stands the spirit of the country he serves. It may be misinterpreted, forgotten, badly expressed, even betrayed by the individual. But it is there. Whether he is able to talk about it or not, there is a spirit. A spirit and an idea.

What is that spirit? What is the American spirit, the American idea?

How did it get started? What made it?

THE SEED BLOWS OVER THE OCEAN

The United States began with two small groups of resolute people fighting a wilderness—one at Jamestown, Virginia, one at Plymouth, Massachusetts.

They were not the first settlers on the North American

continent—not by over a century. Already the great Spanish explorers, De Soto, Coronado, Cabeza de Vaca, had landed, wandered, suffered, brought news of rolling plains and great rivers and Indian-haunted forests. Already the stubborn fishermen of France had found the Grand Banks. Already Florida was settled and the coasts of Canada were known to brave sailors. Both St. Augustine in Florida and Santa Fe in New Mexico are far older towns than either Jamestown or Plymouth. And yet, it was at those two chance spots on the Atlantic seaboard that the adventure of the United States began.

Other colonists from England had tried the land and failed. Raleigh's colony at Roanoke had been swallowed up in the woods, leaving nothing behind but a name cut on a tree, "Croatan," and a haunting legend. Now to a low-lying peninsula in the wide James River, on May 24, 1607, came three little nutshells of ships, not for a raid or a foray, but to plant men in the land.

They were adventurers. They came looking for gold and quick profits, as many men have come to many lands. They were sent by a trading company—the Virginia Company—that hoped to make money on the venture.

But, while they were adventurers, they were not just a military expedition, sent out under martial law. They were sent out as a colony—sent out to build houses and roads and churches, find out what the land was like and how Englishmen could live in it. That is important. Nor were they slaves. They were free men. And that is important, too.

We have the royal charter and the letter of instructions that guided them. There are two important things in those documents.

In the first place, though they were going to the ends of the earth (as people thought of America then), they were guaranteed "their rights as Englishmen," even at those ends of the earth. They were, by the King of England's word, "to have and enjoy all liberties, franchises and immunities within any of our other dominions, to all intents and purposes as if they had been abiding and born within this our realm of England."

In the second place, these adventurers in Virginia were to be ruled, in Virginia, by a president and a council that advised the president. No one-man rule.

These fresh-faced English people had come to a land as strange to them as the craters and mountains of the moon would be to us today. Everything was new and strange to them—the birds, the beasts, the flowers, the Indians, the heat of the summer, the very taste of the water in the river. They were awed and dazzled, like children. They were homesick, like children. They died of fever, of starvation, by Indian arrows. Sometimes the Indians would fight them, sometimes be friendly. The settlers never knew which would be which or why. At one point, in one year, the few who were still left alive abandoned Jamestown and fled in boats down the river. But at the mouth of the river, in the bay, they met relief ships from England—and went back to Jamestown, to start all over again. That took great courage. But they went back.

Their names were Smith, Percy, Brown, Allcock, Midwinter, Sergeant, Martin. They were seed blown over the water. Many died; a few lived and throve.

They didn't find gold, they didn't make easy money. But, after twelve years of trial, they had made a colony. Women came over; children were born in the town.

On July 30, 1619, in the wooden church at Jamestown, on the edge of nowhere, the first assembly of Virginia met. The governor was there, and his councilors—and twenty-two other men called burgesses and representing eleven different settlements in the colony. They worked together, those hot July days, passing various laws and regulations for the colony itself. Laws necessary to them. Nobody should kill cattle without the governor's permission—cattle were scarce. Anybody who stole a boat from his neighbor or a canoe from the Indians should be punished for it. All ministers, once a year, should bring in a report of the marriages, burials, and christenings they had performed. And so forth. But twenty-two other men, besides the governor and his councilors, had played a part in making those laws. They had met and argued and said what they had to say.

Men who had crossed an ocean to fight a wilderness thought they had a right to some say in the way in which they were governed. And the English government admitted that right, as a matter of common sense. The seed of freedom took root in the rich earth, between the rows of tobacco, under the warm Virginia sky.

And, meanwhile, something else had begun to happen, too. When John Pory came over from England, in 1619, to write his account of Virginia, he wrote:

"Our cowekeeper here . . . on Sundays goes accoutered dressed all in freshe flaming silke; and a wife . . . of a collier of Croydon, wears her rough bever hatt with a faire pearl hatband . . ."

That was the other thing.

THE New World did not care if a man had been a knight or a cowkeeper before he came there. If he did well in the New World, his wife would dress in silk and nobody would think it odd. And that, too, has always been a part of the American dream—that a man should have a chance to do his best and rise in the world—that no man is better than another man because his parents had money or titles or power.

Now let us go north—more than a thousand miles north—to a harsher and colder coast—the coast of New England in winter.

The Pilgrims landed there on November 11, 1620, from a ship called the Mayflower.

A few of them came on the chance of getting land and farms of their own. But most came for another reason. They came because they wished to worship God in their own way—a simple and faithful way, but not the way of the Established Church of the England of their time.

They were family men for the most part. They brought their wives and their children with them on a sixty-four-day voyage in a small, tossing ship. One child was born on the voyage, two others just after the landfall. Again,

the whole company numbered a little over a hundred human beings. Again, it was backed by an English company whose investors put money into the venture. But the backbone of the venture was this group of quiet family men bringing their wives and children to a coast at the world's end.

They had started their long journey in the north of England many years before—farmers, farm servants, a postmaster, a preacher, a boy who read books late at night. They had refused to worship as the Church and the authorities of England said they should worship—and had got into trouble. So they had gone over to Holland and lived quietly and soberly there. But still they hungered for a place of their own, where they could live as they chose. Now, after many years and great labor, they had found such a place, across great seas. And they looked at it and their sober hearts rejoiced.

THE Pilgrims were neither servants, slaves, nor tenants of their moneyed friends in England. They were sharers in a common enterprise. The moneyed man in England put up ten pounds for a share. The Pilgrim who had no money put up himself—his willingness to cross the seas and help build a colony. At the end of seven years, all capital and profits of the colony were to be divided proportionately among these partners. If all went well, each partner would get what he wanted—the moneyed man a profit, the Pilgrim a refuge and a home.

But—and this was important—once they got to America, the Pilgrims meant to govern themselves. And this was agreed to. The merchants in London might counsel and advise. The colony they founded would be an English colony. So before the Pilgrims sailed, they tried to get some sort of charter or document from King James of England, giving the expedition his official approval.

The king would not give such a promise. He let it be known that if the Pilgrims behaved themselves and didn't make trouble, he would let them alone. But that was as far as he would go. He didn't intend to persecute them, but he didn't intend to give them his royal blessing.

So, in the end, the Pilgrims sailed with just a patent, a right to settle, not from the crown but from the Virginia Company. And that would be legal and valid, as long as they settled in Virginia.

But they didn't settle in Virginia, as they had originally intended. They settled in New England. So their patent from the Virginia Company was worthless. And there were men on the Mayflower, not Pilgrims, who muttered that now they were outside of all government.

So the Pilgrims and their friends, free men and seekers after God, met in the cabin of the Mayflower and drew up a paper. We know it as The Mayflower Compact. And forty-one men signed the paper and ratified the choice of John Carver as the first governor of the colony. Then they set about exploring the country and finding a place to live.

What did the compact mean—the compact they signed? Did it mean independence? No, they said they were loyal subjects of the King of England.

Did it mean liberty, equality, democracy for all? No; that was not to come yet.

Meanwhile, like the first men at Jamestown, the men and women of Plymouth fought hardship and the wilderness. Theirs was an ordeal by cold instead of an ordeal by heat, but the suffering and the sickness were the same. Half of them died the first winter and were laid to rest in the frosty earth of the new land, where they sleep still. But, though strong men died and gallant women, they saved every child.

From the Indians they learned how to plant corn and the uses of corn. They learned how to catch the eels in the river; how to take care of themselves in a savage land. Through the first years they hung upon the edge of starvation. But, in the end, they did what they had come to do.

At Jamestown, men kept the rights they had brought from overseas, found the wilderness made men equal, and set up an assembly. At Plymouth, men asserted and maintained their right to worship God in their own way, and set up a system of local self-government, not all-inclusive, but quite different from the system under which they had been born and brought up. And in both places a man had value as a man.

Who were some of those first men?

John Smith, at Jamestown, soldier, explorer, map maker, teller of tall stories, bushy-bearded, inquisitive, curious, indefatigable, delighted with all new things, but mapping the coasts of Virginia and New England with a patient pen. William Bradford of Plymouth, self-taught scholar, full of gentleness, full of fortitude, a follower of God, governor of the colony for thirty years, leaving a library of four hundred books when he died. Others, the bad and the good, the stupid and the simple—some criminals, yes—one murderer, even, among the Pilgrim company—but, in the main, common men, ordinary men and women, who rose to the new chance they had and made something of it. Farmers, stocking weavers, younger sons, adventurers, carpenters, plowboys. A knight—Sir Richard Saltonstall—came with the next big emigration, the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Other men and women of rank and title were to come later. But, on the whole, the rich and the great, the complacent and the docile, stayed at home. Of those who came, it was said that God winnowed the wheat to plant in the wilderness. There was a later saying, when America moved to the western plains: "The cowards never started and the weak died on the way." And, on the whole, that was so, of these first men. It was bound to be so. You do not leave everything you have known behind and cross raging seas in small ships without fortitude, adventurousness, daring, belief in God, desire to be free and a man—some compelling and driving force. And those who lived and survived learned to stand on their own feet.

THE GREAT MIGRATION

Then they began to come like bees to a clover field. And from 1620 on, they kept coming.

Not only from the British Isles but from all Europe, they were drawn to the strange new world like iron filings to a magnet. They came as individuals; they came in groups and societies and church congregations. They were brought over for special skills, like the Italian glassmakers who came to Jamestown; they came under hard conditions of labor, as the Greeks and Minorcans were to come to New Smyrna in Florida. They came from many stocks—the Dutch to New Netherlands; the Swedes to Delaware; the French to South Carolina and the vast southern lands that changed hands between France and Spain; the Spaniards to Florida, New Mexico, California; the Irish, Scotch, and Germans to Pennsylvania; the English everywhere. And they all brought something. The Swedes, for instance, brought the log cabin—they built the first log cabins anywhere in the American colonies. The Dutch brought many things, among them the saint of good children—St. Nicholas, Santa Claus. The Germans brought their patient ways of farming. The French brought their skill with the vine.

Rebels came. Religious enthusiasts came. Hungry men came—poor but knotty men who wanted to rise in the world. Men who would take a chance came—men willing to sell the labor of their bodies for a term of years on the chance of getting, at the end, a hat, a suit of clothes, a cheap gun—and opportunity. And there were vagabonds and criminals—yes. There were those.

It was not yet the great melting pot that it later became. It was still predominantly British in stock. But the new names were there—Seixas, De la Noye, Van Cortlandt, Groghan, Mansker, Herkimer—a hundred others. And each new stock, as it came, brought its own traditions, its own tincture, its own flavor to American life.

By 1776 there were thirteen colonies on the Atlantic seaboard, stretching a thousand miles from Maine to Georgia. Thirteen colonies, with perhaps two million people, all under the English flag—and all very different.

They had not yet flooded into the vast mid-section of the country—they were still held back from that by the long mountain wall of the Appalachians, though at points the wall had been pierced by hardy settlers.

And the land had been gained by blood, toil, sweat, and fighting, by treaty and by war, by rifle, ax, and plow, and by the hope of building something new.

Thirteen colonies, all rather different, each one ruled somewhat differently, each one with different characteristics; each one remembered by a stripe in the Stars and Stripes.

If, say in 1765, you had asked these colonists just what they were, they would have said, "I'm a Massachusetts man, a Virginia man, a Georgia man." That was how they thought of themselves. They flew the flag of England, they drank the King of England's health. But there were many now who had never seen England or its shores.

And yet, they did have some things in common, these various men, these different colonies. They must have had, or they never would have made a nation at all.

What had they done, what had they accomplished in the hundred and sixty-odd years since Jamestown?

They had built cities and towns—Philadelphia, Boston, New York, Williamsburg, Charleston. They had pushed the Indian back and rooted themselves in the land. They had cleared forests away and turned the land to grainland and plowland. They had bred bold soldiers, shrewd merchants, hardy sea captains. They had certain men of wealth and leisure—men who lived well and thought well of themselves. They had others who owned vast tracts of land and lived in a sort of provincial splendor—untitled lords of plantations and manors and grants. They had schools, colleges, churches, public buildings. Their commerce, even under regulations, throve. They had weavers, dyers, printers, silversmiths, artisans of various kinds—though farming, tobacco raising, fishing were still the chief occupations. They had industries—indeed there were more iron furnaces and iron forges in the thirteen colonies in 1775 than there were in England and Wales, though most of these furnaces were small ones. If you went to Philadelphia or New York or Boston, you would find theaters, newspapers, concerts, dances, taverns—the various things that make up the web of city life.

As we saw, the very first colonists, at Jamestown and Plymouth, brought with them the same rights they would have had at home in England. They brought with them, too, a knowledge of English government—a government in which you elected representatives to sit in the House of Commons and help manage the affairs of the nation. And from this English idea of a parliament stemmed the various American colonial assemblies. They were, in a sense, little local parliaments. And even in a crown colony, a hostile or unwilling assembly could make things very uncomfortable for a royal governor, as many governors found out.

NOR was this all. In New England, where the township was the local unit, the custom of town meeting was very old. To this town meeting came the citizens to decide on their local officials, their local problams. And here, in these local town meetings, almost everyone had a voice. Not all colonies had the same system. But if you take thirty years as a generation and count from 1652, by the time the American Revolution broke out, four generations of Massachusetts men had been used to some share in their own government.

And then there was the frontier—and the million people who lived on the frontier. To the people of the frontier, colonial governors and assemblies were far away, and the rule of England still farther. Engaged in a life-and-death struggle with the wilderness, they had to govern themselves, for nobody else would do it for them. The King of England could not make your clearing. The Governor of Virginia could not plant your corn. You had to do these things yourself. And as soon as other men and women moved into your neighborhood, you had to get along with them. You had to arrange for mutual protection—a log fort, for instance, where the scattered settlers could go in case of Indian attack. If you wanted a church to worship in, you had to build one. All of you. If a man was a thief, a murderer, a nuisance to the community, you had to try him and punish him. All of you. If you wanted a mayor for your log town, a leader for your community, a captain to fight the Indians, you had to get together and choose him. All of you. Just as the Pilgrims chose their first governor.

In time, of course, the regular courts, the regular law officers, the regular governmental system might come your way. Even so, you were going to have some say in the way things were run, because outsiders might not understand your particular problems. And the frontier did have its say. In Pennsylvania, for instance, the new Scotch-Irish settlers in 1730 seized 15,000 acres of frontier land that technically belonged to the proprietors of the colony. They did so, saying that "it was against the laws of God and nature that so much land should remain idle while so many Christians wanted it to labor on." In North Carolina, the frontiersmen, finding themselves with many complaints against the government of the colony, broke into open revolt in 1770 and fought a pitched battle with government militia in 1771. The frontier was tough and resourceful. It didn't respect riches or titles. It didn't respect long descent or a famous name. It respected hardiness and it wanted its own way. And it was ready to fight for its own rights.

SO there you have the colonies in the early 1770s—an experiment in human living—a nation not yet formed—thirteen different little countries, all speaking the same language but not yet unified in heart. There were rich and poor. But few of the rich had been rich for many generations and most of the poor did not intend to stay poor. America was a place where almost anything could happen to almost any man. The member of the Virginia House of Burgesses might not think that everybody should vote, but he believed in representative government. Democracy might be an ugly word in the ears of the Boston merchant, but resistance to autocratic rule was something he understood and approved of. The new immigrant, once acclimated, found himself enough of an American to criticize things he didn't like and strike out for himself in his own way. It didn't matter what he had been; it mattered what he could prove himself to be.

That was the American lesson—the American opportunity—seeing what would happen to a man once he was treated as a man. And Americans believed in that—and they still do.

Of course they didn't write it all down on paper, as a set of rules. They were still groping, striving, living from day to day. They did have certain examples of what Americans could be and do—and what this sort of treatment did for them. They had, for instance, the example of Benjamin Franklin.

Franklin was born in Boston in 1706—the tenth son of a tallow chandler and soap boiler named Josiah Franklin. A bright youngster, he learned to read early, but left school at ten to help in his father's business. At twelve he became an apprentice printer under his brother James. At seventeen, still a printer, he moved to Philadelphia. By the time he was twenty-three he was running his own newspaper successfully. And from then on, there were few things that he did not do.

He wrote and published Poor Richard's Almanac, full of common sense, humorous, pithy maxims that people still like to read. He invented the lightning rod. He laid the foundations for the science of electricity. He taught himself French, Italian, Spanish, and Latin. He printed the first novel ever printed on an American printing press. He established the first circulating library in Philadelphia and organized the first police and fire companies in the colonies. He was postmaster general of North America. He was unofficial ambassador from the colonies to England. Before he died, he was to be a member of every learned society in Europe, a diplomat, a scientist, a philosopher, and one of the most talked-about men in the world.

Yet he always called himself "Benjamin Franklin, Printer" and in one of his last letters he said, with full conviction: "God grant that not only the love of liberty but a thorough knowledge of the rights of man may pervade all the nations of the earth, so that a philosopher may set his foot anywhere on its surface and say 'This is my country.'"

Nearing seventy, a man of vast experience in men and affairs, Franklin, the wise and farseeing, looked ahead and saw trouble brewing. He thought that, somehow, the colonies should get together. Divided, they were weak; united, they could be strong. He wanted a better and more reasonable relationship between the colonies

and England. But, though he laid a groundwork for the first and strove for the second, he could not bring about what he wanted. There was to be an explosion first.

REVOLUTION

Looking back at the American Revolution now, it seems at once inevitable and by no means inevitable.

In the hundred and seventy years since Jamestown, the colonies had grown up. They were young men, ready to start out in the world for themselves. If they were to remain as partners in the English system, they wanted the share and responsibilities of partners.

But to the English government, they were boys not yet out of school, not yet ready for share or partnership. Nor was this just an English idea. It was a world idea, at the time. Colonies existed, on the whole, for the benefit of the mother country. And all laws and regulations for the benefit of the mother country should be enforced.

The English Parliament could make laws to regulate the colonies, but the colonies had no representatives in the English Parliament. The English Parliament could tax the colonies, and the colonists would have to pay those taxes or rebel.

Nevertheless, the colonies, admittedly, had certain rights of self-government. But how far did those rights extend? Nobody quite knew. The colonists thought one thing, the English government another.

Added to these were the factors of space and time. Three million people on one side of an ocean had, as court of last resort and final authority, a parliament, minister, and a king on the other side of an ocean. There was no telegraph, no telephone, no airplane, no steamship linking them together. By the time that something happened in America and the news got to England, six weeks might have passed. By the time that Parliament discussed the question, reached a decision, and the news of the decision got to America, anywhere from three to six months might have passed. The King of England had never visited the colonies. Few, if any, of his ministers had ever been in the colonies. Few members of Parliament had ever been in the colonies. They were legislating for and passing final judgments upon a country they had ceased to know much about.

That wasn't their fault—things had grown that way, that was all. But it was one of the reasons why not only the American colonies but the South American republics eventually asserted their own independence. They were tired of being governed from the other side of an ocean. They wanted more to say in their own affairs.

Something was going to happen, explode, break, alter—but what? Not the wisest knew. But there was a ferment, a stirring, a pushing out of thought in the minds of men.

This ferment had been going on since the end of the Seven Years' War in 1763. In that war England had broken the power of France in North America, acquired vast new dominions—and would have to pay the bill for keeping those dominions up. The English government felt, with considerable justice, that the American colonies, which benefited by the results of the war, should pay some of the bill.

The American colonists felt differently. They didn't want to pay new taxes for the support of an imperial system in which they were not even partners.

IT was obvious to the most clearheaded on both sides, including Franklin, that some new scheme of relations between mother country and colonies must be worked out, if the system was to go on. The future, and the situation in 1763 was complicated by an industrious but stubborn king, George III, who chose unintelligent and amateurish advisers.

The first warning of the Revolution came with the Stamp Act. The English government made a law that revenue stamps, costing from a halfpenny to eighty shillings, were to be put on all newspapers, pamphlets, licenses, commercial bills, leases, legal documents, etc., in the colonies.

If you didn't buy stamps and put them on these papers, you were breaking the law.

This seemed reasonable enough to Parliament and the king's ministers—especially since it was provided that all money raised by these stamps was to be spent for "defending, protecting and securing the colonies." But it was a match dropped into a keg of powder.

Americans did not see the Stamp Act as a necessary and normal measure of government. They saw it as an extraordinary and ominous beginning of tyranny, forced upon them from outside and without their consent.

They burned stamps, they forced the agents who sold stamps to give up their jobs. They met, they protested, they got up on their hind feet and yelled. They sent remonstrances and petitions to the king.

The Stamp Act was repealed and the colonies rejoiced. And yet the repeal settled nothing. It settled nothing, because men had begun to talk about Liberty in a new way.

"We should stand upon the broad common ground of natural right. . . . There ought to be no New England man, no New Yorker, known on the continent, but all of us Americans," said Christopher Gadsden of South Carolina.

"Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!" Patrick Henry of Virginia said that.

Liberty! It's a strong word—it gets into men's blood. It's only a puff of wind in the air at first—and then it's a rising gale. It blew through the crooked streets of Boston and the farmlands of Pennsylvania and the rolling Virginia hills. "Liberty! We'll stand up for Liberty!" It drifts in and out of the cabins of the frontier. It is tapped out on a drum where men march and drill in secret. It's a tide rising and a wind blowing and a drum tapping—tapping out the years that are past and the years to come.

But three thousand miles away, in England, the industrious, stubborn king and his changing ministers hear neither the drum nor the gale. They are puzzled, disturbed, somewhat angry. These colonial children mustn't have things all their own way. Authority must be maintained. We'll repeal other duties and just put an extra tax on tea—a token tax. The Americans will actually get their tea cheaper than they did before. But they'll pay a tax on it—and that will show we *can* tax them.

As was to happen many times in American history, an overseas government went wrong on the American character. They thought money was all that Americans cared about.

So the tax was put on the tea and the tea shipped over. And when the tea reached Boston, the men of Boston took it—and dumped it into Boston harbor.

That was the Boston Tea Party—December 16, 1773. And as the tea floated away in the gray waters, so floated away all chance of a peaceful settlement.

The English government felt it could not back down. The American colonists knew they would not back down.

The English government closed the port of Boston, an-

nulled the charter of Massachusetts, and passed other coercive acts. The colonies replied by summoning a Continental Congress. It met in Philadelphia in September, 1774—forty-five sober men from every colony but North Carolina and Georgia—as, a hundred and fifty-five years before, the burgesses had met at Jamestown, as in 1620 the signers of the Mayflower Compact had met aboard the Mayflower. This was for a nation now, but the same strong impulse showed itself. In crisis, unite. Get together, talk together—decide on your rights and speak them. Stand up for your rights like men.

On the 19th of April, 1775—a misty, farming morning—on the 19th of April and on the village green of a small farm town called Lexington, in Massachusetts, British regulars, sent from Boston to confiscate munitions, saw a line of armed farmers barring their way—American Minute Men. The British captain called on them to disperse.

"Stand your ground, men—don't fire unless fired upon—but, if they want a war, let it begin here," said the American captain. Then the shots came. And the Revolution began.

The English government had made a second mistake. It had thought that Americans would not fight. Other governments, in time to come, were to think that too—and as mistakenly.

THE British expedition got back to its base in Boston—but two hundred and seventy-three British regulars lay dead or wounded. The colonists swarmed from their houses like angry bees and shot down the red-coated men from behind stone walls. And two months later, on June 17, 1775, three thousand veteran British soldiers tried to take an American position, on Breed's Hill and Bunker Hill, just outside Boston. They took the hill, in three tries, by direct assault—but their loss in killed and wounded was over a thousand men. Untrained but hard-shooting farmers and mechanics, commanded by amateur generals, had stood up to the best-trained infantry of their time.

They weren't to do so always. They were to suffer defeat, disaster, and rout. They were to starve and run and hide. But they had developed their own technique of fighting.

One year later, June 7, 1776, Richard Henry Lee of Virginia rose in the Continental Congress and moved "That these United Colonies are and of right ought to be Free and Independent States." After nearly a month's debate, the motion was adopted, and, on July 4, 1776, the Declaration of Independence announced the birth of a new nation.

The Declaration of Independence is one of the two great cornerstones of American faith and the American way of life. We take what it says as a rule that we want to live by—a goal that we strive for as a nation.

It gives various specific reasons why the colonies wished to separate from England.

But the heart and core of its doctrine are in the second paragraph that begins:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

In that lies the importance of the Declaration. Not that the colonists met and said, "We want to be independent," but that, doing so, they set down certain principles and beliefs—that all men are created equal, that all men have certain rights, that governments are made to secure these rights and derive their powers from the consent of the governed and not from the will of a king or a dictator or the special interests of a special class, that it is the right of the people to overthrow tyrants and despots and seek their own best means of governing themselves.

These ideas were not brand new. They had been in the minds of wise men for many years—in the minds of a new generation then growing up in France. But here, for the first time, they were stated in short and simple words as a fighting faith for three million people at war; as self-evident truths. They were written down by a great and thoughtful man, Thomas Jefferson of Virginia—but they had been hammered out on the anvil of a hundred and seventy years' very practical experience of liberty and self-government on the part of most Americans.

The Declaration was bold—a bell and a trumpet of liberty. But it did not end the War for Independence. Counting from the battle of Lexington, it lasted for seven years.

It was a civil war as well as a national one. Many Americans—and from deep conviction—took the British side. They suffered and endured for their cause as truly as men have ever suffered and endured—and when the war was over, or before its end, many left or were driven from the colonies to start life over again in Canada, in England, in the other British possessions. And their descendants grew into the new life and made stalwart citizens of the British commonwealth.

Many of the best and wisest Englishmen—from Pitt to Charles James Fox—were to stand up and speak for the American cause, not because they loved England the less but because they loved liberty. And from France, Lafayette, Rochambeau, and many others came to help the Americans. From the German states came von Steuben and De Kalb; from Poland, Kosciusko and Pulaski.

It was a war of convictions. Certain families of wealth and prominence, the Jays, the Livingstons, the Lees, adopted the patriot cause. Others pledged their loyalty to England. At the start of the Revolution, George Washington was a prosperous planter, as prosperity went in those days, chiefly interested in developing and improving his farms. He had served as a soldier and surveyor on the frontier, but his tastes were peaceful and the temper of his mind, on the whole, conservative. He liked to live

like a gentleman—an honorable and upright gentleman, but a gentleman used to good clothes, polite manners, pleasant company, a game of cards with friends, and a hard day in the hunting field. He liked to keep accurate records of the crops he raised and the dogs he bred and the money his crops brought in—or didn't bring in.

But he served seven years, without pay, as commander of the Continental Army and was the prop and mainstay of a struggling people. He was plagued by toothache, disaster, and envious enemies—he was vilified, libeled, and lampooned—he was hunted like a fox across the Jerseys—he shared the cold and the hunger of his ragged troops—and he never gave in.

He had everything to lose by being a patriot—but he never gave in. He could not be bought, he could not be intimidated or exhausted, he could not be turned or diverted from the cause of liberty.

And as it was with him, so was it with Paul Revere, the silversmith, print seller, engraver, Jack-of-all-trades, whose father, Apollos Revoire, had come from the Isle of Jersey—and Alexander Hamilton, the brilliant youngster born in the West Indies—and John Adams, the Boston lawyer—and Samuel Adams, the radical orator of the Boston people.

It was a curious war. A curious war indeed—for it was not popular with the mass of the English people. A

number of distinguished officers—Lord Jeffrey Amherst among them—declined to serve against the colonies, and recruiting lagged. So the English ministry brought over Hessians—simple peasants sold by the Prince of Hesse-Cassel at so much a head to go over and die in America for a cause they knew nothing about. As they were foreigners and mercenaries, the Americans hated them. And yet, after the war was done, some ten thousand of these Hessians remained in America, married, settled down, got land of their own. They were free in America; they would not be free in Hesse-Cassel. America took them in, and they made good citizens.

It was a war for a cause, a war that went to the trumpet blast of Tom Paine, the corsetmaker turned pamphleteer who wrote: "Though the flame of liberty may sometimes cease to shine, the coal can never expire." And a war fought, too, by many men not quite sure of all the issues, as all wars are. A war quietly endured by quiet people who saw their houses burned and their crops ravaged, and cursed whoever did it and yet resolved to stay in the land.

And at last, with the aid of France and the French fleet, it ended. Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, Virginia, on October 19, 1781. The preliminary treaty of peace was signed on November 30, 1782; the final treaty, September 3, 1783. Ordinary men and women, poor and rich, frontiersmen, merchants, and farmers, had got up on their feet and, after seven years' fighting, made a nation.

CONSTITUTION

But what sort of nation was it? The eyes of Europe looked and wondered.

It staggered under a load of debt. Its money had depreciated to a point where "not worth a continental" was a byword. Its trade had been badly hit. Its industries, hampered by war, were almost at a standstill. Its credit was nil.

Worse than that, it was not one state but thirteen states which had fought side by side but without entire agreement. Its government was a clumsy debating society—the Continental Congress. Its army, even in victory, was still unpaid.

And yet, it was a hope, a wish, a dream—something men with all sorts of different names had fought for and died for. Had they fought and died in vain?

They wondered—these who had seen it and those who had merely heard of it—Lafayette and Fox and Burgoyne, the King of Prussia, the King of France, the King of England.

And as they wondered, the nation made itself.

THE PILLARS OF THE HOUSE

There is a time, after every revolution, when men have to sit down, take stock, and decide on what sort of government they mean to live under. Such a time came to America when the delegates to the Constitutional Convention met in Philadelphia, May 25, 1787.

There were fifty-five of them, nine of whom were foreign-born. They included Washington, Franklin, Madison, Hamilton, Randolph, Mason, Dickinson—the brains of the American states with the exception of Jefferson, then in France on a diplomatic mission. Their average age was forty-two.

They argued and debated many points. The small states were jealous of the large ones. The propertied men wanted to safeguard their property. The debtors wanted easy money. The firm States' Rights men wanted a confederation rather than a federation. But in the end they worked out the Constitution. Then, "to form a more perfect Union," they devised this system of government: a Congress, made up of two houses, a House of Representatives and a Senate—a President—a Supreme Court. It is both a flexible and workable system. It has been well called a "system of checks and balances." All three branches of the government—legislative, executive, judicial—take part in running the affairs of the nation.

Then the Constitution had to be ratified, of course, by at least nine of the thirteen states, and after much discussion was so ratified.

But even then men were not content.

A government had been established. But what were the rights of the average citizen under that government?

The first Congress of the United States, meeting in New York in the autumn of 1789, passed ten amendments to the original Constitution, known as the "Bill of Rights." And again men had stepped ahead. The Constitution and the Bill of Rights are the second and third cornerstones of the American faith. Freedom of speech, freedom of worship, freedom from persecution, right of trial by jury were guaranteed. Americans were now free to work out their own destiny.

THE YOUNG REPUBLIC

With the peaceful inauguration of George Washington as the first President of the United States, the American Revolution ended.

The Hessians who stayed in the country were not hunted down and annihilated. Some loyalists who returned were harshly treated; others came back and settled down peacefully as citizens of the new state. There was neither blood bath nor purge. There was bitter political dispute—but no small group of men plotted in secret to overthrow the government by force of arms. There were a couple of minor and local revolts, based on genuine grievances—Shay's Rebellion in 1786—the Whisky Rebellion in 1794. Both collapsed when the government showed itself able to put down rebellion—and nobody was hanged for either of them.

Why was this? Certainly not because Americans were more virtuous than anybody else. Americans never have been more virtuous than other people. They were lucky, that is all—lucky in working out a system that allowed for different points of view—lucky in the men who first guided the young republic. Not one of them felt the only way to rule was to kill or imprison people who didn't agree with him. They had a dream before them—the dream of a free republic. And they tried, quite consciously, to live up to that dream.

Not only the success of the Revolution but the successful founding of the republic hinged, to a great degree, on the character of one of these men.

If you look at George Washington from one point of view, you will find him strict, cool, dignified, rather unapproachable. Not a man who liked the smell and sweat of the crowd—not a man who mixed very easily with men who were not his social equals. A strong man, strong in body and strong in mind, but a mind with no particular inventive or philosophic turn to it. A hot temper, usually under control, sometimes flaring into bursts of wrath. A man of no great, crowd-winning phrases. And yet—

He never flinched at any time from any burden that was laid upon him. When the head of a foolish little coterie wrote to him and suggested that he be king of the new nation, he said: "If you have any regard for yourself or posterity or respect for me, banish these thoughts from your mind and never communicate as from yourself or anyone else, a sentiment of the like nature."

Even when they abused him, his countrymen trusted George Washington. No matter at what cost, he would do what he thought was right. They had no small affectionate nicknames for him—he was not that sort of man. But when men called him "the father of his country," it was not an eloquent phrase but the bare and simple truth.

John Adams, the second President of the United States, was short, cocky, critical, independent, caustic, a lawyer, the son of a farmer, the great-grandson of an out-of-work carpenter who had emigrated from England in 1636. John Adams spoke his mind wherever he was. A New Englander, he worked and strove to make Washington, the Virginian, commander in chief of the Continental Army, because he thought Washington was the best man for the job. A revolutionary with no taste for blood, he found the Boston Tea Party "the most magnificent movement of all." A man of stiff principles, he quarreled with Thomas Jefferson on principle, wrote bitter and venomous

things about Jefferson in his diary—and made up his quarrel in old age with such grace and mellowness that the final correspondence between the two men has the amplitude and ranging thought of old but unwearied gods discussing the small but vital affairs of men.

A lawyer who had never been a seaman, Adams founded the American Navy. An unpopular President, he did his duty as President with stubborn devotion. He lacked the easy gifts that would have made men love him instead of regarding him with respectful irritation. But he was one of the first political philosophers of America—and his caustic, questioning, and stubborn spirit still survives in the New England mind.

Thomas Jefferson, the third President, a Virginian, was one of those universal men whom it is hard to compress in a few words. Tall, rawboned, gray-eyed, sandy-haired, he was an inventor, a thinker, a writer, a philosopher, a practical politician, and a man who believed continuously in the worth and virtue of the people. He designed a new and efficient plow, and wrote the Declaration of Independence. He was a notable architect and his own house, Monticello, built to his own plans, is one of the beautiful houses of the world. He was always interested in the new, the future thing—what men could be if they chose, what men could be if they willed. He loved the arts, played the violin. He could be as bitter and as unfair as Adams in his private and temporary judgment of his contemporaries—he could be circuitous in his politics and disingenuous in some of his dealings. But he was the first great democrat of America—and his faith in the people never wavered through his long life.

Alexander Hamilton, brilliant, fluent, attractive, a brave soldier, an able writer, a great financier, was another of the founders. He was Washington's favorite aide-de-camp and the first Secretary of the Treasury of the United States. He had no particular belief in the people—he thought they should be guided and ruled by men more intelligent than they. He admitted his liking for "the rich, the well-born and the well-bred." Yet it would be a great mistake to think of Hamilton as anything but the revolutionary which he was. Loving splendor, he cared little for money, and none of it stuck to his fingers. He and Jefferson were born to be adversaries. But the actual adoption of the Constitution which made the United States possible owes as much to Hamilton as it does to any one man—and the restoration of the national credit is almost entirely his work. He died in an unnecessary duel, on a point of honor, a duel which could have been avoided by a man with less personal courage—died at forty-seven, having left his strong and personal mark on the nation.

THERE were many others—Gallatin the Swiss—the Lee brothers of Virginia—Rutledge of South Carolina—Madison and Monroe, each one to be President in turn, each one brought up on the ideas of these older men. And there were, on the frontier, yet others, for all through the Revolution the hunters and the first settlers were beginning to stream through the passes of the Allegheny Mountains. There they would be free of all laws—and yet the first thing they did was to get together and make their own laws. In Kentucky and Tennessee, the new settlers formed their own governments—and wrote them down. Things were practical on the frontier, and freedom was not only practical but a necessity.

After some five Presidents had been peaceably elected, and a second and rather inconclusive war had been fought with England in 1812, it began to be admitted, by competent observers, that this new republic of the New World stood some chance of surviving its birth pains. But how did it fit into the affairs of the world?

It was still a refuge and a symbol of hope for anyone from Britain or the Continent who wanted to try his fortune there. And some came, and were most bitterly disappointed at not finding a ready-made Eden. And some came and were cheated and fooled, and called its ideals a sham. And some came and throve.

But as a country, as a nation, it was neither a great nor an important power. It had shown a few queer and interesting manifestations. Under Jefferson's Presidency, for instance, the United States had refused to pay tribute to the Barbary pirates, and the American Navy, operating four thousand miles from its base, had forced respect for the Stars and Stripes on bold and enterprising corsairs. Under Jefferson's Presidency, also, the vast lands of Louisiana had been bought from France. In the War of 1812, while Washington had been captured by the British and the White House burned, a general called Andrew Jackson had won a considerable victory over British regulars at New Orleans, and American privateers and fir-built frigates had stood up well against the greatest navy in the world.

The Americans did not want a big army or a vast navy. They did not want to engage in European quarrels. They wanted to push ahead and develop their own land. As far as the other nations of the world were concerned, they wanted to trade with them, exchange ideas and goods, maintain peaceable relations. But that was all.

FURTHER colonization of the Western Hemisphere by some strong outside power was possible, and the building up, in either North or South America, of a state, strongly tied to Europe, which might be hostile to the United States. So, in 1823, after the former colonies of Spain in the New World had thrown off the rule of Spain and set up their own republics, the then President of the United States, James Monroe, made a statement of American policy.

That was the Monroe Doctrine. It is still a cardinal point of American policy. Stripped of diplomatic language, it said: "No meddling or interference with the affairs of the New World by outside powers! We, the United States, will fight, if that is done." And it went unchallenged by the world's great powers.

Americans wanted to be let alone to make their experiment in life and government and the rights of man. Rightly or wrongly, they felt themselves to be a dedicated people. Any Europeans who wanted to come over and help them in their experiment were welcome, but they would have to drop their old loyalties at the front door. They would have to say out loud that the American way of life was the right way of life—and any criticism of that way of life was hotly resented. And so there were misunderstandings—and are today.

To the average American of, say, 1840, Europe was a museum of the past. Interesting, if you wanted to go there—but a museum of the past, a symbol of everything he had tried to get away from. If he thought about Europe at all.

To the average European of the same period, America was a half-civilized wilderness where people got scalped by Indians. Cousin John wrote queer letters back from there, but Cousin John had always had odd ideas.

And, meanwhile, the country grew. To use an American phrase, it grew like nothing on earth. The Thirteen States, so long penned in behind the mountain wall of the Appalachians, suddenly spread and ran and overflowed like quicksilver. By 1821, eleven more states had entered the Union—Vermont, Mississippi, Alabama, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, Louisiana, Maine, Missouri, Ohio. Men and women packed up their goods and loaded them on wagons and moved a thousand miles, with their children, their few and cherished possessions, their slips of rosebushes and apple seedlings, their Bibles, their books, and their guns—to find a new home in the rich and dangerous western lands. They floated down the rivers in flatboats, they fought Indian tribes and the weather, they starved and suffered and planted themselves in the land. Single men, adventurous men, drifted out to the frontier, following some impulse that haunted their hearts like the call of the wild geese. Immigrants from Europe—Danes, Swedes, Germans, Irishmen—suddenly found themselves, after a long and trying voyage that should have been hardship enough, starting out overland to follow the sun in its course for days and days till, at last, after many days, they reached an empty prairie, and fed the beasts that had brought them there, and out of logs or sod they made their first American house.

The drive and pulse and speed of American expansion cannot be explained by any logic. It happened because it happened.

The drive had its cost in struggle, blood, and war. American settlers came to Texas early—as early as 1823. In 1835, the American settlers there broke away from the Mexican government and established the independent republic of Texas. They asked for annexation to the United States, but for ten years the question remained unsolved, and Texas maintained its own existence. Then in 1846, at the cost of war with Mexico, not only Texas but New Mexico and California became part of the growing republic. Many sincere and thoughtful Americans denounced the war with Mexico as a war of aggression—others supported it as a fulfillment of the American destiny. It can only be said that the Texans, once having tasted independence, had no intention of returning under Mexican rule, and that the march west to the Pacific could hardly have bypassed Texas, once American settlers were firmly established there.

In fifty-one years Americans had gone from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, settled the Middle West, explored and settled in the Northwest and the Southwest,

crossed mountains as high as the Alps and rivers broader than the Danube, staggered for days over plains of alkali and the desert lands of Death Valley and brought the Stars and Stripes and the drawling American lingo to regions that had been marked down on the map as "Great American Desert. Unknown."

And meanwhile there was another drive, and a great one. American industry and manufacture rose and hummed. Americans bought, borrowed, copied, stole, invented, improved the designs of lathes, looms, engines, all power-driven appliances. They were used to ingenious tinkering—the New England Yankee, for instance, was famous for it—the Connecticut farmer was born a Jack-of-all-trades. They had water power, coal, iron, all the metals. They had first-class craftsmen—the sailing ships they built were the wonders of the world. They labored under no restrictions, not even wise ones. Ingenuity and invention had full play. There were at least four men who invented steamboats before Fulton, who got the credit, saw his first crude steamboat chug up the waters of the Hudson.

Any sort of skilled craftsman would have a future in America. And a Yankee called Eli Whitney had already invented the cotton gin.

Before it, green seed cotton, native American cotton, had had to be cleaned of its seeds laboriously and by hand. It took a Negro a day to clean a few pounds. So native American cotton wasn't worth much as a crop—it was too hard to produce, even with slave labor.

The cotton gin, cleaning the cotton by machinery, soon changed all that. Now cotton was king. And the markets of the world were hungry for cotton. And cotton meant slaves, and more cotton meant more slaves. And both meant a chance of riches. Negro slavery in the South was an old institution. It had been practiced to some extent in the North, but it had largely died out there. The climate was harsher, and the small New England farm—or the frontier farm—was based largely on family effort. It had no one ready cash crop. Slave labor did not pay—there were too many things against it. This was not true of the South. Not all Southerners were slaveholders. Far from it. Slavery was profitable, on the whole, for the large plantation owner—moderately profitable to the middle-sized owner—impossible for the small and struggling farmer who had no money to buy a slave. But the slaveowners, on the whole, were the rich and leading men of the community. They called the tune.

So all the time that the great American expansion to the west was going on, two different systems of life were growing up in the settled states, side by side: the growing industry of the North, combined with a free agriculture; the farming, plantation system of the South, with its slave labor.

IN time, these two systems were bound to collide, and they did collide.

Through the years of the growing republic there had been a continuous struggle for power between North and South, flaring up, dying down, flaring up again. It centered upon the new western states now coming into the Union. Were these states to be slave or free? Were they to adopt the southern system or the northern system? If one side won all the new states, the other side was bound to be outvoted, eventually, in Congress. Various compromises were made at various times. But the South, which had led the Union at one time—four of the first five Presidents were Virginians, saw itself being gradually forced into a position of dependence upon the North, both economically and politically. And for the South to have to set up its own industries would have required a breaking away from the whole plantation system.

To this there was added two questions of principle.

The first was that of states' rights. Which meant more, the word "United" or the word "States"? Was a man an American first and a Virginian second, or a Virginian first and an American second?

The second question of principle was that of the existence of human slavery in a country vowed to freedom and human rights. And the two questions became inextricably mixed together.

In the North there arose devoted and religious men and women who denounced the whole institution of slavery as an intolerable human wrong. They spoke wildly at times, but from a burning conviction. They set up secret organizations to help slaves escape, they sent men and guns to the frontier territories to make sure that these would be free soil. They were a minority, but a convinced, obstreperous, devoted, and resolute minority. They were called abolitionists. And, in denouncing slavery, they denounced the whole South.

To the South, they were fanatic zealots, meddling in something that was none of their business. When the abolitionists wrote books on the wrongs and abuses of slavery, the southern newspapers retorted by pointing out the long hours and small pay of New England mill hands. That was true enough, but it did not settle the dispute.

And after an armed raid on the Virginia town of Harpers Ferry by John Brown and his men on October 16, 1859—a raid that failed in its purpose of freeing slaves but set John Brown's harsh name imperishably on the roll of American history—the crack in the Union widened into a chasm. To the South, John Brown was a murderous fanatic who had tried to stir up the one thing most dreaded by all Southerners—a slave rebellion. To the North—even to those who denounced his actions—he was a brave man who died for his ideas like a hero. In the next Presidential election—1860—the new Republican Party carried every free state. The southern vote was split between three candidates: Douglas, Breckenridge, and Bell, and the Republican candidate, Abraham Lincoln of Illinois, became President of the United States.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

This Abraham Lincoln of Illinois was born on a bed of cornhusks and bearskins, in a cabin that had only one window and one door. And today there is a huge marble

building in Washington—the Lincoln Memorial—where crowds come every day to look at his seated statue, and they drop their voices a little when they look at it, for the face is rugged and brooding and the face of a great man.

He lived and died for the common people and loved them.

When he was eight, young Abraham knew how to use an ax—when he was eight, he and his sister were walking nine miles and back a day to a one-room school.

He was nine when his mother died. His father married again—a good and thoughtful woman who took care of the children as if they had been her own. He grew up tall and strong—a fine axman, a first-class wrestler. He worked for various people, split rails for one, did chores for another. But he was always reading and thinking. There were not many books on the Indian frontier, but he tracked them down and got hold of them, reading them again and again. He told his friends: "The things I want to know are in books; my best friend is the man who'll git me a book I ain't read." He would read late at night, stretched out before the firelight. Read, and think about what he had read.

Some people said he liked telling stories better than working—but everybody admitted he could work hard when he wanted. The stories ran through his life—he was always telling them—sometimes to make a point, sometimes just because they were funny. But with the stories there was something else—a deep melancholy that came over him like a wave. When this melancholy oppressed him, he looked like the saddest man on earth, and perhaps he was.

He wanted something—he didn't know what he wanted. He kept a store for a while and got into debt. The debts took him years to pay, but he paid them all. He read law. He was a flatboatman, a surveyor, a postmaster. He made speeches—and found out that he could make speeches, talking plain talk to people who understood plain talk. At twenty-five he was elected to the Illinois legislature. There he learned about politics and the ways of men. But he was still looking, still seeking. He fell in love, but the girl died before they could be married—as his mother had died, as his sister had died at eighteen. Death kept coming into his life like a strain of tragic music. All the funny stories could not alter the fact of death—the curious unanswerable fact.

AT twenty-eight, with seven dollars in his pocket, he came to Springfield, Illinois, to set up in business as a lawyer. Springfield at that time had 1,500 people.

He settled down there. He married Mary Todd—a clever, ambitious woman with a difficult temper. They had children, and he liked to play with the children—even when they scattered pens and ink all over his office. He became a well-known lawyer and, on the whole, a successful one. People knew he would not plead a case unless he thought he had the right side of it. He was sent to Congress for one term, but he wasn't re-elected. Too bad, thought his friends, but—well, too bad. It seemed, for a while, as if he would end his days as a small-town lawyer, a local character, a teller of stories, a man of whom people said: "Well, you should have heard Abe Lincoln tell that one." And yet, all the time he was walking up and down the streets of Springfield in his rusty black clothes and his battered stovepipe hat, where he kept his papers—driving in his buggy over the muddy new roads of the state—wondering, thinking, questioning, being sad, and a joking companion, and a man who made hosts of friends, and a man who was hard to make out. The people who barely knew him called him "Abe" or, even in his forties, "Old Abe." His wife and partner called him "Mr. Lincoln."

In 1854, or thereabouts, he was thinking, wondering—wondering about slavery, about the state of the Union. He had no personal or fiery hate for the slaveholders, but in a speech at Peoria he said: "Slavery is founded on the selfishness of man's nature—opposition to it in his love of justice." He let it stay at that for the time. In 1858, a candidate for the Senate against Stephen A. Douglas, one of the best-known orators of the nation, he made his "house divided" speech. He and Douglas debated the question all over the states—the awkward, plain, backwoods lawyer against a speaker whom men called "the Little Giant." Douglas won the votes and went to the Senate. But Lincoln's words had sunk into men's hearts:

"All I ask for the Negro is that, if you do not like him, let him alone. If God gave him but little, that little let him enjoy."

Those and other words of his kept throbbing and burning in men's minds. And so, at last, the new Republican Party, vowed to certain frontier doctrines, to lands for the western men, to a hatred of slavery, met in convention and picked Abraham Lincoln as their candidate for President. After he was elected, he sold his house, tied up his trunks himself and addressed them, "A. Lincoln, the White House, Washington, D. C."

CIVIL WAR

The South had vowed that she would not accept a Republican President. South Carolina seceded from the United States on December 20, 1860. Alabama, Mississippi, Florida, Louisiana, and Georgia followed within two months. On February 8, 1861, representatives from the six seceded states met at Montgomery, Alabama, and formed the Confederate States of America. Texas joined them two weeks later. Lincoln was inaugurated on the 4th of March. He stated his position simply but firmly in his inaugural address: "In your hands . . . and not in *mine*, is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail *you* . . . But I hold that, in contemplation of universal law and the Constitution, the Union of these States is perpetual . . . No State upon its own mere action can lawfully get out of the Union . . ."

But a little more than a month later, the first shots of civil war were fired, and four more southern states, Virginia, Arkansas, Tennessee, and North Carolina, joined the Confederacy. Thus begun, the war continued for four years. It was gallantly and bitterly fought. The men who died for the South died, as they thought, for the independence their fathers had won before them. The men who died for the North died, as they thought, to preserve the Union that their fathers had made before them.

We could give a list of great battles—Bull Run, Chancellorsville, Antietam, Vicksburg, Gettysburg, Chickamauga. But that does not tell the story. The story was in the hearts of men and women—in the hearts of such men as Robert E. Lee, the great southern general, chivalrous, gentle, almost worshiped by his army and his people, who fought with dazzling skill to the bitter end and then accepted the fact of defeat with heroic courage and did all he could to lead and guide his broken land into paths of justice and peace—in the gay recklessness of the southern cavalry and the stubborn resistance of the Union soldiers that settled the issue at Gettysburg, the decisive battle of the war—in the hearts of innumerable ordinary people, unknown to history, who suffered,

endured, were brave, and made every sacrifice for the cause they believed in, on each side.

But perhaps it is better to repeat what Lincoln said in his second inaugural address:

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

For there breathes the American spirit, and it was in that spirit that Abraham Lincoln made war. And had he been permitted to make peace, he would have made it in that spirit. But he was shot by an assassin ten days after the end of the war, on April 14, 1865, and died the following day.

If Lincoln had lived, there is no doubt that the whole problem or reconstruction and bringing the southern states back into the Union would have been more wisely and sanely handled. Instead, it was clumsily handled, on the whole, by vindictive men who wanted to punish the South more than they wanted to make a great country.

BUT this much may be said for the credit of Americans: Again there was no blood purge. There were no mass executions. No heads rolled.

Not one of the great southern generals or statesmen—Lee, Johnson, Stephens, Hampton, Longstreet—was even tried for treason.

Lee's shining example in defeat was a model for all the South. He could have used his great name and fame in business. He could have written his memoirs and every southern family would have bought that book, if they had to starve to do so. But then he would not have been the man he was. Believing in education, as he had believed in it all his life, he became the president of a small southern college and performed his duties there with the tolerant patience and extreme devotion to duty that had guided him always. It was known as Washington College when he went there. It is now called Washington and Lee.

Rancor and bitterness remained. Injustices were done. For a time the South was under military government. The ex-Confederate soldiers suffered. The freed Negroes, suddenly thrust into freedom, suffered. They were preyed upon by rascals of both sides. Suddenly given the vote, they were allowed to form or to assist in forming state governments without having any previous experience in self-government. It is not to be wondered at that these governments were corrupt, inefficient, and wasteful. They did pass many sound and progressive laws—but unscrupulous white men, carpetbaggers and scalawags, used the Negro legislators for their own profit, while the most responsible white men were forced to stand aside. Nobody had really thought the problem through. Such a condition would not last, and by 1877 the governments of the southern states were again in the hands of white men.

Yet the Negro had been freed and was not to be pushed back into slavery. The South had been defeated in war, impoverished by the ruin of war, but the South was back in the Union. Men who had fought for the Confederacy were to become representatives, senators, governors of states.

The nation had suffered a great and drastic shock, but it did bind up its wounds. In spite of all the mistakes, the fumbling, the faults of Reconstruction, a united people went forward.

AGE OF BRONZE, AGE OF LEAD

There is a typical American catchword: "We don't know where we're going, but we're on our way." And there is some truth in that, though only a half-truth. Americans are not particularly happy sitting still—they would rather be doing something, even if it is the wrong thing to do at the time. They would rather build something in the wrong place, at great trouble, and then have to tear it down again, once more at great trouble, than not build it at all. They have had contemplative philosophers, but they are not, on the whole, a contemplative people. They want to act and do. They want to get something done in a hurry and turn to the next thing. It is only when nothing gets done that they are really miserable. That is what really depressed them about the last Depression; for the first time in American history, nothing seemed to be going ahead. And always they look to the future, to repay them for any mistakes of the past. And that gets them into a lot of trouble—and is their weakness and their strength. For they are always willing to learn and try. If they were suddenly given a complete and gold-plated Earthly Paradise they would at once set about trying to improve it.

The American dream had been many things—the fighting independence of the frontier, the Plutarchian free republic of the founders, the farmers' republic visioned by Jefferson, the frontier democracy of Andrew Jackson, the democracy of Lincoln who said: "As I would not be a slave, so I would not be a master. That is my idea of democracy"; the idea of selfless honor and selfless duty exemplified by Lee, the gay, lavish aristocracy of the well-bred, still within a republican framework and ruled by the code of the gentleman, that was the plantation system of the South at its best; the Puritan dream of New England, the plain living and high thinking of Concord—and the ten thousand dreams that flickered and died, the New Zions, the New Harmonys. Every possible way of living together has been tried in some part of America by people who wanted to try it—communism, socialism, polygamy, celibacy, planned genetics, rule by a prophet, rule by elders, guidance by spirits—everything. And, as long as these various experiments did not get in the way of the nation or in their neighbors' way, they were allowed to go on. There was enough room for them.

Now, however, for at least half a century after the Civil War, the American dream seemed to concentrate on three things—work, growth, money.

It was virtuous to work—the act of work was a virtue. It was virtuous to make money—men who made money were respected because they had made money. It was virtuous to do something big, build something big, in the terms of work and money—size in itself was a virtue. The test of almost anything was "Will it work? Then how much is it?"

And under this fierce, competitive, driving urge great physical things were done and great projects achieved. The transcontinental railways were driven across mountains and deserts as if demons, not men, drove them on. Cities sprouted and grew where there had been no cities before. Whole forests were cut for lumber and floated down the rivers to the sawmills. The iron, the lead, the gold, the oil, the tin, the silver were dug and dragged out of the earth as if by a million trolls. The huge smelters and furnaces flamed through the night—by 1900, American furnaces produced as much steel as those of Great Britain and Germany combined.

AND with all this went constant invention, constant improvement of machinery—the telegraph, the telephone, the electric light, the Atlantic cable, the mechanical reaper, the harvester and thresher, the chilled-steel plow. Not all were American inventions, but any new invention the American could get his hands on he took, tried to improve, made in quantity. It might be a pot of gold—anything from a city lot in Omaha to a safety pin might be a pot of gold. Oil, railroads, mines, machines, inventions—these made men rich. There were crashes and depressions, but they didn't matter—let's get going again and get on. Lose a fortune and make another—that was the American way. If Andrew Carnegie makes four hundred million dollars out of his steel company—bully for him! That shows what a poor, hard-working boy can do. This is my busy day, and no grass grows on a busy street, and I'm not in business for my health. Just look at the new opera house and the new rolling mill and the new millionaire and the new university and the new jail and the new stockyards—they're all bigger and better than anything we ever had, and if we don't like them, we'll tear them down and build something bigger and better still. We're busy—we're moving—we're hustling—we're getting up and going—we don't know where we're going, but we're on our way!

This was the keynote of the time. Yet, all through it, a great many million people were living honestly, soberly, quietly, in the fear of God and not in the worship of money. All through it were protesting and powerful voices of Americans old and new who said: "This isn't what we're really after. We want something better and more lasting than money and success." But the rush, the roar, the building, the money, the shouting of the big voices set the tone of the time.

Europe discovered something new—the American millionaire. He came to Europe with his pockets full of money and walked around looking at things, smoking cigars. He married off his daughters to penniless dukes and princes. He bought tapestries, paintings, statues, rare books, whole palaces, the worst art and the best art—but he bought. He supported art dealers, titled bankrupts, frauds, genuine artists, and people who made artificial wormholes in new furniture. He was caricatured, scoffed at, laughed at—but he paid cash. Often he was neither as much of a fool nor as much of a child as he looked—merely a busy man who had made a great deal of money and didn't know quite how to spend it, but who had a vague idea that civilization was a good thing to buy, if you had the pocketbook. Sometimes, like J. P. Morgan, he knew very well what he was buying; often he did not. He was often cheated and fooled. But, in the end, what he bought came to America—and much of it, in the end, added to the enjoyment and benefit of the people.

FOR here came a curious extension of the American idea of hard work and money. The men who made the great fortunes—a good many of them—were unable to settle down and enjoy inactivity. The money worried them—for, if they knew nothing else, they knew that money was power. Something had to be done with it.

So we have Andrew Carnegie, with his fortune of four hundred millions, spending most of it to help found free libraries where boys who were as poor as he had been could get the books he had wanted to read when he was a struggling boy. We have John D. Rockefeller, who said of his money, "God gave it to me," founding the Rockefeller Foundation, whose work in medicine and science has helped men everywhere. We have the Guggenheim family establishing a foundation which, every year, gives more than a hundred thousand dollars in scholarships to artists, writers, musicians, and scholars who have a job of work to do and need money to carry on the work. The masterpieces of art that Mellon and Kresge bought are now in a public gallery where any American citizen can go to see them. The Morgan library, collected under the direction of J. P. Morgan and full of rare books and manuscripts, is now open to the public. It is a curious, interesting, and American phenomenon.

Then there were robber-millionaires of this period of American history. They existed, they cared little for the people, they meant to preserve their money and their status by fair means or foul. One of them said: "The public be damned"; another referred piously to the businessmen in whose hands God had placed the destiny of the country. They were ruthless, acquisitive, selfish—and, in a few cases, men of far-reaching vision. The worst were thieves; the best gave money away, and money in millions, as skillfully and forehandedly as they had made it. And, out of all the noise and the turmoil, the great industrial plant of America got built. And built at inconceivable speed. It concentrated great blocks of money and power in the hands of a few men—but the average middle-class American lived better, ate better, had more things, and had more freedom of opportunity than most men anywhere.

And if European visitors were often shocked and dizzied by the clang of American industry, the corruption of American local politics, the seeming worship of the dollar—they were also impressed by the warmhearted friendliness of the average American.

And still America was a name of freedom and that freedom meant something—and perhaps that is the biggest and most unrecognized fact of all. From 1860 to 1930, thirty-two million aliens came to the United States—and were absorbed into the American system. Hungarians, Bohemians, Croats, Serbs, Slovaks, Poles, Jews, Italians, Rumanians, Russians, Greeks, Austrians poured into the land. They came for the same old reasons—liberty, opportunity, a chance for something better.

Millions came as cheap labor, drawn here by advertisements and circulars and agents who told them they might be millionaires, while instead they ground out their lives in the mills and the mines and the factories. But to each new stock the way of freedom was open. For some it was harder—yes. For some it was easier—yes. But Adamic, Pupin, Steinmetz, Riis, Lazarus, Knudsen, Cermak, Saroyan are as American names as Adams, Brown, Smith, Douglas. They have made themselves American by their vigor, their talent, and their worth. They have enriched America by the gifts they or their fathers brought us from abroad. And they are part of our flesh and bone today.

RISE TO WORLD POWER

In 1898 the United States became a world power. Economically, industrially, it had been a world power long before. But with the Spanish-American War it took rank politically among the great powers of the world.

The ostensible reason for the war was the liberation of Cuba from Spanish domination, and its immediate cause was the still unexplained blowing up of the American battleship Maine in Havana harbor, killing 260 American seamen and officers. Americans felt their traditional friendliness toward any people in the Western Hemisphere who were trying to set up their own form of self-government—and Americans were deeply shocked and angered by the tragedy of the Maine.

The United States seemed very ill prepared to fight a large-scale war against a European power. But, as it turned out, Spain was even worse prepared. The American Navy was a smart and efficient fighting force; the Spanish Navy, neglected and badly armed. At Manila and Santiago, the Spanish warships fought with all the courage that Spaniards have always shown in battle. But courage could not beat better gunnery. Two Spanish fleets were destroyed, with the loss of less than twenty men on the American side. At Las Guasimas, El Caney, and San Juan, Spanish soldiers fought with skill and heroism. But within four months the military and naval power of Spain had collapsed, and she had lost her last footholds in the New World.

The effect upon Europe was like the effect of a prize fight in which an unknown contender unexpectedly knocks out a champion. There was a new and incalculable force in world affairs.

On the United States and its citizens the physical results were immediate. The United States acquired Puerto Rico. It acquired a protectorate over Cuba. It acquired Guam. And, for twenty million dollars paid to Spain, it acquired the Philippines. At the same time Hawaii voluntarily joined the United States.

FROM a country that had always said it wanted to be let alone by itself to work out its own particular destiny, the United States suddenly became a country with far-flung possessions and subject peoples. It looked like the start of an American imperialist system. And it was called just that—"American imperialism"—and not in praise—by the influential Americans who protested against the annexation of the Philippines as an act entirely contrary to American ideals. But the proof of the pudding is in the eating.

This "American imperialism" has resulted in the Republic of Cuba, the Commonwealth of the Philippines, full American citizenship for the people of Puerto Rico, American citizenship and territorial status for the islands of Hawaii. It has not said to any people: "You must stay the way you are. You must be our slaves." It has said: "Educate yourselves—learn how to govern yourselves. We don't want to keep on running things for you forever and ever—maybe we could, but it makes us feel uncomfortable. We believe in reading and writing—we believe in schools and hospitals—we don't believe in slavery under the Stars and Stripes. We remember our own beginnings and our own hard road to independence. We would rather have free neighbors around us, helping us

to work out in concert the problems of the Western Hemisphere, than vassal states."

Such has been the American doctrine; such, on the whole, has been American practice. We don't claim and we can't claim that we have committed no wrongs. No nation is spotless, and there are spots upon the shield of the United States. But every step forward toward the real sort of imperialism that sets out to crush and bind its neighbors has been followed by another step back. We have, at various times, sent troops into Haiti, Nicaragua, the Dominican Republic. And then we have called back those troops.

Dollar diplomacy, big-stick diplomacy died a natural death and were supplanted by the diplomacy of the good neighbor—the neighbor who wants to be a neighbor, not a master. And we mean to keep it that way.

The Panama Canal Zone is a strip of territory roughly forty miles long and ten miles wide, the "use, occupation, and control" of which the United States acquired by treaty from the newly organized Republic of Panama, November 18, 1903. We paid the Panamanian government ten million dollars for it at that time, and after nine years started paying an annual rental, which today is fixed at four hundred and thirty thousand dollars. The governor of the Zone reports to the Secretary of War in Washington, and in time of war is always an Army officer appointed by the President.

The Canal itself, a magnificent and successful feat of engineering, links two oceans for peaceful trade, and in time of war is a vital point in the naval defense of the United States. When, in acquiring the Zone, the United States created suspicion and tension in Latin America, the years and the genuine American wish to be liked rather than feared by her neighbors brought about an adjustment of difficulties. In 1922 the United States paid twenty-five million dollars to the Republic of Colombia "to remove all misunderstandings" in connection with the acquisition of American rights in the Canal Zone. And this payment marked a further shift in American policy from a temporary semi-imperialism of the early days of the century toward the policy of the good neighbor, the policy we carry on today.

That is the American record.

The idea of the master race—the master state—had never yet appealed to the American nation. And no man who ever believed in such ideas could guide and direct that nation of individualists.

THE AMERICA WE KNOW

From 1900 to the present there has been a shift and a change in American life. There has been a struggle, too.

The "Square Deal" of Theodore Roosevelt, the "New Freedom" of Woodrow Wilson, the "New Deal" of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, all play their part in that struggle. It is partly the eternal struggle that goes on in any free nation—the struggle between conservative and liberal, between people who think that things ought to stay pretty much as they are and people who want reforms and changes, between men who think the people have enough power and men who think they should have more. But it has been the struggle of a nation still striving, still learning, still trying to find out not what works best for just one class of people, but what works best for all the people.

The significant thing about it has not been one law or another, not one President or another, but the struggle itself. For Americans may be anything you like, but they are not tame.

To the looker-on at the high tide of the nineties—that iron age of capitalism—it might well have seemed that it would go on unchecked till all the various trusts and combinations pooled quietly into one great supertrust and Mr. Billions ran the country. But that did not happen. No sooner did the new crop of millionaires and the great corporations seem firmly entrenched in power than people began to ask "Why?" "Why do children have to work in factories? Why can't workers organize if employers combine? Is making a lot of money the virtue we thought it for a while, or is it just making money? Why aren't our city governments and our state governments better run? What's happened to the old American idea—the idea of small wealth and little poverty? What about this great industrial machine that we're still making—what makes it run and who gets the profits and is the sharing fair?"

The people who asked the questions were called reformers, cranks, enthusiastics, long-haired idealists—but they kept on asking the questions. And out of their questions came many changes, experiments, reforms.

Big industries in the United States are not built on making a few expensive things for a few expensive people. They are built on making a great many things for a great many people and making them at a price that a great many people can pay. And into the making goes great skill and ingenuity. It has to, because if the product isn't serviceable, Americans kick about it. They don't like cars that don't run and watches that don't tick and telephones and faucets that get out of order. They have been trained to expect convenience, ingenuity, and low price in the ordinary things they can buy. They don't always get the best, but because of mass production and mass buying, all sorts of things that make the life of the average family easier, pleasanter, and healthier are within that family's reach in America. American business sells to the many. It does so, of course, to make money. But because it does so, the average standard of living has risen and is still rising. Americans still believe in an improvable future.

We want the United States to be a country where a man stands on his own feet, not just in his father's shoes—and where the gifts of a man can have full play. And it always has been that sort of country.

We do not claim to have solved every problem before us—indeed, we know that we have not. For a long time, labor organization, labor laws, industrial regulation, safety regulations in industry lagged far behind those of Britain and those of many states in Europe. During the last thirty years or so, we have tried to close that gap, and we are gradually closing it. Our Social Security Act is not perfect, but it is in operation. Our labor organizations, grown vastly in the last ten years, are still in the testing crucible. But they are here to stay. Great inequalities of wealth and poverty exist. Not every American is well-paid, well-housed, well-fed. But we hope and trust in a future greater than our past—a future for the common man, who is our backbone and our strength and on whose possibilities for self-government, co-operation, and development our whole system is based. And we keep our rights as men.

At no time has there been an abuse in America that has not been exposed, cried out against, attacked by free-speaking Americans. The progress since the first days of this century has moved in a jagged line of ups and downs, not a steadily ascending curve. But it has been progress. No sooner did vast concentrations of wealth seem to threaten the liberties of the common man than Theodore Roosevelt arose to denounce "malefactors of great

wealth," preserve the public domain and propose governmental regulation of irresponsible industries. Woodrow Wilson, in his first inaugural address, said solemnly: "We have been proud of our industrial achievements, but we have not hitherto stopped thoughtfully enough to count the human cost. . . . The great Government we love has too often been made use of for private and selfish purposes, and those who used it had forgotten the people. . . . There can be no equality of opportunity . . . if men and women and children be not shielded in their lives, their very vitality, from the consequences of great industrial and social processes which they cannot alter, control, or singly cope with. . . . I summon all honest men . . . to my side." And Franklin D. Roosevelt, in his first campaign for the Presidency, was to point directly to "the forgotten man, the man at the bottom of the economic pyramid," and insist that something be done to aid and help this man.

NOR were these words alone. They were followed by deeds and acts and laws to help and better the life of American citizens. The strain of idealism in the words—the search for a right and equal way of life—is neither a new nor a transient thing in America. Be not mistaken about that. It goes back to our deepest beliefs and our oldest traditions. It is part of the fiber of our minds and hearts. We shall make some silly mistakes on the way—Prohibition was one of them. But once we see a mistake, we remedy it. For, by long training in self-government, long practice of free speech and free religion, we have the power of self-remedy. And sooner or later it is always used, and the will of the people reigns.

AMERICA AND THE WORLD

In the years from 1900 to 1914, certainly the last thing most Americans dreamed of was America's being involved in a war that started in Europe. The old idea and the old advice—to keep out of all European quarrels—were firmly fixed in the American mind. Not only did the United States wish no quarrel with any power either of Europe or of Asia—but the very idea seemed preposterous.

Americans knew, when they thought about it, that the world has shrunk—that an ocean which had taken from six weeks to three months to cross in sailing ships could now be crossed in a week by a fast liner—that the cable, the telegraph were fast binding the far corners of the earth together. They knew that an epidemic, starting in Asia, might reach American shores and take American lives. They knew that their own trade spread out over the seven seas. They knew that famine in Asia, panic in Europe had their effects on America. They knew that they were in more constant daily touch with all parts of the world than their fathers had dreamed possible. Yet they remained, for the most part, looking inward upon their own land rather than looking outward across the oceans. They were interested, as spectators, in events in Europe and Asia, but these events did not touch them personally. The farmer in Kansas, the clerk in New York City might read about coronations, earthquakes, revolts, discoveries across the water—but they were outside his own life.

The recent immigrant might maintain a lively interest in the politics of his former homeland. But he was leading a new life and learning new ways—and, even to him, these were the important things.

The American knew, as well, that there were other governmental systems in the world besides his own—monarchies, limited monarchies, despotisms, republics. They were down in the history books he studied at school—now and then, from a fellow American or from travel, he learned something about them at first hand. But the fact that these other systems existed didn't trouble the average American. He might receive and welcome exiles from any oppressive political system. He might denounce the practices of Czarist Russia and hold meetings of protest against pogroms. He might sympathize with small nations oppressed by great ones, and he might, and often did, fight as a volunteer for the small against the great. He would and did give money, food, medical supplies, and every sort of aid to the homeless and hungry three thousand miles away. But politically he was willing to let other nations go their own ways as long as they let him go his. He hoped that, in time, these other nations would adopt democratic systems similar to his own—it would, to his way of thinking, make a more liberal and better world. But he didn't mean to force his own democratic ideas down the throats of other nations.

That is a fair statement of the average American attitude of 1914. And then things began to change, very rapidly.

At first, and again to most Americans, though not to all, the First World War in Europe was something they

read about in the newspapers. They did not think it could affect them. They picked one side or the other, as one picks sides in a game between two teams—a bloody game and a horrible game, but a game played out by foreigners. America's strong link with Britain—a link made of speech, culture, books, ideas shared in common—inclined many Americans toward the side of the Allies. America's historic friendship with and respect for France played its part. But there were millions of Americans, also, whose forebears had come from Germany—the old Germany of great music and great science. They mightn't think much of the Kaiser, and their fathers might have come to America for a freedom they could not find in Germany—but the ancient ties were strong.

Gradually, inexorably, the situation worsened. American ships were sunk by German submarines, American citizens killed and drowned. The United States government made strong protests to the governments of both Great Britain and Germany as to their conduct of the war and how it affected American rights. But one icy fact remained: Great Britain's conduct of the war killed no Americans. Two hundred and nine American lives were lost on the high seas by German action.

Nevertheless, America wished to keep out of the war. President Wilson appealed to the warring governments for peace—he offered to mediate between them in any way possible. It was useless. And the Imperial German government decided upon unrestricted submarine warfare. As we know, from since published books, this was a deliberate act on the part of the German government. They were willing to risk war with the United States on the chance of crushing their opponents before the United States could bring its full weight to bear on the other side.

THE challenge was now direct and the danger immediate. It is true indeed, and it will always remain true, that the United States cannot, for its national security, afford to have the Atlantic Ocean controlled by any unfriendly and aggressive power. But this was not what moved the hearts of most Americans in 1917. They saw the honor of their country assailed, the flag of their country fired upon without cause, their liberties in danger. "With a profound sense of the solemn and even tragical

character of the step I am taking and of the grave responsibilities which it involves, but in unhesitating obedience to what I deem my constitutional duty," declared President Wilson to the Congress of the United States on April 2, 1917, "I advise that the Congress declare the recent course of the Imperial German Government to be in fact nothing less than war against the government and people of the United States . . . But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free."

The government and people of the United States. That was what they fought for.

YOU know what happened then. Unprepared—not half as prepared as we were at the start of the present war—we put more than two million American soldiers into France. American industry and American manpower were mobilized. "America," said the German general, Ludendorff, "thus became the decisive factor in the war." And the war ended with the complete defeat of Germany and her allies.

We had our losses as well—bitter losses in dead and wounded. We spent both blood and treasure. We got no territory. The only territory we got in Europe is the six feet of ground apiece in which our dead soldiers sleep and even that ground is not ours. The money we spent was spent—never fully to be repaid.

But we had fought for the things we believed to be right—and neither the cost nor the effort was grudged by the American nation.

The President of the United States, Woodrow Wilson, had had a great and mighty dream of the future. He dreamed of a League of Nations, a World Court, a system of world co-operation that should, as he said in his war message, "bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free." He set down Fourteen Points that might bring about world peace.

But Woodrow Wilson, an idealist, had neglected certain practical aspects for the fulfillment of his dream. He had not called the leaders of the opposite party in the United States into conference with him and assured their co-operation. He had not sufficiently explained to the American public their true interest in such a world league. Small and selfish men defeated America's participation in the League—and broke Woodrow Wilson's heart. He died a martyr, not just to his own ideas, but for every man everywhere who wishes peace, security, and liberty. Yet, before he died, he said a word on his own defeat and failure: "I am as sure of the ultimate triumph of our cause as I am sure that God reigns."

After Wilson's fall from power, American "isolation" bloomed again—for a while. And the planes grew and the planes flew—and the distances of earth shrank like drops of water in summer. The United States was still anxious for peace. In 1921 she initiated a disarmament conference. In 1928 she initiated the Kellogg Pact, condemning recourse to war on the part of nations. But the planes grew and the planes flew—and systems that could not bear liberty trampled on the rights of man and began to grow and wax stronger in the Axis countries.

With the rise of Nazism in Germany and the growth of a ruthless and aggressive military party in Japan, it became more and more evident that the United States faced its gravest crisis since 1776. The dictatorial thrust of the Axis countries was a thrust that affected all men, everywhere. They said, and meant, that they intended to be masters of the whole world. They said, and meant, that they intended to set up master races and subject races. They could not—and said they could not—afford to let the United States remain an island of liberty in an enslaved and darkened world. And Americans have a certain amount of common sense. They know slavery when they see it; they know dictatorship and hate it; they know threats and will not suffer them. And they are a fighting people.

So now we, the United States, are once more at war.

AND AFTER THE WAR

We have tried to show something about the sort of people we are—something about the United States, what it believes in, how it grew, what ways of life it follows. We have not told all our history, but we have not glossed the record. We have put down faults as well as merits. We have done our best to tell the truth about the things we believe. There remains one question—and a big one—which must be in all our minds and perhaps even more in the minds of outside nations. What does the United States *want*?

The United States does not want world empire. It does not want subject peoples. It does not want to be a master race. All these ideas are utterly and completely opposed to the American idea, the American way of life, and the history and development of the American people.

It does not want an inch of ground in continental Europe. It does not intend to expand its own direct rule anywhere in the Western Hemisphere. It does not wish to exercise economic dominance over any other nation, anywhere. Pending the establishment of a true world peace, it must keep and maintain such air bases as are vital to its national defense and national security. But its aim in so doing will be peace, not war. For the United States wants peace—and not a peace of the dead, but a peace of the living—not the peace of a jail, but the peace of a world of free men. It believes in the dignity and the worth of man, it believes in the building of the great house of mankind.

It has stated its basic ideals for the world that will rise from this war, in the Four Freedoms—freedom of speech, freedom of worship, freedom from want, freedom from fear. Not just for United States citizens. But for all men, everywhere.

In concert with Great Britain, it has already set forth certain principles in the Atlantic Charter. It is not a Ten Commandments or a final pronouncement. But it shows clearly enough that co-operation among nations, not conquest of other nations, is the goal of the United States.

A new world can be made. In the United States we think of science always as the servant and strong right arm of peace. Already, and even under the stress of war, our scientists are developing new and undreamed-of gifts that will serve and help mankind. They can do so because they are free men—free to think and look ahead.

WE call to our side all free men and women everywhere who will help us to make that world. We call to our side all those who sorrow and are oppressed. We call to our side all those who hate tyranny and fight it. We call to our side all those who want to see their children free.

The enemy has said that this war decides man's fate for the next thousand years. We accept that challenge.

Behind us lie three hundred years of history—three hundred years of belief in liberty and the rights of man. That belief is no idle dream—it has made us great among the nations. We cherish it, we thrive by it, we live and die by it. We shall fight for it to the end. And that fight we know how to wage. We have the machines and the men, the brains and the skill and the strength. We have the food and the steel, the oil and the metals. If we have to build a hundred thousand planes a year, for victory, we shall do so. If we have to train every citizen in arms and the making of arms and the trades that back up armed might, we shall do so. If we have to invent more appalling instruments of destruction than the world has yet seen, we shall do so. For this is a finish fight and we mean to finish it—and finish it in such a manner that our children and all children shall be free from the shadow of tyranny and the threat of new world wars.

That is what we are after, that is what our flag means. It means freedom and it means hope. It means a good neighbor, not a master. It means men making their own destinies and running their own government. It means peaceful men who can fight with God's own wrath in them when their country is assailed. It means a nation and a people who believe in man and man's future and the free world that man can make.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By JOSEPH ANTHONY

THE war has silenced many of our imaginative storytellers, who have found themselves unable to write of grime, grief, and terror—and unable, in these times, to think of anything else. For this reason, the publication of **Guerrilla**, a novel by **Lord Dunsany**, is especially interesting. Stepping from the world of make-believe into the rough realities of a corner of Europe in the heyday of the Nazis, he has taken the transition in his stride.

Lord Dunsany

In his allegorical short stories, Dunsany was famous for his ability to conjure up characters, moods, and images of startling vividness out of casual scraps of dialogue and bits of ultra-simple description. He has lost none of this magic. The leader Hlaka, who is the central character of Guerrilla, is like the hero of an age-old folk story transferred to the newspaper headlines of today. Hlaka, fighting the Nazis in his mountain stronghold, emerges as a shining symbol of courage and loyalty.

This book will remain alive long after the general run of war books have gone into the limbo of yesterday's newspapers. It has what Somerset Maugham once described as "the preservative of style."

Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. Price $2.50.

ROSEMARY TAYLOR, who dug a sprightly best seller, Chicken Every Sunday, out of her family history, has done it again with **Ridin' the Rainbow.** The two books go together like the skeleton in the closet and the Senegambian in the woodpile.

Ridin' the Rainbow is a full-length portrait of a man, a place, and an era. The man is Miss Taylor's genial promoter, Colonel Sellers. The place is Tucson, Arizona, and the era the golden years that ended with World War I.

Rosemary Taylor

Father's adventures as a coffee salesman, politician, laundry proprietor, real-estate man, gold-mine promoter, and banker are a series of thumbnail epics. One day, seated in a barber's chair, Father expressed his disapproval of the sloppy linen he was given. He was told that it had just come back from his own laundry. Most men would have been a bit feazed, but not Father—he promptly made a deal with the barber to become manager of the laundry.

Another typical story is that of the Tucson representative who went to the territorial legislature to get his town selected as the site of a lunatic asylum, and came home in failure and disgrace. The best he had been able to do was to get a college.

Published by Whittlesey House, N. Y. Price $2.50.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE

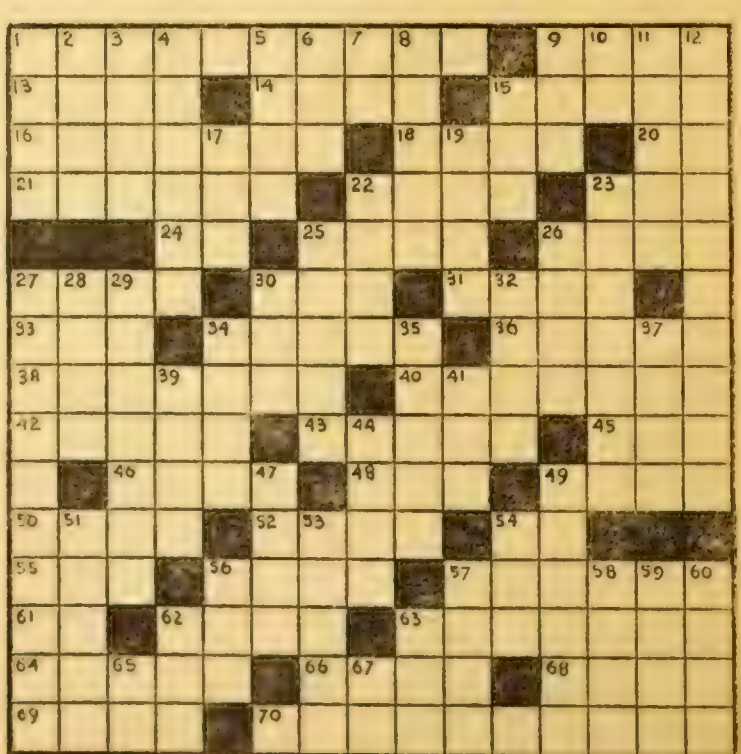
HORIZONTAL

1 It's over your head —but this squirt's just a big drip!
9 Get a load of this, Hitler—it'll simply kill you!
13 Majeste-ic word
14 Kind of intoxication drunken drivers get
15 Oriental Boot, now on Jap foot
16 Beware the old lady in old lace bearing this!
18 No matter what's said about spinach, it's still this
20 Dam Shane (*cf. It's a damshane!*) (abbr.)
21 What the Nazis turned friendship into
22 Gnibble
23 Grunt & Groaner's place of business
24 Ye Olde Author's Heartbreaker
25 What any good maid will do for thirty-five dollars a week
26 She "done tole me a woman's a two-faced, a worrisome thing . . ."
27 What boxers use cauliflower ears to do
30 Its motto is: The public be jammed!
31 Bottleneck quickie
33 What hesitant sinners do
34 Guys wot plays around wid dolls
36 Build up the Constitution
38 *Ideal me,* anagram for Thirstdays
40 Why actors rise on Wednesdays
42 Snerdlike
43 Give oneself the hot-foot during a race
45 Old-fashioned feather hed
46 Damon Runyon dame
48 What the Giant manager rarely struck
49 Postwar rattraps
50 They've had quite a few points to offer us folks
52 Midgets with tails
54 Where that sweet Brown gal came from (abbr.)
55 Backward sap
56 The goddess of Two Verbs
57 Tags that get all gummed up
61 Cockeyed Colossus (abbr.)
62 Things mothers usually get quite attached to
63 Where our janitor studied home heating
64 Fred's Honorable Ancestor—no comic, he!
66 Every one should have a fella
68 You never sausage a tie-up!
69 What Hedy Lamarr can do with those eyes
70 Superman skin

VERTICAL

1 Goo-soaked straw
2 The cry of the present
3 Pelion's pile
4 A female drip—
5 —and still another drip!
6 Three fourths of a buck
7 Winnie's 'eadpiece
8 Super Hamlets
9 Kind of man often a big shot
10 Overgrown Lummoxes (abbr.)
11 Palindromic dame
12 Innocent victims of gunplay, pollers, car mud splashes
15 Get purrsonal in a catty way
17 Green light
19 Revitamizes
22 This cleans paper off city streets
23 Color the sissy interior decorator blushed
25 Places where dads were buried on beaches and forgotten
26 Gal of note
27 Flying washing machine
28 Peace-loving nation
29 Covey of battle-wagons
30 Snore trap
32 The greatest question in modern electricity
34 Windbag
35 South Afrikander, plenty tough
37 Kind of gal who hangs her nylons neatly all over the bathroom
39 Seth's boy
41 Manly thing to call female nudes
44 Inexhaustible source of all-day suckers, cones, pocket money, et cetera (pl.)
47 Fail to thound oneth hiththerth
49 Author who said, "Tell the rabble, it's ——!"
51 Hang a sock on
53 Something F. D. R. just isn't!
54 Harden the jaw muscles with powerful blows to the eardrums
56 All you need to turn a bill into a billion
57 Goebbels
58 Worm!
59 Most obvious thing about a $19.75 blue serge suit
60 Tojo firewater
62 Just plain nuts
63 A warning to fast modern spellers
65 It's just a big laugh
67 Liberty's Magnificent (abbr.)

Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

THE FOOD IS COSTA RICAN—BUT THE WINE IS ROMA!

Made in California for enjoyment throughout the world

Make *their* rare, imported delicacy *your* daily standby for greater mealtime enjoyment . . . for entertaining . . . so easily, so inexpensively!

IT IS only natural that Costa Ricans, lovers of good food and superb wines, would choose ROMA Wines when dining—when entertaining! Luckily, we enjoy what to them is an *imported* luxury—at remarkably low cost. Actually, *only pennies a glassful!* Because ROMA Wines are bottled at our own California wineries, you pay *no* import duties, nor high shipping costs! ROMA Wines combine the very best of Old World wine-making art with modern knowledge . . . to produce superb wines from California's finest wine-grapes.

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Patrick Henry, friend of freedom, fearless champion of human rights, fought with potent pen for independence, democracy, spiritual liberty . . . his goose quill embraced man's cause . . . his wisdom moved mankind!

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INK-O-GRAPH $2

Inkograph Co., Inc., 500 Hudson St., New York City 13

MR. SWEEBLE

Continued from Page 31

"More coffee, my good woman," he ordered grandly. He proffered the bill with a careless gesture. "Also a brace of your de luxe ten-centers. And you can keep a dime of the change for yourself."

It was a different Mr. Sweeble who entered the drugstore the next morning, a Sweeble with a broad smile of confidence and the trace of a strut. He was almost runner to Maxie Bochak, wasn't he, and had a right to strut. He nodded to the waiting lawyer and waved generously to the outraged Mrs. Colavitch. She gave a snippy well-I-never shrug, and continued to polish the fountain in an attempt to speed some slow parting customers.

Mr. Sweeble was followed by a man tailored in loud and loose harmony. Mr. Sweeble waved for the nondescript to approach.

"JOHNNY," he said impressively and loud enough for Mr. Bochak to hear, "I want you to meet the smartest lawyer in the state, Max Bochak. Boss, this is Johnny Colatti; just the man we're looking for. He was born on August 25 and has papers to prove it."

Mr. Bochak regarded Johnny without enthusiasm.

"All right," the lawyer said. "Let's see the certificate."

"It's not exactly a birth certificate, chief," Mr. Sweeble answered. He could hardly keep a note of triumph out of his voice. "But it's just as good. Better. More respectable like. He's got a family Bible, chief, with his birthday written in it. Plain as print."

As he said this last, Mr. Sweeble produced the book. He opened it and pointed with a pudgy finger to the writing on the flyleaf. The lawyer thumbed through the book, stopped, stared. His face reddened.

"Who you kidding?" he demanded. "If that's a family Bible, he must have been born at the Asbury Hotel. This sticker says the Bible is their property."

Mr. Sweeble looked at the sticker, horrified.

The idea of fixing up a family Bible had occurred to him when his feet gave out in his search for someone with a birth certificate. And it seemed so much cheaper to get the Bible to fix from a hotel than from a bookstore. He bustled the hapless Johnny to the door, berating him loudly as a cheat and a fraud and blaming the whole imposture on him. When he returned, it was plain that Mr. Sweeble was shocked by the deceitfulness of human nature.

The lawyer was only half convinced.

"Well," he demanded, "any other leads?"

Mr. Sweeble busied himself studying the menu.

"What?" he asked. "Oh, sure," he continued. "Lots. For one, there's Mickey O'Rouark. You've heard of him. He was born on the twenty-fifth and has a certificate to prove it. I saw it myself."

The lawyer meditated a moment.

"Sure, I know him," he said. "He's one of the bailiffs over at the courthouse. He'll do fine. But why didn't you bring him instead of that bum?"

Mr. Sweeble took a drink of coffee.

"Why didn't I bring him?" he stalled. "Well, his mother wouldn't let him come. But she said he could sure come to the party tomorrow," he hastened to add.

It took a moment for this to sink in.

"You aren't talking about Mickey, Junior, are you?" the lawyer demanded, unbelieving. "Do you think my clients would throw a big hotel party for a six-year-old kid?"

The little man was instantly on the defensive.

"What's wrong with that? I saw something like that in a movie once. These gangsters, see, took up with a kid."

"Well, this isn't a movie!" Mr. Bochak swore viciously. "Even the cops would see the party was given just to furnish an alibi. Now get busy and find someone born on August 25 or you're fired before you're hired."

"Leave it to me, chief. Leave it to old Gus Sweeble," the little man pleaded.

Mr. Sweeble watched the lawyer's departure with an unhappy eye. There went just about his last chance to land the job. And it wasn't his fault he couldn't find someone born on August 25. He couldn't help it that all the people he asked had been born on other days. He was still reflecting bitterly when Mrs. Colavitch broke in on his reverie.

"Why are you hunting someone born on August 25?" she asked suspiciously. "That is my birthday."

Mr. Sweeble was so excited he could have kissed the woman.

"What?" he asked happily. "Say that again." His face fell; this was too good to be true. "I don't suppose you have a birth certificate to prove it."

(*Continued on page 58*)

"That new guy sure knows how to get the work out!"

Screwball ideas on battery care

Gideon P. Shorthaul is puzzled. Several nights each week, he has been driving his car around the block to keep his battery charged. But it didn't work. Actually, his starter and lights used more juice than his generator could replace on those short hops. You were only wasting precious gasoline, Gideon!

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DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., MYSTIC, CONN.

(*Continued from page 56*)

"I have my passport and it shows I was born in Moscow, August 25, 1901." Her eyes narrowed. "But why you ask?"

He had his story prepared.

"It's this way, see?" he explained. "Mr. Bochak has a client who orders and pays for a big birthday party tomorrow. And then this client can't come, see? But he's invited a lot of people, so he says give the party anyway, only to someone also born tomorrow. So if you can prove you were born on August 25, I can get you a big party free for nothing."

"I got to sign nothing?"

"Not a thing," he answered heartily. "Everything's free. All you got to do is prove you aren't just saying it's your birthday to get the party."

Slowly her look of suspicion was replaced by one of matrimonial friendliness. Maybe she had misjudged him.

"I'll go get my passport now," she announced firmly. "Then we'll go and prove I am born tomorrow so I can have the party." Her smile grew warmer. "Maybe you would like to go with me and then come for supper tonight; for borsch and sour cream and blintzes."

WHEN Mr. Bochak learned of the woman, he admitted he couldn't have found anyone better himself. There was no denying Mrs. Colavitch's respectability; a friendly hard-working widow who had run a drugstore for years. What would be more natural than that her friends would give her a birthday party? And the yellowing passport proved the date of her birth beyond question.

"Good work, Sweeble," Mr. Bochak said. "I'm going to give the go-ahead on the party. So it's up to you to stick with Mrs. Colavitch till tomorrow at three, when I want you to bring her around to the hotel. We mustn't have any slip-up."

"It's as good as in the bag, chief," Mr. Sweeble answered. He gave a confident wink. "You can trust old Gus Sweeble to keep everything under control."

But more than once before the next afternoon Mr. Sweeble was afraid that things might slip out from under control. Not that Mrs. Colavitch was angry any longer. Far from it. All her former affection had been rekindled by Mr. Sweeble's sudden attentiveness. And several times she hinted that she suspected Mr. Sweeble was paying for the party himself, and that he was going about it in this oblique manner because he was too modest to give her a party direct. And she made it clear that if Mr. Sweeble wanted, she didn't object to the name of Sweeble herself.

When Mr. Sweeble delivered the woman to the hotel the next afternoon, he took off his derby and mopped his forehead with relief. It was early, but already half a dozen men were clustered around the bar. Mr. Sweeble looked closer, then turned his attention elsewhere. There was no need staring at guys like Smiles Corelli and his gunners till you knew how they liked being stared at.

For a while Mr. Sweeble bustled happily around, bossing the waiters on where to put the cake and "Happy Birthday" signs. Then, feeling the job well done, he hooked his thumbs in his vest pockets, rocked back and forth on his heels. The party was going to be a hummer. And where would they be if they hadn't had old Gus Sweeble to find someone with an honest-to-goodness birthday to give the party for?

Mr. Bochak and Smiles came up, with Mrs. Colavitch between them.

"What about my job, chief?" Mr. Sweeble whispered.

"You're hired on probation," the lawyer answered briefly.

Mr. Sweeble tried to keep from looking pleased. It wasn't dignified for a man who was runner to Maxie Bochak to get excited. He had a position to uphold.

He heard Mrs. Colavitch titter.

"Mr. Bochak," she said, "I don't know how I'll ever thank you enough for this lovely party. It's the nicest I've ever had. And is much nicer than the birthday party I'll have the week after next."

"What's that?" the lawyer snapped. "What party?"

"My real birthday party," she answered. "I was born in Russia when the calendar was what you call Old Style. So when I am born on August 25 there, I am born on September 7 here. So," she shrugged, as if it explained everything, "since I am in this country, I always celebrate my birthday September 7."

Mr. Sweeble looked around desperately. He shoved his derby from its indoors position on the back of his head to its out-of-doors position on the front of his head. He started toward the exit.

"Well, chief," he said with elaborate casualness, "I guess you won't be needing me no more. So I'll be running along."

(*Continued on page 60*)

HARDTACK

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DRY Paul Jones

. . . a distinguished whiskey since 1865

(Continued from page 58)

"Just a minute, Sweeble," the lawyer said coldly. "Suppose you mingle with your guests, Mrs. Colavitch. I want to talk to Mr. Sweeble—alone."

"Listen, chief," Mr. Sweeble said desperately, as soon as the woman had left. "I know what you're going to say. But everything's O. K. She was really born on August 25, and maybe no one will ask her what calendar she was born under."

The lawyer thrust his face angrily into that of the little man.

"I didn't get where I am, playing maybes," he snapped. "Think fast."

"Yes," Smiles spoke up. "Think fast, chum, or you won't be thinking long."

"Listen, chief," the little man said. "Maybe we can make this party celebrate something else. Like a wedding."

The lawyer stroked his chin reflectively. He motioned to Smiles and the two walked off and whispered together.

"That's not such a bad idea, Sweeble," the lawyer said on returning. "My client's agreeable. It may even be better than a birthday party, for he can sign as witness and prove he was here."

Mr. Sweeble sighed with relief.

"You can leave everything to me, chief," he said. "I can find you someone in half an hour to get married."

"You don't need to trouble," the lawyer responded. "We've already found someone to get married. Haven't we, Smiles?"

"Yeh!" the gangster answered.

"Who?" Mr. Sweeble asked. Suddenly he went cold all over. "You don't mean me?" he quavered.

"You!" the lawyer snapped. "We haven't time for you to hunt someone else. The license bureau closes in half an hour, and you'll just have time to get there."

"But who'll I marry?"

The lawyer pointed.

Mrs. Colavitch, seeing that she was the subject of conversation, gave Mr. Sweeble a bright smile from across the room.

IT was a chastened and exceedingly flustered Mr. Sweeble that marched up to the marriage-license window just before it closed. Things had been happening too fast for him. Mrs. Colavitch had accepted with a tittered "You didn't fool me a minute, Augustus, love. I knew you planned to ask me all the time."

There was one consolation, Mr. Sweeble told himself, as he filled out the blank: Mr. Bochak had promised him a permanent job. And a bonus. He had made this promise when Mr. Sweeble had threatened to back out.

"Listen, Sweeble," the lawyer had whispered, with a sudden strain showing in his voice. "Maybe you don't realize it, but we're both in a mess. If the celebration idea falls through, the party won't be any good for an alibi. The police would immediately suspect something if there was no reason for throwing the party. Smiles is out a lot of dough already, and he isn't going to like it. Now you marry that woman and I'll give you a permanent job."

"But if I marry her, she'll want me to work in the drugstore," Mr. Sweeble protested.

"You won't have to work in the drugstore if you have a steady job," the lawyer insisted. "You marry her and I'll throw in a bonus. And if she wants to run your life, you can always leave her."

"That's right." Mr. Sweeble brightened at the thought. "O. K., boss. I'll get the license and come right back."

Mr. Sweeble was roused by a sudden shout from the license clerk.

"Hey, boys!" he whooped. "Look who's getting hitched! Little Gus Sweeble. Who's the lucky woman, Gus?"

"It's just that he hasn't had his nap today."

In a moment Mr. Sweeble was surrounded by a laughing group of bailiffs, clerks, and minor court officials. At first he was embarrassed. And then he became pleased and a little proud at the way they all were interested in his marriage. Suddenly he had a splendid thought. It wouldn't do any harm to show Mr. Bochak how popular old Gus Sweeble was.

"Listen, fellows," he said, beaming. "Some friends of mine are throwing a big party for me around at the Venus Arms to celebrate my wedding. Why don't you all come around for a drink?"

It was closing time, and the promise of free drinks brought a group trailing in his wake as he left the room. He stopped for a minute to pass the invitation along to the boys in the D. A.'s office and in the Homicide Bureau. And, just as he was leaving the building, Mr. Sweeble got his biggest prize, when Magistrate O'Bannon said he'd come along and perform the ceremony.

The party was going full blast when Mr. Sweeble and his friends arrived. Mr. Sweeble left the newcomers to fight their way to the bar while he went into a side room. The band struck up Here Comes the Bride.

Mr. Bochak glided into the room.

"Hyah, chief, old boy, old boy?" Mr. Sweeble greeted him exuberantly. "How do you like the way I rate around these parts? See how I'm friends with all the big shots over at the Municipal Building. There's Magistrate O'Bannon come, just to marry me. And Lieutenant Riley from the Homicide Bureau." He paused. "Hey, what's wrong, chief?"

"You blundering idiot, you've ruined everything!" the lawyer screamed. "With all those city officials and detectives here, do you think Smiles will dare leave the party and then try to swear he was here all the time? You—you—stupid dope! Never let me set eyes on you again."

"But what about my job?" Mr. Sweeble bleated. "Don't I get that?"

"All you get is this!" the lawyer roared, rushing at the little man.

And thereafter, when Mrs. Sweeble told of her whirlwind courtship, she always ended on a triumphant note—that Mr. Sweeble was so impetuous he came practically flying through the air as he rushed to meet her at the altar. And Mr. Sweeble never saw fit to explain that he actually *was* flying through the air, impelled by the toe of Mr. Bochak's No. 12 shoe.

THE END

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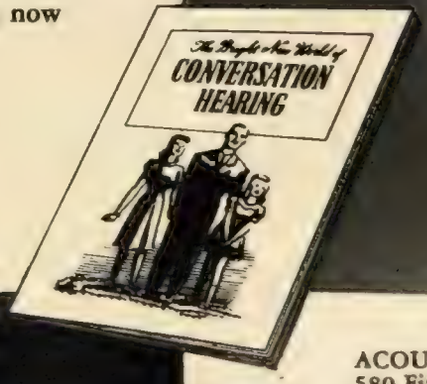

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THE SHERIFF AND THE KID

Continued from Page 27

walk and disconsolately wiggled his toes in the warm dust. Without interest, he watched the sheriff push through the swing doors and disappear inside. A fine friend Joe is, he brooded. Hope he gets shot.

Suddenly a gun roared inside the saloon, rudely breaking the drowsy evening quiet. The sound jerked Willie to his feet as if he had been sitting on a steel spring. "I didn't mean it, God!" he gasped as he ran across the street. "Honest, I didn't mean it at all!"

Bursting through the doors, he ran squarely into a solid broad back. Joe Riley turned with a grunt of amazement. "What the—oh, it's you, Willie!"

"You O. K.?" Willie blurted out.

Joe grinned and waved his gun at Walt Morgan, who stood leaning against the bar clutching at a bleeding right arm. "Yeah. But our friend Morgan isn't. When I showed him the heeltap and told him where I found it, he tried to pull a gun on me."

He gestured at the wounded man. "C'mon, Walt—I got a nice clean cell waitin' for you."

Willie went with them to the jail. After Walt Morgan had been locked in a cell, Joe came back to the office and sat down at the desk and picked up his guitar. His face was troubled, and he kept glancing at Willie out of the corner of his eye. Willie wondered if he was weakening.

"I guess," Willie said cautiously, "that Mr. McDade would of been real mad if you hadn't caught the hombre who was stealin' his cattle."

"Yeah, Willie, I reckon he would."

"And he's kind of an important man, ain't he? I mean, if he didn't like the way a sheriff was doin', he could—well—"

"Yeah, Willie, he sure could."

Joe plunked absently at the guitar, then got up and started pacing the floor, scowling. Willie watched him hopefully. "Playin' hooky ain't a very big crime," he suggested.

"Doggone it, Willie, it ain't that. You done me a real big favor an' I sure would like to pay it back. Only Miss White bein' the schoolteacher—"

"You're scared of her," Willie said.

Joe muttered, "She'd skin me alive."

It sure was peculiar, Willie thought, how a woman could buffalo a man like Joe Riley. Willie got up silently and started out the door. Joe said anxiously, "You understand how it is, don't you, Willie?"

Willie nodded and said he guessed he did. But all he could think of as he left the office was that it was a heck of a thing when a woman could break up a friendship like his and Joe Riley's had been. He almost wished he hadn't told Joe about that heeltap.

THAT evening Willie made his usual round of the saloons, shining boots for the customers. Business was good. Everybody had heard of how he'd helped catch Walt Morgan, and insisted that he shine their boots whether they needed it or not. "Say, Willie," one customer drawled, "some low-down hombre just stole my horse. How much will you charge to catch the guy for me?"

"Hey, Willie," a man across the room called, "what's this I hear about Joe makin' you his deputy?"

"Hell," another man said, "Joe's gonna resign an' be Willie's deputy!"

The ribbing should have made Willie

(Continued on page 64)

They hit the JACKPOT!

THE "Vick's Vapor", a U. S. Army B24 Liberator, was returning from a successful reconnaissance raid on the Celebes. As there was plenty of ammunition left, with the crew still full of fight, it seemed a happy idea to drop down and pay a little strafing visit to a Jap-held village en route. That bit of military etiquette nicely attended to, they spotted a strange aircraft scurrying below them.

It was an old American DC3 type transport plane. Now it was being used by the Japs. A quick burst tore into the enemy ship and as it plunged down in flames, another bull's-eye was scored, this time with a camera gun.

The "Vick's Vapor" had indeed hit the jack-pot—it was learned later that the DC3 had been crowded with high ranking Jap officers.

The "Vick's Vapor and the 10 Cough Drops", with over 40 aerial sorties to its credit, was so named in honor of its co-pilot. Before he enlisted, Joe . . . * was a quiet, industrious young chap working in the Detroit factory branch of the Thompson Products replacement division.

Destiny plays queer pranks. At the very time Joe was busy, concerned only with Thompson valves, pistons and other automotive replacement parts, with never an ill thought toward the "clever little Japanese people", on the other side of the world an arrogant group of militarists were leaping, posturing and brandishing sabers in the Japanese sword dance and shouting brags of what they were going to do to the soft Americans.

Fate arranged the meeting in the far-off skies of the South Pacific. The result of this one small action is symbolic of how this vast conflict must eventually end. Surprised warlords will go down in defeat, never understanding how a democratic, non-militaristic nation like ours can send forth millions of fighting men of the calibre of the G.I. Joes in Normandy and the Joe . . . s* of the Pacific.

*Name and rank withheld at this time in consideration of Army regulations. This officer has been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal with Oak Leaf Clusters.

From actual official photograph made by crew of the U. S. Liberator which shot down this Jap transport plane.

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"Do I hear a motion to move southward?"

(*Continued from page 62*)

feel good; but it didn't. All he could think of was having to start to school and of how he had done Joe Riley a favor and Joe hadn't returned it. He guessed maybe Joe wasn't as square shooting a friend as he had thought.

The Blue Turtle was his last stop. As he went inside, he sensed something different in the atmosphere of the saloon. It was quiet as a tomb. The usual crowd of joking cowboys and townspeople was conspicuously absent along the bar. Even the clink of glasses in the washing pan was subdued.

Willie shifted the strap of the shine stand he was carrying to his other shoulder and paused just inside the door, blinking in the strong lamplight. Suddenly a harsh voice cut through the dead silence. "*You*—come over here!"

At a table in the back part of the room sat Walt Morgan's older brother, Nick. A half-empty bottle of whisky rested on the table in front of him, and beside it lay a Colt .45. Nick's little pig-like eyes were red-rimmed with drink. Against the wall, bunched together like a scared flock of chickens, stood half a dozen men, apprehensively eying Nick Morgan. Willie noticed that their gun belts lay in a pile on the floor.

He started to turn and bolt out the door, but Nick picked up the gun. "I said come here!" he growled.

Willie's knees were shaking, but he managed to keep his face expressionless as he crossed the room. The only thing to do, he knew, was to act like he didn't know what was going on. "You want a shine, Mr. Morgan?" he asked politely.

Nick glared at him, then laughed and took a long drink at the bottle. "Yeah," he grunted at last. "Might as well be gettin' a shine while I wait."

Willie set the shine stand down on the floor and lifted a boot onto the rest. As he worked he tried to figure out some way to warn Joe. Every evening the sheriff came into the Blue Turtle for a drink just before going to bed. He'd be in any minute now. He wouldn't be expecting trouble and the lights would blind him for a moment, just as they had blinded Willie. That would give Nick Morgan time aplenty to gun him down.

Out of the corner of his eye Willie glanced over at the bartender. There was a sawed-off shotgun under the bar, and if the bartender only had the nerve—

One glance told him he couldn't expect any help from that quarter. The bartender was so nervous and scared that he kept dropping the glasses he was drying.

Willie tapped Nick on the knee and said, "The other one, Mr. Morgan. I'm finished with that one."

Nick took the boot off the stand and stared at it critically. Willie's eyes stole to the gun lying on the table. If he could just get his hands on that gun! He inched around a bit closer to it.

"You missed a place on the heel," Nick said.

Pretending to study the boot, Willie leaned a little farther toward the table. "Where?"

"There," Nick said; and picked up the gun and pointed at the place with the barrel.

Willie swallowed his disappointment and started breathing again. He picked up his brush. "I'll do it over again," he said.

Suddenly steps sounded on the boardwalk outside and the doors of the saloon pushed inward. "Never mind," Nick snarled, and shoved him to one side.

The push drove Willie hard against the bar. His eyes jerked to the door and he saw Joe Riley standing there, blinking in the lamplight. Without a word, Nick Morgan lifted his gun.

There wasn't time to figure anything else out, so Willie did the first thing that came into his mind. "*Look out, Joe!*" he screamed, threw the shoebrush at Nick's face, and made a dive for the man's gun arm.

(*Continued on page 66*)

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Neatly reversing the traditional description of what the bride wears on her wedding day, the Milan (Ohio) Ledger recently printed the following: "Mr. B. [the groom] wore the customary striped shorts with plain white knitted scanty undershirt; his accessories were red-white-and-blue suspenders decorated with the season's familiar patriotic insignia. His dress shirt was the stylish front-only type, well starched and tied in the back. The white tie was a perfect match to the shirt. He looked ravishing in black tails with trousers with stripe down the sides."

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(Continued from page 64)

The brush struck Nick squarely behind his left ear. Roaring out a curse of rage, he wheeled and swung the heavy gun barrel at Willie's head.

Willie had a split-second glimpse of Joe Riley reaching for his gun, then a heavy weight crushed against the side of his head. His last conscious thought was: I gave Joe an even break, anyhow; that's all a guy like Joe needs—an even break. . . .

FOR a long, long time Willie floated around in a thick gray mist, sinking and rising without effort, seeming to be weightless. Sometimes the mist lightened until it was like the thin white clouds that floated over Willow Creek on a warm summer day; again it closed in, dark and heavy, and pressed so tightly against his chest that he had to fight to breathe.

Then all of a sudden the mist was gone and he opened his eyes and saw Miss White and Joe Riley. He grinned and said, "Hi, Joe. What happened?"

"You've been a mighty sick boy," Joe said.

Willie looked around the room. The bed was the finest he had ever been in, all made up with crisp white sheets and a fancy pink cover. There were lace curtains on the window and the midmorning sun shone brightly in a clear blue sky. "Gosh," Willie said. "I should of been at work hours ago. Nat'll be hopping mad."

Miss White smiled at him. For a schoolteacher, thought Willie, she didn't look half bad when she smiled. "You've been unconscious for a week, Willie, but you're going to be all right now. How do you feel?"

Willie thought it over for a minute or two, then said, "Hungry."

Joe got awkwardly to his feet but Miss White put a hand on his arm. "You stay with Willie. I'll go fix some soup."

When she had gone, Willie and Joe Riley looked at each other for a while with that uncomfortable feeling between them that friends have when both are wanting to say something that can't be put into words. Finally Joe cleared his throat.

"Willie, I—well, I reckon you sure did do me a big favor. I want to make it up to you somehow."

Willie just grinned and shook his head. He felt different about things now. He knew that you didn't do a friend a favor because you expected a favor in return; you did it just because he was your friend.

"That's all right," he said. "I guess school won't be so bad. I know you got to enforce the law, and Miss White—"

"It ain't 'Miss White' now, Willie. It's Mrs. Riley. You see, we got married."

"Gosh," Willie said.

Joe turned and looked quickly at the bedroom door, then moved closer to the bed and muttered in a hoarse voice, "An', Willie, they's a law that married women can't teach school in Lone Oak County, an' me bein' sheriff I got to enforce it, an' it bein' so late in the year I doubt if the school can get another teacher." He shot another apprehensive look at the door. "Course, I ain't told her yet."

"Gosh," Willie said, "you shouldn't ought to a done that—just for me."

Miss White—that is, Mrs. Riley—came back into the bedroom just then carrying a big bowl of soup, so Willie and Joe didn't say anything more. A guy, thought Willie as he ate the soup, must really think a lot of his friend when he'd get married just to keep his friend from having to go to school.

Only Willie wondered if Joe'd be able to enforce *that* law.

THE END

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DO WE KNOW OUR OWN STRENGTH?

Continued from Page 17

As one example of how fantastically the Navy's strength has grown, an admiral in the Pacific reported recently that fourteen new aircraft carriers of the Essex type—27,000 tons with at least eighty planes each—would be at our disposal for the next island invasion.

It was not so long ago that we had only a single aircraft carrier in the entire Pacific.

We can boast, if we want to boast, of the world's largest merchant fleet at the war's end. In the first half of 1943 more merchant vessels were delivered to the Navy than in all of the preceding year. In the second half of 1940 only thirty-three merchant ships slid down the ways. By 1941 the total rose to 103. The following year it reached 727, and in 1943 the total soared to almost 2,000.

Indisputably, then, the United States is the world's number one naval power—for the first time in our history. Our Navy will have three times the strength of Britain's Navy and many times that of any other naval power.

Our air superiority is even more pronounced, and our capacity to produce planes is unchallenged.

THE immense significance of this supremacy in both sea and air power lies, of course, in the fact that in the new world we live in, most of the hemispheres can be controlled or dominated by a combination of sea-air power. Because of this, and because of our favorable geographical position, we will be the nation best equipped to act speedily and effectively in meeting emergencies anywhere on our fast-contracting globe.

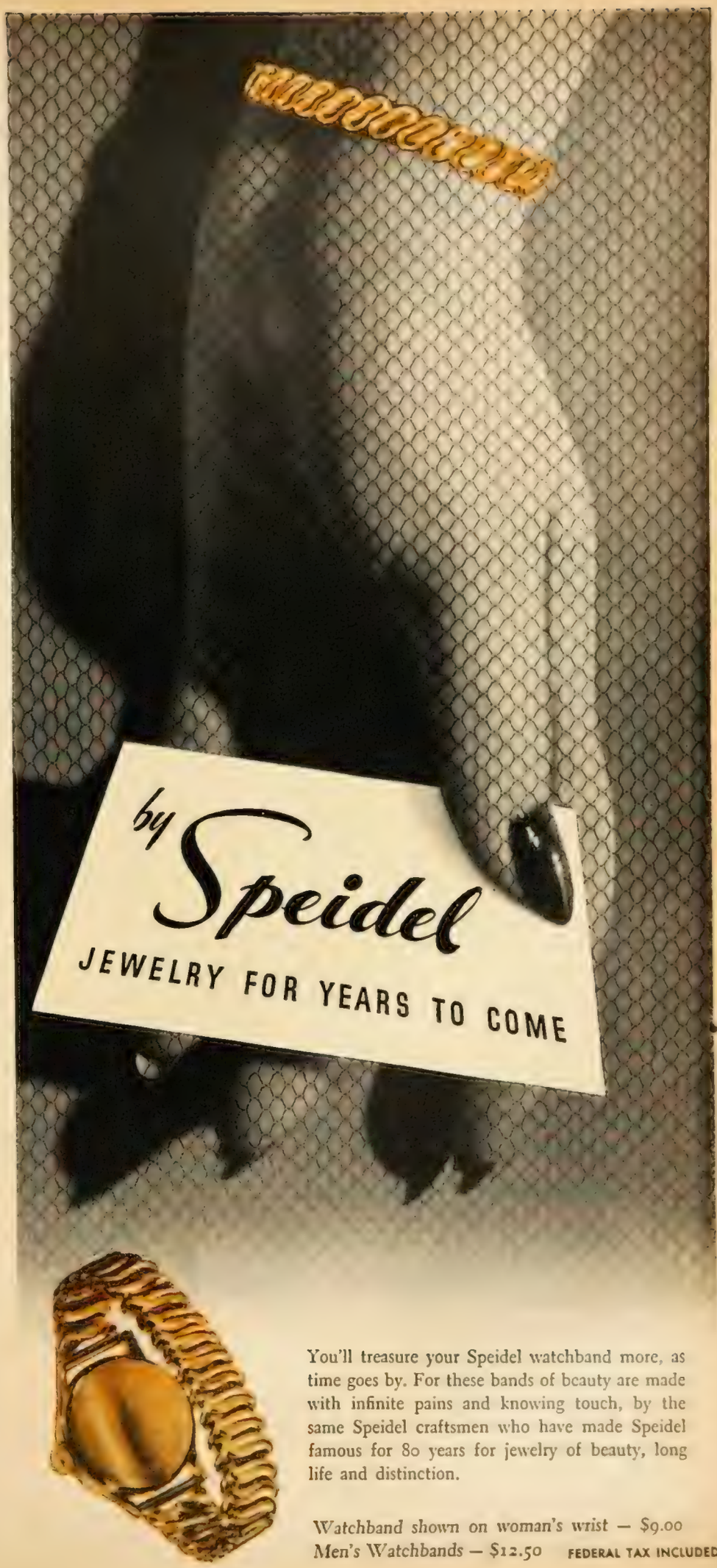
To get back to vital statistics: Average monthly production of ground ordnance and signal equipment last year was about fourteen times that of 1941. Our gigantic steel industry turns out more steel in a month than Japan produces in a year. Last year we produced more than 90,000,000 tons, an increase of 75 per cent over 1939.

Thanks to America's technical and industrial genius, the power of the explosives used in this war has been twice stepped up. In the first instance an explosive which is twice as powerful as TNT was made in quantity. A little later another explosive eight times as powerful as TNT was put

---

Marquis W. Childs

MARQUIS W. CHILDS, who authored Do We Know Our Own Strength? pens a daily column of Washington news for United Features which is syndicated nationally in 133 papers. He began his career covering Michigan Statehouse politics for the UP; later on, he kept tabs on President Roosevelt in two campaigns and was Washington correspondent for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch for eight years. Also, he made three trips to Europe and wrote two books on Sweden. Recently, his Capitol colleagues voted Childs second only to Thomas L. Stokes (Scripps-Howard) as the man doing the best Washington news-analyzing job.



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into mass production. Twice the Germans had tried to make this ticklish stuff and twice their plants had blown sky-high.

When the war ends we will have vast government-owned stock piles of raw materials. They are valued at nearly a billion and a half dollars. The government will also own trucks, cars, and tractors worth four billion; petroleum products valued at more than two billion; railroad equipment valued at four hundred million; precision instruments worth ninety million—to say nothing of surplus food with a valuation of nearly two billion dollars.

Much of this, of course, will be disposed of as surplus within our own economy. But it is also inventory of incalculable worth to those nations that will be in dire need, in the postwar period, of food, oil products, clothing, medical supplies, and machine tools. Speaking of tools, incidentally, it is startling to learn that more were produced in the three years 1941 to 1943 than in the preceding forty years.

What is important is the capacity of the United States to produce these necessities in quantities hitherto inconceivable. Our economy is capable of the same kind of peacetime production if only we can overcome old inhibitions and prejudices. Americans are not going to forget that under the stimulus of war we produced more goods and services than anyone dreamed possible.

IN other words, we've flexed our muscles and their bulging strength has made us blink in disbelief. Our effort in World War I, by comparison, was no more than a preliminary match before the main event. The world will not soon forget the war machine we have thrown into high gear on such short notice. And while producing more weapons than the world had ever seen, we turned out a volume of civilian goods greater than the peak year up to that time. One well-informed Britisher put it this way:

"It is impossible to imagine a foe that would compel you to turn to all-out war production."

Incipient Hitlers and Tojos will remember that in the future. The psychological factor, the memory of our extraordinary achievement, will be ponderable.

Unless we fumble it away, our power as producer, trader, and financier should be paramount in the postwar world. Think of the contrast. In Russia, England, Germany, Italy, and Japan, air and sea warfare have taken a heavy toll of industry. Here in America our industrial plant has been vastly increased.

"The great damage to industrial equipment in most countries of the world will bring tremendous replacement demands for new productive machinery, much of which only the United States will be in a position to provide," Robert Nathan says in his Mobilizing for Abundance. "Similarly, there will be huge pent-up demands for consumer goods in belligerent nations throughout the world—not luxury items for higher standards of living, but the basic necessities of life which cannot be produced in various countries because of the destruction wrought by war."

Too, there will be a large market abroad for industrial equipment and supplies necessary to increase the productive capacity of the less industrialized nations. Large areas exist where the living standard is pitifully low. Help and guidance can come from the United States on a basis of mutual advantage.

SINCE, in the last analysis, the wealth and power of a nation are largely predicated on its natural resources, we should take stock here more carefully. At the present mining range of 1,000 feet, experts estimate, we will be able to obtain 3,200 billion tons of coal, and if we dig 2,500 feet deeper we should be able to get out another 600 billion tons.

Estimates on reserves of iron ore differ. There are optimists who say that even if it is mined at the present war rate, we have enough to last at least half a century. Reserves of other essential metals are dwindling. It is just here, of course, that our relationships in the postwar world are vital. We must protect our access to raw-material reserves in other parts of the world. This need not imply imperialism. It can mean mutually profitable trade.

Oil is one resource with a foreseeable limitation not too many years distant. American oil companies have recently obtained concessions of vast extent in the Middle East. High ranking officers in the Navy say that such distant reserves are necessary to safeguard America's position in the world. They are necessary to supply the distant bases we will retain after the war.

While future rights to air bases leased from Britain, and to naval bases and airfields constructed by us on foreign soil, have been the subject of rather heated discussion in Congress and in Parliament, certainly it is reasonable to conclude that

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

SILHOU-WET: Your profile in a shower bath.

REDDISH: A pink vegetable.

REHERSAL: Just for the femmes in the chorus.

EWESURPER: A sheep swiper.

EARECT: A dog at attention.

LAWNDRY: Where they wash grass skirts.

HELLBOW: The joint in Satan's arm.

BUTTER-SCORCH: Boiling candy.

COLLEDGE: University on a cliff.

COWSUALTIES: What they are if they get in G. I. Joe's way.

we will retain some strategic new bases even if we return others.

In the destroyer-naval base agreement with England in September, 1940, it will be recalled, we transferred fifty over-age American destroyers to Britain in exchange for ninety-nine-year leases to Atlantic bases that gave the United States a 4,500-mile defense chain from Newfoundland to British Guiana. Under the leases, it was agreed that we would establish naval operating bases and air stations at Newfoundland and Trinidad, and air bases at Bermuda, in the Bahamas, at Antigua, Jamaica, and St. Lucia in the Caribbean, and in Guiana. By early summer of this year expenditures by the Navy on these bases had reached $130,000,000.

Bermuda, the most heavily fortified, is virtually at the center of a 700-mile circle encompassing the entire United States, east coast, and could be a deadly base for the bombing of all Atlantic ports if it were in enemy hands. In friendly hands, of course, it offers these same ports tremendous protection. Newfoundland geographically is so located as to provide a defensive bastion for both the United States and Canada.

In the Pacific the present war has demonstrated the urgency of our possession of additional islands for military bases. The success of our far-flung Pacific operations is yielding us steppingstones to the Japanese mainland by the bushel. The question of their postwar ownership must be decided in the near future.

When the war broke out, Japan, under the mandate system of the League of Nations, held more than 1,400 little dots on the map in the Marianas, Marshall, and Caroline groups. Though their aggregate area was but 833 square miles and their population a mere 120,000, many of them had and still have vital strategic value.

Early this year American forces let go at them. By the close of February the Marshall cluster was in our control. From then on our conquest was amazingly rapid, until now we are abreast of the Philippines in our advance toward the Japs' home islands. The Japanese mandated islands are thus of great importance, not only because of their military role in this war but because of the part they can play in the suppression of aggression and maintenance of peace for the future.

OUR military factors enter into our new role as world leader. It now appears that for the first time in our history we shall have universal military service after the war. The probability, too, is that we shall hold together at least a nucleus of the scientific and technical staffs that will have contributed so much to the winning of the war. There is little or no sentiment to revert to the defenseless status of 1939 and 1940, when America looked to the world like a befuddled bystander.

If Americans generally have not yet come to understand the extent of the power we shall inevitably exert in the world, neither have they accepted the responsibility that goes with power. Power without direction, without guidance, without understanding can only lead to destruction. For the past hundred years or more the British have accepted the implications of their dominant position. We have not always liked the course they followed, but at least it could be said that except in the tragic years leading up to Munich, there was always a hand on the tiller.

The pattern will not be the same as it was in the last century. In the nature of things it could not be. But the obligation of responsibility—joint responsibility this time—is there. Americans must face up to it if we are to have anything like order and security in the world to come.

THE END

"Would you like to open a savings account?"

GUINEA PIGS IN UNIFORM

Continued from Page 29

symptoms of the disease. Accordingly, they induced peritonitis in dogs, and began penicillin treatments at varying times after infection had taken root. Twenty dogs on whom penicillin treatment was started within one hour after the infection developed recovered. Nineteen other dogs, subjected to a twelve-hour delay, had a mortality rate of only 21 per cent. Since penicillin, if administered early in proper dosage, will control experimental peritonitis in dogs, it seems reasonable to assume that adequate treatment in men by the same means will have a similar result.

Obviously, the Navy does not suggest penicillin therapy as a substitute for skilled early surgery, but this discovery holds possibilities for recovery from gunshot or shock injuries to the bowel or abdomen. Already Navy doctors have been advised to use the new treatment aboard small boats, submarines, and at isolated posts where medical attention is not available.

Body armor is another of the Institute's various projects. Today many men are seriously injured by flak, shrapnel, shell fragments, and spent bullets, rather than by direct hits. Armor could stop many of these missiles, but there is a limit to the equipment a man can or will carry—especially if it restricts his freedom of action.

Lieutenant M. C. Shelesnyak and Ensign S. I. Margolis of the Institute staff have been working on the development of uniforms incorporating a flexible light armor.

The Institute has helped forge both offensive and defensive weapons against hunger, fatigue, disease, and other unseen enemies. At present it is concerned solely with field problems—everything it does must be of practical importance.

But it is not too early to consider postwar adjustments. Then the Institute scientists should be able to turn to basic research. Vast problems challenge them—tropical diseases, epidemics, aviation medicine, world readjustments in nutrition. Who are better equipped to give the answers than men and women such as these? This little band offers a continuing contribution of incalculable value, not only to the Navy but to society in a better world.

THE END

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R. B. WHITE, *President*

BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD

FOURTEEN-CARAT GLAMOR

Continued from Page 33

Ladies in Farmington. She did not need it. When she made her first trip to Hollywood, complete with family and a new wardrobe, she was "finished" enough to get a contract offer from Warners, where she gained entrée as a sight-seer because of her father's influence. He had insured a number of the largest studios.

Miss Tierney's first night in the film capital was spent at the justly famous Hal Roach show place in Beverly Hills, as the guest of his daughter Maggie. Miss Roach's bed had an ermine spread, and Gene slept under mink. Then it was that ambition was born in her.

At Warners, the next day, she managed to meet Steve Trilling, then the studio's casting director, and Anatole Litvak, both of whom told her that she was undoubtedly screen material if properly handled. Unfortunately a remark overheard by Mrs. Tierney decided that lady against an immediate film career for her daughter.

". . . But all that family," said Mr. Litvak doubtfully. "Sometimes this clan thing brings more trouble than a player is worth."

"We wouldn't touch this thing with a pole—any pole," Mrs. Tierney said grimly. She remained adamant even after Irving Rapper had arranged a screen test (Dorothy Parker's telephone monologue).

GENE went home, made her debut, and then set to work at being a debutante, presenting a chic front almost nightly at the Stork or 21. Additionally, she spent each Wednesday with her father, making the rounds of agents' offices.

After one swank charity affair, at which she was snapped by news photographers, she received an enthusiastic call from model-man John Powers. As her first assignment, she posed for a Chesterfield ad wearing the wrong make-up. The still was never used except in Cuba. Miss Tierney was paid ten dollars an hour for the job. She did not do any further work for Mr. Powers.

Louis Shurr, the theatrical agent, told her that George Abbott was doing an Irish play and suggested that she go over there and try to sound as if she had a brogue. With fifty-nine other girls she

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"It matches his jacket—so I bought it!"

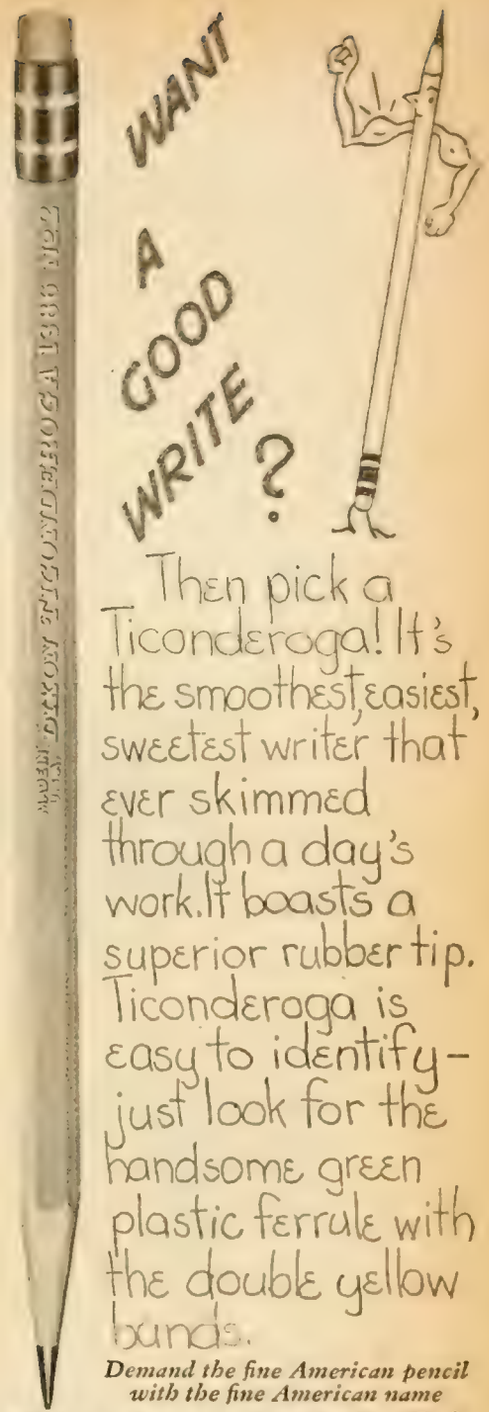
read for the part of Molly in Mrs. O'Brien Entertains. Abbott gave her the role despite the pleas of the author, who pointed out that the girl had never been on the stage in her life before. Abbott said he didn't care; she was an actress if he had ever seen one. The Washington, D. C., critics later concurred in this opinion when the show opened there, although they panned the piece itself and the rest of the cast unmercifully.

Thereupon the picture offers began. Gene did not snatch at them until Columbia raised its original ante from $350 a week to $750. Then she believed Hollywood's golden floodgates had opened for her at last.

In this assumption she was wrong. Columbia put her into a film with Randolph Scott, shot a few scenes, ran them back, and saw what was too evident: Scott looked as though he were making love to his daughter. "She's a young Deanna Durbin," one producer said, "only she can't sing." After six idle months she long-distanced Abbott again. "Come back and go to work," he told her. With a release from Columbia in her purse, she flew to New York and appeared in a play named Ring Two, a weak little number in which she again got good notices. When it closed she was given a part in The Male Animal, and that did it. Only four months elapsed before Twentieth took her away, dressed her in a strip of cloth and a pound of make-up, and started her on the path to as many mink bedspreads as she will ever need. Her current salary is in the neighborhood of $2,500 a week.

IT has taken the vicissitudes of life in Hollywood, the heartbreaking public fight with her family, the nearly lost career, the marriage interrupted by the war, and the experience of wondering if her child would live after it was born prematurely, to overcome the ill effects of her spoiled-darling early years. Although she exists in the minds of countless American males—especially the ones in uniform—as a kind of one-woman harem, she fancies herself as a home body.

Actually, she falls between the two extremes, is still the same exuberant, smart, cultivated girl who used to trot the Yale proms, except that today she is immeasurably more adult, markedly shrewd professionally, and has a great deal more conversation. The latter she delivers at a high rate of speed, pausing only to gasp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or scream with laughter. She has something to say, too, and says it with wit and originality.

Her wit, plus frank courage and imagination, has seen her through some trying moments. A case in point was her achievement of an apartment in which to house her child upon its release from a Washington, D. C., hospital. Having herself wholly recovered in short order from her confinement, she went on a bond-selling tour, received a wire stating that the baby was free but with no place to go, and caught a plane to Washington between engagements. There was, of course, not a square foot of living space in the city.

"Enough!" cried Miss Tierney. She telephoned Henry Morgenthau. Into the office of the Secretary of the Treasury she poured an impassioned appeal. "How can I carry on," she asked, "with a tour that's adding millions to the war chest if I can't even keep a roof over my young?" The effect was immediate. Within an hour she had a suitable apartment and was in a taxi bound for the airport again.

DURING the seven months preceding the birth of her daughter she had lived in a Kansas whistle stop called Junction City, near the camp in which Cassini was sweating out his O. C. S. But only the initial weeks of her stay were spent in the discomfort of a cramped auto court. Shortly after her arrival there, she discovered that a number of attractive FHA cottages were being built. She immediately made inquiries about the gentleman in charge of their priority rentals, learned he was a movie fan, and sent him a cigarette case inscribed, "Your Old Friend, Gene Tierney."

In consequence, one of the first available houses was hers. She repapered it in a mad pattern for twenty-four dollars, sawed a quantity of barrels into smart if uncomfortable chairs, wangled a refrigerator and stove, found a maid, and settled down to being a war bride.

Today, when Lieutenant Cassini is in town she dresses herself in extreme creations and pub-crawls with him until closing hours. The remainder of the time she lives sedately with her infant daughter, a nurse, a housekeeper, and Lieutenant Cassini's father (the Old Count) in a relatively modest Beverly Hills house. The large Hidden Valley establishment, which she and Cassini bought for $10,000 and

"Alice! Will you please throw away that bubble gum?"

"Looks like we're all out of paper cups again."

remodeled in early American and Victorian for much more than that, is leased for the duration. In addition to her eminently respectable background, she appears at premières only with a cousin or with married friends.

At her studio she has managed to combine the compliant, anything-you-say approach with an occasional firm display of temper which the old-line stars will tell you is the formula par excellence for getting what you want in the movie industry. On all but issues concerning Cassini she is wax in the hands of the publicity department, playing any off-screen role they assign to her. She is co-operative on the set, cordial to visiting relatives of the assistant cameramen, and almost never decides that she knows more about the scene she is playing than her director does.

But she is still a star, aware of her position; she reacts coldly, therefore, when attempts are made to push her around. She readily agreed to stay until eight and even nine o'clock on the set of Laura until she discovered that Director Otto Preminger's enthusiasm for his work showed no signs of abating, and that after-hours work was simply part of his pattern. "I'm going home at six tonight," she said one morning, and on the stroke of six departed from the set, leaving Preminger clutching the megaphone. She gets away with such flare-ups not only because she is currently indispensable box-office honey but because she gives every evidence of remaining so for years to come. As those who hold her contract point out, her combination of French, Irish, Swedish, and Spanish blood has created a face which, with a few tricks of make-up, can look like anything or everything, all of it terrific. Put her in a string of beads or a Mother Hubbard—either way, the gallery whistles. She is that rarest of Hollywood gold mines, a durable siren, bred to wear well, who can also act.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Not so long ago a little American PT boat got a Jap fighter plane which had come down too low, and sent it into the Pacific in flames.

Admiral T. S. Wilkinson hailed the victory with this message:

"At long last, hydrant sprinkles dog."

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

PARIS NOW

Continued from Page 25

tive in the resistance movement. In industrial Paris they furnished some 45 per cent of the fighting underground, and in the agricultural provinces up to 30 per cent. Consequently they expect to play no small part in the establishment of a new France.

Nor are they inclined to forget and forgive those whom they consider treacherous. In discussing the need for a spiritual leadership cleansed of unreliable elements, Eluard listed several authors whom he and the National Committee of Writers, of which he is a member, want to see brought to justice. He mentioned Céline, du Montherlant, Jouhandeau, Jaloux, Pascal, Giono, and Benoist-Méchin. Sacha Guitry, famous playwright and actor, has already been apprehended. When I suggested the list was short, he shrugged. "It is incomplete," he said; "but then, to advertise to the world a higher quota of traitors would not be in the interest of France."

When it came to naming well-known resistance writers, he was eloquent. Among the scores he mentioned were Mauriac, Duhamel, Aragon, and the Nobel Prize winner Roger Martin du Gard. André Malraux, of whom he spoke with particular warmth, was said to be missing in action, but was later discovered commanding the F. F. I. in the Limoges district. The famous author of La Condition Humaine had escaped from a Gestapo prison to rejoin the struggle.

Another writer, young Jean Prévost, was referred to by Eluard as one of the great promises of contemporary French literature. The promise will never be kept. Prévost has been captured and executed by the Germans. André Gide, the great novelist who preceded our troops into Tunis, is about to return. His twenty-year-old daughter, Cathérine Gide, helped to liberate Paris.

AT first he gave his name as Georges ——. But then he reconsidered and asked to be called M. Geo. In his position, he said, one still had to be cautious. M. Geo was chief of the main Paris agency temporarily in charge of political prisoners. He showed me the list of prisoners retained at police headquarters. Here are some of the charges brought against them: "Trading with the enemy"; "Collaborator"; "Member of the militia"; "Suspect"; "Pro-German activities."

One, Julie Bizzari, a press photographer, was accused not only of "anti-French activities" but also of having had her husband shot by the Germans. Nevertheless Julie had not become a victim of public wrath. She had arrived at the Préfecture in good condition. Not all had been quite that lucky. Would I like to see one whom the F. F. I. had punished?

A middle-aged woman of Rumanian descent and French nationality was called in. Considering the fact that she had admittedly denounced and delivered fifty-seven French patriots to the Gestapo, she, too, was little the worse for her capture. Her head had been shaved by her captors, but she had been permitted to hide her disgrace under a handsome turban. Even so, she was extremely ugly.

Another "collaboratrice," a pale night-club singer with shifty eyes, was ordered to appear. She'd been paid by Darnand to work against the F. F. I., but subsequently had considered herself underpaid and turned up at the Préfecture to inform against her Vichy friends. Her head was not shaved and she didn't seem the least bit abashed.

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The political purification of Paris is anything but an easy task. M. Geo mentioned two difficulties. Any purge of this kind is a temptation to many who wish to rid themselves of their personal enemies. Denunciations continue to pour into the Préfecture and, while all are being filed, it will take a long time to sort them out, he explained. Then a great many minor traitors sought refuge within the ranks of the F. F. I. when things got hot for them. And the F. F. I., unable to check every case, tended to accept anyone willing to fight. To uncover these last-minute turncoats, some of whom may actually have participated in the liberation of Paris, will be a complicated task.

A third difficulty, not mentioned by M. Geo, involves countless men and women of relative wealth and influence who, perhaps without treacherous intent, did nevertheless trade, deal, and co-operate with the enemy. If all were to be prosecuted, it would require a revolutionary housecleaning on a possibly unmanageable scale. Unless great pressure is brought to bear upon General de Gaulle by the resistance movements, it seems unlikely that he'll let himself in for so gigantic an enterprise.

But political purges are being planned in every field of public interest. The Federation of the Underground Press, the Committee for the Liberation of the Cinema, and the Commissioner for the Purification of the Theater are no less outspoken in their demands than is the National Committee of Writers. Just how thorough the cleaning will be remains to be seen. But it is clear, even now, that the purgers are faced with a multitude of problems. At a recent meeting called to form a purification committee for the publishing business, a list of twelve names was drawn up, but it turned out that some of the candidates were themselves not above suspicion. They had collaborated "a little" and seemed hardly fit to judge their colleagues. To find twelve Paris publishers who combined high professional standing with complete political integrity proved anything but easy. When I left the meeting, a decision had not yet been reached.

The Battle of Paris ended in August.

But did it really? And has it, even now? There are some who doubt it, some who think that in a different way the fight may continue, and that, despite her apparent gaiety, Paris is a disquieting city.

Four years of occupation have bred no less apathy, ignorance, and corruption than bravery and moral rejuvenation. Whoever refused to give aid and comfort to the enemy may not now find it in himself to give aid and comfort to anyone. To break the law; not to work at all, or to work very slowly; to indulge in sabotage and passive resistance—all these were excellent things to do before the liberation. Today they are not. And while then the fierce France First attitude displayed by many was acceptable to all, today it is not. Nor is the political armistice tacitly agreed upon in the face of the invader likely to continue. Even now opinions begin to clash. The question of what to do with the F. F. I.—one million Frenchmen under arms—is one illustration.

France is not Europe and Europe is not the world. But Europe will have to be peaceful for the world to be at peace. And France is the one country on the Continent equipped to carry the torch of leadership. The health of western Europe will depend upon the moral, physical, political, military, and economic vigor of France. Thus Paris—heart and head of France—is burdened today with the gravest of responsibilities. Her recovery, her rebirth and fundamental reinvigoration are indispensable to the peace of the world.

THE END

Erika Mann

ERIKA MANN, author of Paris Now, is the daughter of the famous novelist, Thomas Mann, but as a writer she is known for her own accomplishments. The Mann family left Germany ten years ago, as voluntary exiles from the Nazi regime. Since then she has returned to Germany only once, and then disguised as a peasant, to rescue the manuscript of one of her father's novels. When the war is over she hopes to fulfill two dreams: to visit a free Germany and to write a novel. So far, her books, some written with her brother, have been nonfictional. A third dream may be realized sooner: to be a U. S. citizen.

HELPING THE WOUNDED TO HELP THEMSELVES

Continued from Page 35

Augustus Thorndyke. The Army Medical Center in Washington is commanded by Major General Shelly U. Marietta, who for years has been General John J. Pershing's personal physician. There the reconditioning set-up is under the direction of Major Gachet, assisted by Major Haggard, Major Sydney M. Simmons, Captain Samuel Kirk, and Captain B. E. Phillips. Much of Captain Phillips' handiwork was displayed in the recent Air Corps film entitled The Survival of the Fittest, which shows the process of reconditioning fliers for active duty. For three years Captain Phillips was in charge of various Air Corps reconditioning centers, including the one at Miami Beach, Florida, where the movie was filmed.

So the Army is not entrusting its program of rebuilding casualties to novices. The men in charge know their jobs.

After this war, if the War Department has its way, there will be no such thing as a forgotten man.

THE END

"I can't hear you, mother. What did you say you were looking for?"

WEEK-END WIFE

Continued from Page 19

Mom was no slouch at the light touch herself. Under cover of it, she was saying that if worse came to worst, Nan would come home, of course, but the effort to live together was up to Nan and Smoke. The slash of lipstick stood out in stark contrast to Nan's pallor as, standing at the top of the porch steps with Mom, her bag and the box of doughnuts under her arm, she fell back on the light touch to say, "Well, I'll be getting back. It'll be dinnertime before I get our place cleaned up. I just thought I—I'd drop in, and thanks for—for the doughnuts."

She was too shaken to stop again at the market to shop for Sunday dinner. She thought, Smoke can eat dinner with his mother tomorrow, and I'll take mine out in sleep.

SMOKE hadn't come back yet. Nan started to gather up the bedclothes from the floor, and then suddenly she was face down on the rumpled bed, her head buried in the pillow. The deep-drawn sobs dwindled finally into hiccups, her eyelids drooped, and then she was dead to the world. A key turning in the lock wakened her, and she sat up on the bed. Smoke stood in the doorway, his topcoat over his arm, his hat jauntily aslant.

"Hello, Ma," he said. "How you doing?" The limp was more noticeable today as he came to drop down on the bed beside her, and Nan's heart wrapped itself around him. She pushed his hat back and ran her fingers through the crisp sweep of his hair. The little nerve began to twitch in his cheek as he sat there looking around.

"This is a hole, isn't it?" he said. The windows looked out on an inner court as dark and dank as a tomb. The room was gloomy in the half-light, but they weren't there during the day, and of course it was only temporary; just a furnished place that would do until they collected things of their own and settled down in one of those apartments with a bedroom, in the front wing.

"If we just kept the money we spend for cover charges, Smoke," Nan said. And, flaring quickly, Smoke said, "What the devil? Want to sit here all the time and look at each other? This place gives me the jerks."

"But if you'd only try to get interested in a job, Smoke, you'd be as tired at night as I am, and—"

Smoke's eyes were blazing now. He said, "If you think I'm going to be Ben Cobb's chore boy for the rest of my life—"

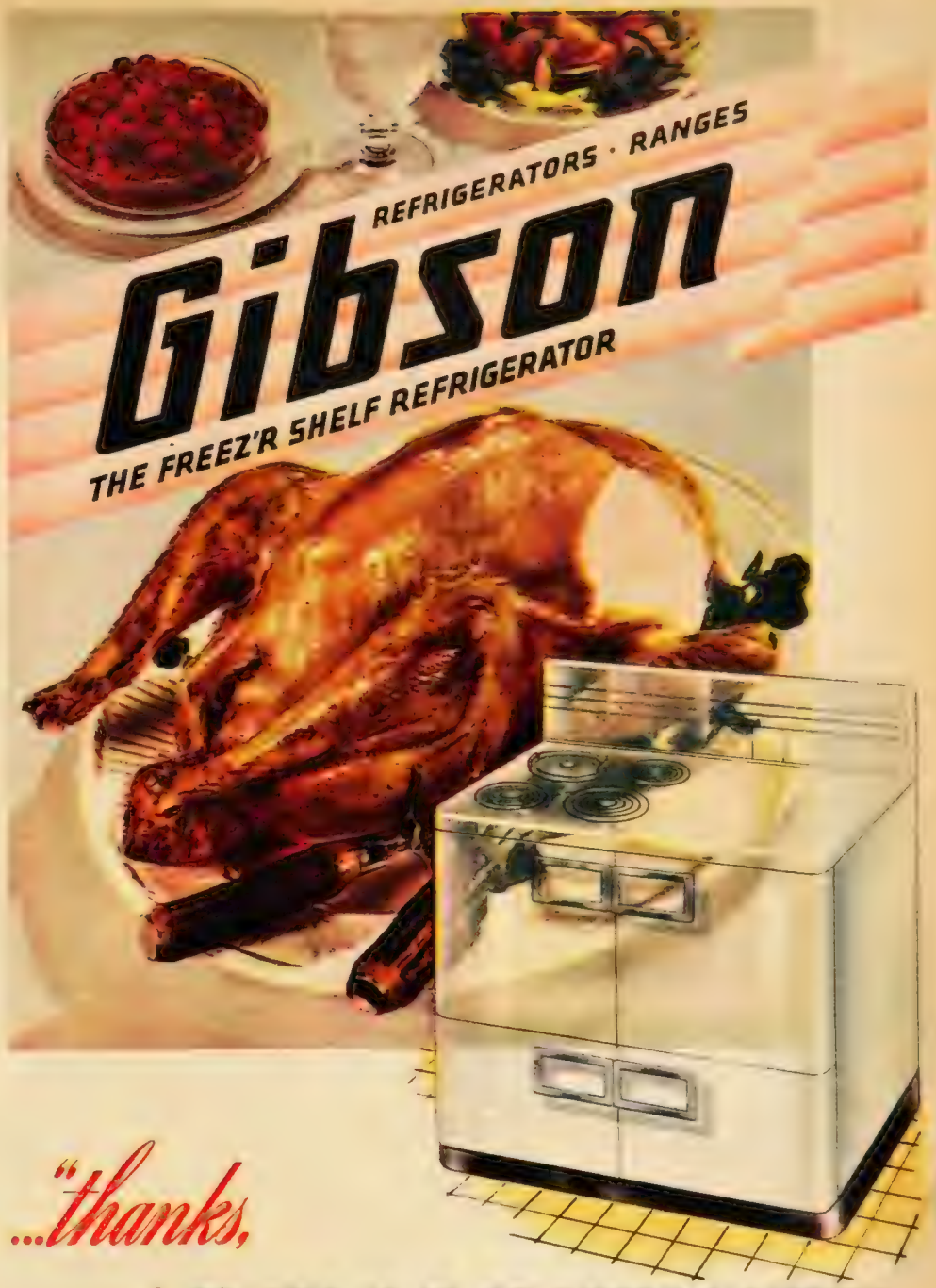
"Oh, no, I don't think so," Nan was suddenly blazing back at him. "Not as long as I'll wham a typewriter and keep house in the bargain and—"

"A devil of a lot of housekeeping you do," Smoke said. "And if it weren't for mother, I'd starve to death."

It couldn't be—oh, it couldn't! She and Smoke couldn't be sitting there on the bed, lashing out at each other with their tongues, cutting each other to the very heart. Only such a little while ago they'd said they didn't care where they lived, or how, so long as it was together. Why, that couldn't be Smoke limping around the room as he gathered things to hurl into his old duffel bag. But it was Smoke standing there in the doorway, the nerve twitching like mad in his cheek, the bag slung over one shoulder and his topcoat over the other, his eyes taut and blazing.

"From now on you won't have to overdo for me," he said, and the door slammed behind him.

So Nan had the janitor bring the trunks up from the locker room in the basement.



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In them she packed the linens and blankets, stripping the bed and piling the rumpled bedclothes on top. In them she packed the wedding presents: the silver and dishes and crystal. It was eight o'clock by the time she turned the keys over to the janitor with instructions about the trunks, and then stepped into the taxi with her bags.

Mom was alone, reading under a lamp in the living room. Dad was down at the corner drugstore for his Saturday-night confab. Mom looked up as Nan stood there in the doorway with her bags, her face white and rigid.

"Well, here's your entry," Nan said. "Smoke walked out on me."

Calmly enough Mom went ahead of the taxi driver as he carried the bags up the stairs to Nan's old room, and Nan, her chin set, followed them. Mom unpacked the bags. A soft May breeze billowed the crisp ruffled curtains at the window while Mom hung clothes on hangers, folded things neatly in drawers, systematically laying aside the things that should have gone to the cleaner's long since. Nan, her eyes on the bed, jerked her dress off over her head, kicked off her slippers. Mom folded the blue counterpane back, turned down the blanket and top sheet. She set the picture of Smoke in his uniform on the bedside table. It was Mom's way of saying it was just a spat, of course, and it would blow over. Nan took the picture and laid it face down in the top bureau drawer.

"That's that," she said, and crawled into bed. Her head hit the pillow and she was asleep before Mom had gathered up the things for the cleaner and turned out the light.

AND the solid comfort of it! Nan could come home from the office now and take a nap until Mom called her for dinner. She went to bed with the chickens, slept like the dead and came down in the morning to a spotless flowered lunch cloth, to iced orange juice, crisp buttered toast, and Mom's clear fragrant coffee. On Saturday afternoons she went to the hairdresser. Her hair took on its old sheen and her color came back. She turned out the work at the office now, and at the end of the month her check was higher by twenty-five dollars! Mr. Parmenter smiled, "You earned it, Nan."

But the time came when she was slept out. One night she took Smoke's picture from the drawer and stood looking down at it. She was still standing there when Mom called from the foot of the stairs, "Nan, we're going to the movies. Want to come along?"

"No, Mom," Nan called back. "I—I'll go to bed."

Most nights she just sat there in her room after dinner, looking at Smoke's picture. When she heard the telephone ring downstairs, she went rigid, listening. Generally she heard Dad say, "Oh, hello there, Ed." Or maybe it was Mom who said, "Oh, yes, Amy. How are you?" Then Nan could slump back in her chair and sit, or cream her face or do her nails, stopping now and again to sit looking into space while the curtains fluttered in the flower-scented breeze of a soft June night. Once Mom, a little uneasy by now, said, "It seems like ages since we last saw Smoke, doesn't it?"

And then one Saturday Nan did see Smoke! She was on her way from the office to lunch downtown, when she looked up to see Smoke, towering head and shoulders above the sidewalk crowd and coming toward her. They met head-on and stopped.

"Hello, Ma," Smoke said, looking down at her. "How about a spot of lunch?"

"All—all right." Nan found just breath enough to say it, and then Smoke was walking along beside her, limping just a shade less. They went to the swank Venetian Room at the Willard. Smoke said, "Those joints without tablecloths give me the jerks." The Venetian Room was air-cooled, a place of snowy linen and gleaming silver. Nan ached with the longing to reach out and touch Smoke, to make sure he was really there. Then Smoke's gray eyes were looking back at her.

"How—how's your mother?" Nan said.

"In sole possession of the homestead," Smoke grinned, "since I'm on the town."

"Since you're—what?"

"Darned if she didn't invite Janey Trust Fund for a visit," Smoke said, "and I blew sky-high at that line about being agreeable to her guests while I was in her house."

"You found another—the right job?"

"Nope," Smoke grinned. "I just ate an outsize crow for Ben Cobb, and you see before you Ben's chore boy again, only a shade more eager."

The waiter was there with the food, and Smoke said casually, "And how have you been? Miss me, do you?" Nan got hold of herself until she could make it sound as casual as a shrug when she said, "Oh, more or less." Smoke attacked his lunch with zest. Looking up, he said, "You know, my first wife couldn't cook for sour apples."

(*Continued on page 78*)

THE HOME FRONT

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(Continued from page 76)

"My first husband," Nan said, "was a fussy coot for—for the sketchy provider he was."

"That so?" Smoke was downright touched. "You've had it tough. Maybe I'd better stake you to a week-end at the lake."

Nan's heart pounded in her chest. Two bright red spots burned high on her cheekbones. Her eyes probed Smoke's.

"Just to show you all men aren't alike," Smoke said. "How about it?"

"All—all right," Nan said.

Her eyes were luminous when she jumped out of the taxi at home. She took the stairs three at a time to her room. She was cramming things into her bag when she looked up to see Mom in the doorway. Mom said, "Where to?"

"I saw Smoke," Nan told her, breathless, "and we're going to the lake for the week-end." Scooping sweaters and slips, her bathing suit and a lacy pink nightie from drawers, she hardly heard Mom saying, "What does Smoke think about—about you two?"

"I don't know," Nan said, jerking a dress from its hanger.

"But marriage is something you've got to take or leave, Nan," Mom said.

"I don't care," Nan said.

"Didn't— Smoke must've said something."

"Just about the week-end." Nan snapped the bag shut.

"Then it's pretty obvious what he—he thinks, isn't it?" Mom said, and, snatching up her gloves and bag, Nan faced her, flushed and breathless.

"Mom," she said, "I'm going, if—if I walk over red-hot coals!"

Mom stood there, tight-lipped but helpless. Nan looked back from the foot of the stairs to see her still standing there.

"Sometimes, darling, I feel that you re growing tired of me."

"Good-by, Mom," Nan said. "I'll be back tomorrow night."

"Yes, Nan," Mom said, "I believe you."

But Nan and Smoke had late Sunday breakfast next morning in their room at the Shorecrest, overlooking the lake. The waiter rolled his cart in, and they sat down in their robes over their bathing suits.

"Popovers!" Smoke said, rubbing his hands together. "Now there's an item."

"Pig!" Nan said. "Do you ever think of anything but food?"

"Oh, more or less," Smoke said, and he could make it sound casual too.

Afterward they romped in the water, racing each other to a raft and back. Spent, they lay on their backs in the sand, their hands locked under their heads. The sky was blue and the sun was warm upon them.

"This is the life," Smoke said.

"No pots and pans," Nan said.

"No blueprints and no Ben Cobb." Smoke's hand closed over Nan's, and something shot through her so sharp and sweet that it left her faint. He said, "Just you."

"And you," Nan said.

"But no more week-ends until payday," Smoke warned.

"How many days till payday?" Nan said.

"Sixteen." Smoke had already counted them!

"Next week-end will be on me," Nan said, and Smoke pulled a lock of her hair.

"Now why should I make myself agreeable to Janey Trust Fund?" he said.

The week-ends made a difference at home, of course. Dad said, "If you can eat your cake and have it, Nan, you'll be the first one." Mom said, "It just doesn't seem—seem decent to me, Nan." They said it with growing anxiety and bewilderment in their eyes; and it wasn't fair to enjoy all the privileges of the daughter of the house and ignore their code. But no privilege added up to anything for Nan without Smoke. Ten good years of her life she'd be willing to lay on the line just to have one day to live over—the day she and Smoke had quarreled.

Smoke didn't want to go back, though. Smoke was for skimming the cream today, and the devil take tomorrow.

Smoke was for flying high and not for the ground crew—ever. But he was Smoke.

Nan's bag was packed and in her locker at the office one Saturday morning. She was to meet Smoke for lunch and they

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would catch the three-twenty train for the lake. A little smile played around her mouth as she typed the long legal brief. She looked up to see Jill Rankin coming toward her. And then she saw only black spots floating before her eyes. She was suddenly dizzy, and a wave of nausea swept over her. She caught the edge of the desk to stay herself. As if from a distance, she heard Jill say, "Your mister called, and he's got news. He said it won't keep, and you're to call him back." Then the desk slipped slowly from Nan's grasp, and she fell forward across the typewriter.

She came to on the couch in the locker room, gasping from the fumes of an ammonia capsule. Tess Willard was there. Tess and Jill Rankin and—why, that must be a doctor taking her pulse! He smiled.

"All right," he said to the girls, "I guess I can handle the case now."

And when they had filed out, wide-eyed and curious, he sat there polishing his spectacles until he said jovially, "Well, young lady, you'd better get your order in. What'll you have? A girl or a boy?"

"No!" Nan sat bolt upright. "Oh, no, no! I—I can't have a baby."

"Oh, I don't know," the doctor said. "I rather lean to the other side, myself."

AND so there was no little smile around Nan's mouth when she rode in the taxi to meet Smoke. Over and over she told herself, "No, I wouldn't hold Smoke with a baby if I could, and I know I couldn't, but we'll have this one more week-end." Smoke was waiting for her at the curb—handsome, headlong, devil-may-care Smoke, and riding high!

His grin had never been wider than when he said from across the lunch table, "It's a raise, Ma! Yes, sir, Ben Cobb came through! Good old Ben, a gentleman and scholar, a diamond of first water, and—"

"Oh, Smoke!" Nan said. "I—I'm so glad for you."

So it was the highest flight of all, that week-end, and right up to the last hour when they lay in the sun on the beach. Smoke's hand closed over Nan's, and again that something sweet and sharp shot through her. She put her other forearm over her eyes to hide the tears that slipped from under their lids.

"You know," Smoke said, "Ben Cobb took me home to dinner one night this week. They live out in Greenwood, and it's an hour each way on the local."

"Oh, poor you!" Nan said.

"Ben's got three girls," Smoke told her. "A couple in school, but one's married to a sailor in the Pacific, so she's home now with this kid they have, and is he a number!"

"Don't tell me," Nan said. "I can guess. They put him in a high chair at the table and he dribbled down his bib."

"Dribbled, my eye!" Smoke scoffed. "That kid can spout soft-boiled egg half-

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

LOST AND NOT FOUND

The Army newspaper Stars and Stripes carried the following item recently in its Lost and Found column:

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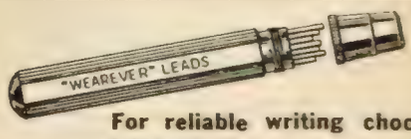

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way across the table. He's just learning to walk, and it was Ben's night to mow the lawn. Why, that kid toddled up and down after Ben until his tongue hung out. He yowled like a wildcat when his mother put him to bed, because he wanted to stay with Ben."

"I can hear that yowl," Nan said.

"Ben took me back to the train," Smoke said, "and I asked him what they did out there for excitement. He said they had all the excitement they could take paying taxes and making ends meet."

"Darling, you earned the raise," Nan said.

Smoke got abruptly up from the sand. He pulled Nan up by one hand, and out of a clear sky he said, "You can be a pain when you want to, can't you?" And when their bags were packed, he sat on the foot of the bed, one long leg draped around a bedpost.

"Well, this washes the Shorecrest up with me," Smoke said, but that was Smoke. It was higher and higher with Smoke, and always. Something that had been boiling up in Nan's heart threatened to boil over. She saw Smoke's chin shoot forward, and her mouth tightened into a straight line.

"Yup, I've flown my last milk run," Smoke said. Nan turned upon him.

"Best wishes to you and Janey Trust Fund!" she said.

She saw quick flames leap in Smoke's eyes. His voice was belligerent when he said, "And it could be Greenwood, too!"

"I can see you mowing the lawn," Nan smiled, and Smoke sat there, taking her in from the tilt of the pert hat to the fragile sandals.

"You're a neat little cream skimmer, aren't you? No pots and pans for you! And I can see you washing baby bottles."

"Cream skimmer!" Nan's chin went up. "And that for me—from you!"

There was a tap on the door, the boy opened it to gather up their luggage. Nan picked up her gloves and bag from the bureau. Her chin still high, she followed the luggage in blind fury, and that was how it happened that she collided with Smoke at the door. Then she felt Smoke's arms go tight around her, and her head went down on his shoulder.

"You got my goat about that kid out at Ben's," Smoke said. "I was just crazy enough about him that I'd mow the lawn. Any day, Ma!"

"He sounded so d-darned c-cute," Nan said against his shoulder. "I—I'll wash the b-bottles, Smoke."

THE END

"That's the way I time my three-minute eggs—I have Junior run around the block."

TOMORROW'S NEW JOBS

Continued from Page 21

together. Ingenious prefabrication methods which use steel, aluminum, plastic plywood, fiber panels—or combinations of these—may yet achieve the housing expert's dream: a good two-bedroom house for about $2,500. When this day comes, a vast new market will be tapped.

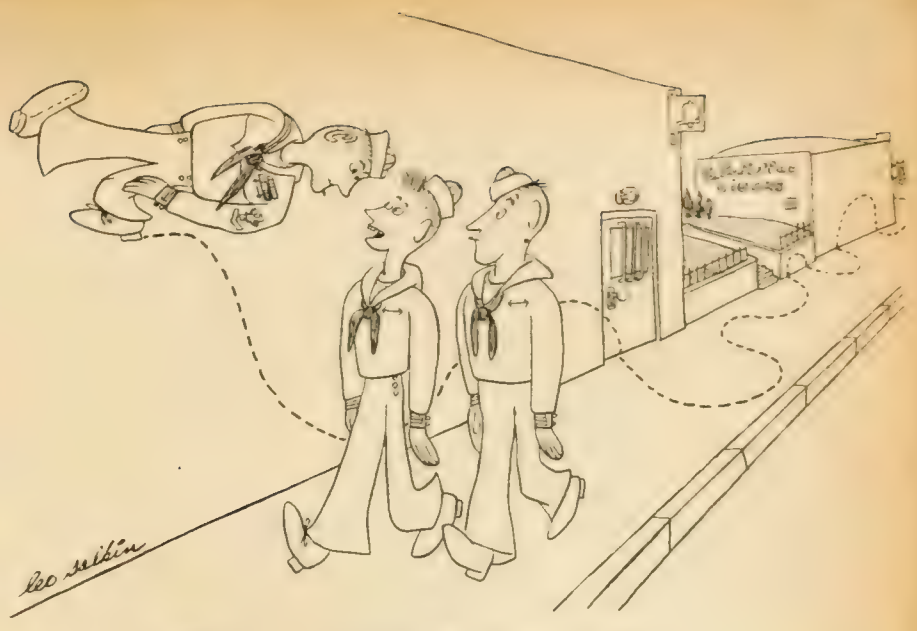
REFRIGERATION has a recent growth history which guarantees a big future in bad times and good. Nearly 2,000,000 families say they will buy a new household box within the first few months of availability. Public demand is such that air conditioning is ready to pass from luxury to near-necessity in homes as well as stores and offices. Father of air conditioning, Willis Carrier, says: "Even air-conditioned cities are in the realm of possibility."

So many people are waiting for the opportunity to buy home food freezers that one manufacturer has 10,000 dealer applications on file.

Plans are under way for several chains of frozen-food stores, to deliver frozen vegetables, fruit, meat, poultry, and cooked food (frozen French fries, for instance, or brown beef stew) to customers by refrigerated truck.

All this adds up to jobs. Jobs for nutritionists who study freezing, for mechanics who learn to repair freezers, for butchers who learn to dissect meat for frozen distribution, for locker-plant managers, for dealers in frozen foods and equipment, for home economists to test and prepare foods, for salesmen, for factory craftsmen.

AVIATION is an industry to treat with caution. Even if there is understatement in the prediction that a million people will fly the Atlantic in 1950, there still is overexpansion in present aircraft plants. And the Air Forces have trained pilots and mechanics by the million.



"Was it very rough in the North Atlantic?"

But there is a field of aviation which will burst from diaper stage to long pants in the next few years—private flying.

Maybe you'll get around by helicopter. Maybe your flying machine will be a roadable plane, which folds back its wings and takes to the highway to get you from home to airport, or when flying weather is bad. Maybe it will be one of the nonspinning, nonstalling "family cars of the air" which several companies will turn out when wartime restrictions are removed.

Whatever your airplane turns out to be, flying is going to be a family commonplace some year. The optimists say four or five years from now, the pessimists say ten years or more—but few can doubt that the time is coming. And the growth will begin with V Day.

That there will be manufacturing jobs is obvious. But don't overlook the subsidiary ones. As the famous designer Bill Stout points out, for 27,000,000 automobiles we need 40,000 dealers; for 5,000,000 planes we'll need 8,000 dealers.

(*Continued on page 89*)

...They helped knock over this enemy tank

These little batteries you haven't been able to buy for your flashlight have been powering tank-busting bazookas, flame-throwers, field telephones, flashlights, and hundreds of other war weapons.

THE FLASHLIGHT BATTERY THAT STAYS FRESH FOR YEARS BECAUSE IT'S LEAKPROOF

Ray-O-Vac is the only flashlight battery that's sealed-in-steel. This means it stays fresh far longer than ordinary batteries . . . that vital power is there when you need it. It's the only battery guaranteed never to cause corrosion damage to your flashlight. *Watch for Ray-O-Vac LEAKPROOF'S return to the consumer market after Victory.*

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The Focus-Cat...

He flies alone — he flies unarmed — and he must get back! He is a photo-reconnaissance pilot, and the solitary, hazardous missions that he flies each day are paving the highroad to Tokyo, hastening the day of total victory and the new age of total peace.

Typical of the job being done by America's photo-reconnaissance pilots — "Focus-Cats" in the flying fraternity — is the recently disclosed account of one pilot's 2,200-mile flight over the main islands of Japan.

Flying squarely through the Japanese radar screen, without even a cloud for cover, he gambled his life on the performance of an airplane and his own flying skill, and the stakes were among the highest of this war . . . From this pilot's "deck" of aerial photographs was dealt a blow at the very heart of Japan by our great B-29 *Superfortresses* which followed in his path.

America's favorite airplane for the high, hot flying of photo-reconnaissance work is a stripped-down Lockheed Lightning — known as the Lightning F-5 — with five cameras in the nose instead of guns.

Today, the men and women who build the Curtiss Electric Propellers for this extremely versatile airplane share with the builders of the F-5 their pride in the plane's amazing performance.

And as total victory draws nearer, they share too the tremendous promise which American airpower holds for the future . . . the promise of lasting peace, of jobs for our fighting men, and a new era of trade and security.

That promise depends upon straight thinking and sound planning *outside* the aviation industry as well as within. That promise depends upon *all* of us!

A photograph interpreter studies sections of a mosaic map of Japanese-held territory, photographed by the Navy's famed "VD-1" reconnaissance unit based on Guadalcanal. The stereoviewer reveals gun emplacements, revetments and buildings in 3-dimensional form.

Loaded with cameras instead of cannons, the Lockheed P-38 Lightning becomes a Lightning F-5. "Fighter planes win battles . . . camera planes win wars," says a top military authority, and the Lightning, one of this war's fastest planes — serves magnificently in both roles.

The Lockheed Lightning, equipped with 2 Curtiss Electric 3-blade propellers, has proved effective in paving the way for invasion. Flying at sub-stratosphere heights, or in rough top dives, it carries recco pilots through to objectives and brings them home with pictures.

Look to the Sky, America!

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Manufacturing Divisions

CURTISS-WRIGHT AIRPLANE DIVISION
WRIGHT AERONAUTICAL CORPORATION
CURTISS-WRIGHT PROPELLER DIVISION

★ *Buy War Bonds Today* ★

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THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

WHILE guns are still blasting overseas, I think it's time to do some reconnoitering here on the subject of a serviceman's bonus. I'm prompted to do this now for two reasons—as a reminder to the public that we owe a bonus to the boys, and because I want to drop a comforting word for servicemen who see no prospective benefits for themselves in the G. I. Bill of Rights, and consequently are inclined to feel they've been left out in the cold.

Quite a few lads, and also some G. I. ladies, have written in recently to say they don't have an interrupted education to resume when they're mustered out, or that they foresee no need of borrowing money for a home, farm, or business, and that they don't expect to have to fall back on the bill's unemployment benefits.

"Shouldn't some provision have been made to give us a slice of this money?" they ask.

To which I answer, no. The Bill of

Very smart

Rights was framed to help ease veterans back into places in civilian life. It isn't a bonus measure. And if you don't need to apply for benefits under the G. I. Bill of Rights, you can figure you're going to be just that much ahead. For Congress wrote into the bill this stipulation:

"In the event there shall hereafter be authorized any allowance in the nature of adjusted compensation"—that was the name of the World War I bonus—"any benefits received by, and paid for, any veteran under this Act shall be charged against and deducted from any such adjusted compensation."

That not only removes from the serviceman's future bonus any sums the Government pays out on his account under the bill, but any loans guaranteed on his behalf must be paid off, too, before bonus money flows. Thus the man who doesn't have to invoke the bill's aid will be that much ahead in cash, eventually.

"But will there be a bonus?" some may ask.

Old Sarge believes there is every reason for a bonus. There's precedent. There are the veterans' organizations which will press for a bonus as the due right of the vast number of World War II men even now commencing to pour into their ranks.

And there's the sense of gratitude and fairness of the American people, who will feel it is only just to compensate the men who have suffered hardships and long separation from their loved ones while risking their lives for their country. It's true that service pay and allowances were upped during the present war. But they are still far below the levels of pay earned by our 4-Fs, women workers, and over-age men in the nation's war plants. G. I. Joe has an adjustment coming.

Finally, there's the argument implicit in the Bill of Rights itself. It provides benefits for students wishing to resume schooling, for men and women desiring vocational training, for those needing loans, for those unemployed during the immediate post-war period, and even for self-employed vets whose earnings drop below $100 a month during that early postwar period. In fairness to service personnel not falling in these categories, there must be further Congressional action setting up additional compensation, adjusted according to length of service, with overseas time rated higher than duty in the United States.

For all these reasons Old Sarge feels there must be a bonus. At the proper time I'm going to be in there fighting for the proposition with all I've got.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

My son, a soldier in the Southwest Pacific, would like to know if there are any restrictions against his bringing home a slightly shell-shocked but very smart parrot.

Mrs. M. D. W., Long Beach, Calif.

Regardless of the service-connected origin of this bird's disability, and despite the high I. Q., Poll stays out. She, or he, is one of the souvenirs on the list banned for returning military personnel. Also forbidden, according to the War Department, are birds of paradise, egrets, egret plumes, mongooses, flying foxes or fruit bats, and "such other birds and animals as the Secretary of the Interior may specify from time to time."

* * *

The June 3 Liberty pictured a soldier kneeling beside a grave marked by a cross.

Burning it

Behind him, on another grave, is a marker in the shape of a six-pointed star. Can you explain the second marker?

J. K. G., Marion, N. C.

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VanRoy
DUMONT
$10

As you travel along life's highroad take time to savor its good things. One of them is VanRoy, the pipe that renews its promise of rare enjoyment with every luxurious puff. Discover for yourself the proud satisfaction of owning a VanRoy, prime preference of discerning smokers. VanRoy Co., Inc., Empire State Bldg., N.Y.1

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- **GERMICIDAL**—kills germs and bacteria on contact.
- **FUNGICIDAL**—kills fungi on contact, including those found in so many cases of Athlete's Foot.
- Your druggist will refund your full purchase price if you are not satisfied.

Zemacol

Relieves Itching and Burning

Norwich

Makers of Unguentine® and Pepto-Bismol®

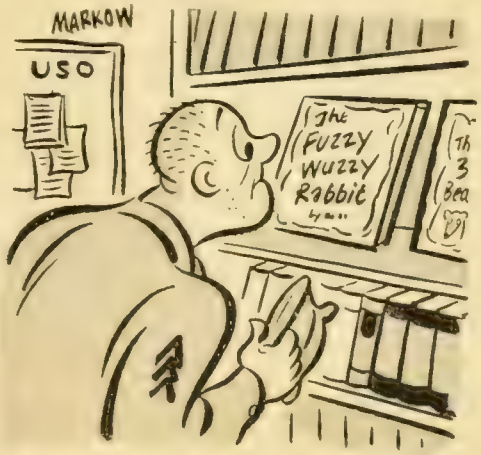
The six-pointed star is the Star of David. It is used to signify that the soldier who gave his life was of the Jewish faith.

* * *

Sarge, several of these gals writing to your department have riled me with their assertions that foreign girls becoming the wives of our servicemen are designing females. All women are designing, whether American or foreign-born.

Just consider their respective qualifications. Most U. S. gals can't boil water without burning it. They spoil a husband's stomach during the year or so they're learning to cook. But foreign girls learn to cook at an early age.

American girls dislike housework and many object to raising a family, as babies would cut in on their fun-making. Foreign girls take pride in their homes, and raising a family is an accepted part of life to them. Our girls drive their husbands broke trying to keep up with the Joneses—those



Reading matter?

across the sea are content to make the most of what they have.

Coast Guardsman Joe J.,
c/o F. P. O., New York.

Joe, I'm printing that as one man's opinion and expressing no judgment of my own. Maybe some of the girls here will want to reply. And, Joe, between ourselves, we've got to start drawing a line somewhere on this comparison business. First thing you know, some of our WACs and nurses overseas will be comparing us fellows in a critical light with some of the Britishers, Frenchmen, etc., they're meeting.

* * *

My husband has been in the Navy three months and I have not yet received any family allowance. What can I do to get this corrected?

Mrs. C. P., Los Angeles, Calif.

You should have received one or more allotments by now. Write the Bureau of Casualties and Allotments, Navy Department, Washington, D. C. Be sure to list your husband's full name, rank, and serial number.

* * *

Where can I send some old books which I wish to contribute as reading matter for servicemen?

Miss L. A., Charlotte, N. C.

To the U. S. O., Red Cross or the Special Service Officer of the nearest Army camp, or to the Morale Officer of the nearest Navy Station. Send only books you're sure a serviceman would like to read.

* * *

Some time back I got into a little trouble and drew a sentence of thirty days, $30, and a bust from corporal, at a summary

Like the leaping kangaroo, a GOTHIC JARPROOF watch is designed to absorb bumps, jolts and jars. Because of its patented construction it can take a licking yet keep on ticking. Beautiful, durable, precision-built for accuracy.

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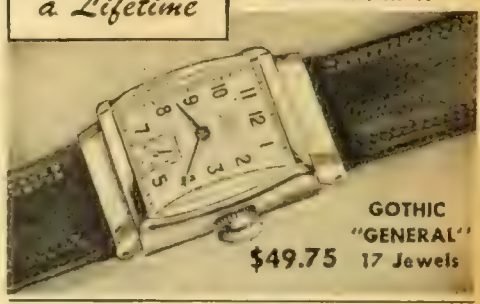
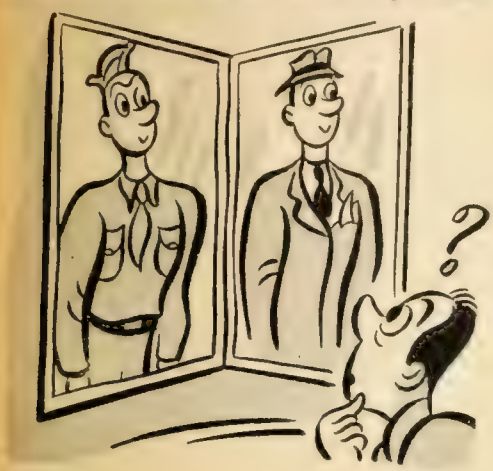


GOTHIC "GENERAL" $49.75 17 Jewels

court-martial. I'm not sore, because I deserved it. The only thing I want to know is, will I have to make up that thirty days?

Pvt. J. L., Pyote, Tex.

If you entered the Army via Selective Service, you owe no extra time on that sentence. If you're a regular, you owe thirty days which would be added to your enlistment. But chances are you'll owe nothing, since most regulars already have been retained long beyond their enlistments under the war emergency clause.



Which?

I was transferred from active Army service to the Enlisted Reserve to accept essential employment in metal mining. But I'd rather fight. Can I join one of the other armed services or must I return to the Army? What am I, anyway, a soldier or civilian?

Ex-Pvt. P., Leadville, Col.

As a member of the ERC you're a civilian, but the Army has first military claim on you. You can be called to active service only with the Army. If you're eager to fight, pass the word to the ERC, Eighth Service Command, Fort Sam Houston, Texas.

* * *

I'm a Navy Pharmacist's Mate and I've wondered if there is some sort of bar a serviceman can wear for having sons in the service. I have two sons who are also in the Navy.

J. H. M., Camp Lejeune, N. C.

Your family has a record of which it can be proud. But I'm sorry to report that there is, at this writing, no special designation for service dads of service sons.

* * *

When the Hornet and the "Big E" helped engineer that choice raid on Japan, was it B-17s or B-25s that made the run from the Hornet's deck?

Ex-V6, West Plains, Mo.

Jimmy Doolittle and his boys rode B-25 Mitchell medium bombers on that flight into the pages of history.

* * *

What does my National Service Life Insurance policy mean when it refers to "total disability"?

Pvt. E. C., Somewhere in France.

Any impairment of mind or body which continuously makes it impossible for the insured to follow any substantially gainful occupation.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

FALSE TEETH WEARERS

How YOU can Avoid The Danger of DENTURE BREATH

NO, IT'S NOT the candle smoke that's bothering her, Mister Man. It's something you may never have thought of . . . Denture Breath! Avoid offending this way. Don't trust brushing and scrubbing your dental plates with ordinary cleansers that scratch your plate material. Such scratches make it easier for food particles and film to collect faster, cling tighter, causing offensive Denture Breath.

PLAY SAFE—SOAK YOUR PLATE IN POLIDENT
Do This Every Day!
Soak your plate in Polident fifteen minutes or longer . . . rinse . . . and it's ready to use. A daily Polident bath gets into tiny crevices brushing never seems to reach—keeps your plate sparkling clean and odor-free.
No brushing

What's more . . . your plate material is *60 times softer than natural teeth*, and brushing with ordinary tooth pastes, tooth powders or soaps, often wears down the delicate fitting ridges designed to hold your plate in place. With worn-down ridges, of course, your plate loosens. But, since there is no need for brushing when using Polident—there's no danger. And, besides, the *safe* Polident way is so easy and sure.

Later: That's better! No fear of Denture Breath now—no risk of wearing down and loosening the plate due to brushing with makeshift cleansers. If *you* wear a removable bridge or plate, play safe. To help maintain its original natural appearance, use Polident daily. Costs less than 1¢ a day.

Free: Generous 2 weeks supply of Polident! Send name and address on penny postcard to Hudson Products, Inc., 8 High Street, Department 211, Jersey City 6, N. J.

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Use **POLIDENT** *Daily* TO KEEP PLATES AND BRIDGES CLEAN . . . AND ODOR-FREE!

INSIDE
Paramount

Published Here Every 4 Weeks

ALAN LADD IS BACK!

Alan Ladd, the young star who became an overnight sensation, is back from war service and in his first film in two years.

• • •

And he's in the story *you* would have picked for him, by the author of "All This And Heaven Too"—

"AND NOW Tomorrow"

In it, Ladd proves he packs emotional dynamite as violently as he packs a gun!

• • •

It's a smashing new role... with the same keen Ladd . . . as he crashes the gates of Society to tame a pampered blueblood!

• • •

Aristocratic Loretta Young is a girl with everything in life—but nothing to live for.

• • •

And she comes to Ladd, because she has to, for he is the one doctor who can cure her—but one night she comes back because she wants to — just as he tells her she will.

• • •

Vixenish Susan Hayward is cast just as you want her . . . cold, selfish, and a pagan to her fingertips!

• • •

Holding handsome Barry Sullivan in the palm of her pretty hand.

• • •

"AND NOW TOMORROW," directed by Irving Pichel, is another great picture from the company that has given you "Going My Way," "Miracle of Morgan's Creek," "Lady In The Dark," "Double Indemnity" and many others.

Paramount Pictures

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY EVE STANLEY

There's trouble ahead for Ernie when he meets Ada, cashier at a cheap Fun Fair.

NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART *(RKO)*

Cary Grant, Ethel Barrymore, Barry Fitzgerald

IN this adaptation of the Richard Llewellyn novel, Clifford Odets has emphasized the brooding, philosophic aspects of the stark tale of Ernie Mott, shiftless product of London's East End. Ernie (Cary Grant) is an irresponsible gifted young cockney, whose rebellion against the hopeless grind of poverty turns him into a cold-hearted vagabond. But when he learns that his bluff courageous old mother (Ethel Barrymore) is dying of cancer, he reluctantly decides to stay home and ease her last days by helping to run her cluttered little old secondhand shop.

Life in the East End is full of strange, battered characters. There's matchless Ma Mott herself, with her dowdy hat askew; and Twite (Barry Fitzgerald), with his ankle-length overcoat and umbrella tied up with string, who echoes Ernie's philosophic wonderings. There are girls, too—loyal Aggie (Jane Wyatt), with her cello and her lonely heart, and flax-haired Ada (June Duprez), half flaunting, half wistful, who leads Ernie into a net of circumstances fraught with tragedy and defeat. But in between a losing struggle with a ruthless gangster (George Coulouris) and encounters with the law are glimpses of rare faith and tenderness: Ma Mott's secret smile as her son comes home to stay; a forlorn woman's love for her canary bird; the motto of a clear-eyed old pawnbroker (Konstantin Shayne) who mumbles "Everything with a kiss."

This constellation of outstanding dramatic performances has the makings of a first-rate social drama. Odets (who is responsible for the script as well as the sensitive direction) has chosen to bring out mood and emotion at the expense of conclusiveness. The result, in spite of its impressive power, is often confusing and inevitably depressing.

Ernie surprises his ma with a present, delivered by a friend (Barry Fitzgerald).

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Homespun

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Abbott's BITTERS
BEST FOR COCKTAILS SINCE 1872

SAVE YOUR WASTE PAPER. IT IS URGENTLY NEEDED FOR PACKING FOOD, AMMUNITION, MEDICAL SUPPLIES

LAURA

(Twentieth Century-Fox)
Gene Tierney, Dana Andrews, Clifton Webb

LAURA was a lovely, sophisticated, successful career girl. She knew everybody, lived lavishly, and had a host of admirers. But no one knew her whole story until a brutal shotgun murder in her own apartment took Laura out of the realm of the living and made her the subject of a gripping police investigation which revealed strange ramifications in the lives of those who knew her best. And even as a memory, Laura's glamor continued to haunt her apartment like a mysterious, compelling perfume.

This surcharged atmosphere forms the background for a slick murder mystery with a shocking turnabout in the middle which sets everything off on a new tangent and tightens up the suspense. Gene Tierney, decorative and self-possessed, forms a fitting center of interest, while Dana Andrews wins sympathy as a personable young police detective not wholly impervious to the charm of even a vanished lady. But it is Clifton Webb as an effete, vitriol-tongued columnist who does his typing in a super-bathtub and addresses the human race in ice-smooth invective who walks away with the acting honors. Vincent Price as an engaging scoundrel and Judith Anderson are close runners-up. An unusually well-turned script and tasteful production make this a rattling good picture all around.

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SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS
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MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST
Use DERMOIL

Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on Psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent FREE. Write for it.

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly, embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10c (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. Caution: Use only as directed. Print name plainly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 547, Northwestern Station, Dept. 2824, Detroit 4, Mich.

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CARELESS TALK CAN BE PIECED TOGETHER BY THE ENEMY

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The [illegible] of Dr R [illegible] ASTHMADOR [illegible] in relieving the [illegible] of asthmatic attacks—helps make breathing easier. ASTHMADOR is economical, dependable, easy to use—its quality more than ever insured by rigid laboratory control of purity. Use ASTHMADOR in powder, cigarette or pipe mixture. At druggists—try [illegible] today!

AND NOW TOMORROW

(Paramount)
Loretta Young, Alan Ladd, Susan Hayward

LORETTA YOUNG as beautiful wealthy Emily Blair of the snobbish New England Blairs plays a well-dressed role which satisfies popular romantic specifications to a T.

When Emily recovers from meningitis to find herself completely deaf, her life gets all bogged down in doctors and despair. She becomes an expert lip reader, but still cherishes the hope that she may somehow, sometime, regain her hearing. Meanwhile she unselfishly postpones her impending marriage and continues to seek out specialists. As a last resort, her family doctor (Cecil Kellaway) imports a young M. D. (Alan Ladd), originally from the other side of the tracks in Blairstown. The idea is that he can continue his promising research on serum treatment for deafness and meanwhile work on Emily. Naturally there are complications, but the youthful medico manages to cure his pampered patient of more than one ailment by the time he's done.

This unsurprising story is equipped with satisfactorily luxurious sets and a good cast. Loretta Young and Alan Ladd take the hazards of hypos, white rabbits, and love with proper seriousness, while little sister Susan Hayward beguiles Emily's fiancé into some under-cover activity at home. But the four-cornered romance finally straightens out, and everything comes out hunky-dory in the end.

These people buy a battleship —every week!

Meet John S. . . . . and Mary D. . . . . .

John works at an electronics plant on Long Island, and makes $85 a week. Almost 16% of it goes into War Bonds.

Mary has been driving rivets into bombers at an airplane plant on the West Coast. She makes $55 a week, and puts 14% of it into War Bonds.

John and Mary are typical of more than 27 million Americans on the Payroll Savings Plan who, every single month, put half a BILLION dollars into War Bonds. That's enough to buy one of those hundred-million-dollar battleships every week, with enough money for an aircraft carrier and three or four cruisers left over.

In addition, John and Mary and the other people on the Payroll Plan have been among the biggest buyers of *extra* Bonds in every War Loan Drive.

They've financed a good share of our war effort all by themselves, and they've tucked away billions of dollars in savings that are going to come in mighty handy for both them and their country later on.

When this war is won, and we start giving credit where credit is due, don't forget John and Mary. After the fighting men, they deserve a place at the top. They've earned it.

6th WAR LOAN

You've backed the attack—now speed the Victory!

LIBERTY MAGAZINE

This is an official U. S. Treasury advertisement—prepared under auspices of Treasury Department and War Advertising Council

. . . Soothing on young, tender lips. CHAP STICK is the friendly comforter when baby drools or has a cold.

"I'm no quiz kid, but my Ma sure knows the answer for chapped, sore lips. Every one in my house gets his own private CHAP STICK."

☆

Helps check, helps relieve... chapped lips—cracked lips—dry lips—sore lips. Specially medicated, gently soothing. The one and only CHAP STICK!

T. M. REG.
U. S. PAT. OFF.

On sale at drug counters —only 25¢

KEEPS LIPS FIT

SONG POEMS WANTED

TO BE SET TO MUSIC

Free Examination. Send Your Poems to

J. CHAS. McNEIL

A. B. MASTER OF MUSIC

510-L So. Alexandria Los Angeles 5, Calif.

PSORIASIS

PSORIASIS Sufferers: **PIXACOL** has brought relief when everything else failed. Use only as directed. Apply externally, dries quickly, convenient. Try regular $1 bottle without investing a cent! Write: **PIXACOL CO., Dept. L-15, Box 3583, Cleveland, Ohio**

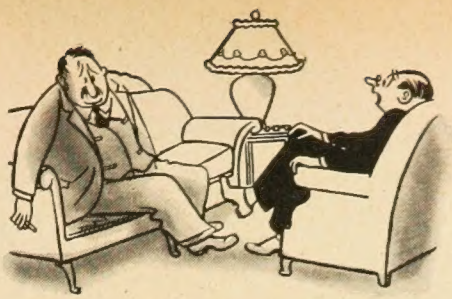
AMAZING COLOR SHAMPOO

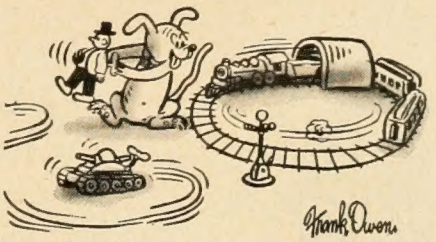
COLORS HAIR JET BLACK

Now you can wash out dirt, oily grime, grease, loose dandruff and **at the same time** give your hair a slick **JET BLACK COLOR** thats full of sparkle and life. So why go around with dull, faded, gray or discolored hair any longer. Get **Shädz** Color Shampoo and see how your hair becomes progressively **blacker,** softer, prettier and easier to dress with each shampoo. No dyed appearance; no harm to hair; will not stain hands or scalp. Helps you look years younger, invite romance, attract new friends, become more popular or get a better job. Highly praised by users everywhere.

NO RISK TEST. Try **Shädz** Color Shampoo without risking one penny. Just send **50c** for full size cake or $1.00 for 2 cakes, (C.O.D. postage extra). If you are not absolutely satisfied within 7 days, return unused portion and get your money back. Don't delay. Order today.

THE SHÄDZ CO. Dept. 38
6609 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago 37, Ill.





"The educational line of toys is a little over his head as yet!"

(*Continued from page 81*)

Airports will have to be built by the thousand to hangar, service, and supply the planes.

Finance and insurance companies will have a new field into which to expand. Touring will be international. Skiing and fishing resorts will be accessible for week-end flights as well as during the annual two-weeks-with-pay.

Cities will balloon with the coming of mass flying. Growth begun by the streetcar and increased by the automobile will continue till the residential area of any major city will have a 100-mile radius. Real-estate developers and salesmen of prefabricated homes will have more room to operate in.

WELL, there you have some of the big get-in-on-the-ground-floor opportunities. Add to your list the automobile industry, because, big as it is, it is not through growing. Postwar cars may be rear-engined, plastic-topped, fifty-miles-to-the-gallon lightweights selling for $500—or they may not. But 2,590,000 of us say we'll replace the old jaloppy at the first opportunity, and the industry expects to sell no fewer than 25,000,000 cars in the next five years.

There may be fewer farmers in the future, but they will live better and make more money as they learn to grow improved grains and livestock now being produced experimentally. And chemurgy (industrial use of farm products) will open up new markets.

Production, packaging, and distribution of the new debulked, dehydrated, and frozen foods to world markets are already pointing to new jobs in food industries. Market research (the science of finding out what you want or don't want) will skyrocket as manufacturers tremblingly introduce unfamiliar products. Farmers, transportation and utility companies, and retailers are ready to buy long-range weather-forecasting service.

That's the picture. We thought we were in a technical age before the war, but we know now that we haven't seen nothin' yet. Alongside the staid old industries new and exciting ones are beginning to grow up. Inevitably the best jobs in these coming industries are going to men with training. So if you're a G. I., get out your copy of the G. I. Bill of Rights and read the educational and training provisions again.

THE END

ACCEPT THESE 4 PENCILS (FULL SIZE)

with YOUR Name in Gold Color—almost a **GIFT!**

To acquaint you with the improved Grandpa's Wonder Pine Tar Soap—that now lathers white and leaves no washstand stain—we make this unusual get-acquainted offer.

HURRY! This Offer Limited!

Send just 10c and 3 carton fronts from the rich-lathering Grandpa's Wonder Pine Tar Soap and we will send you 4 pencils with your name (or any name you wish) printed in gold color on all 4 pencils. Please **print** the name you wish on pencils and full address plainly. A wonderful gift or favor especially for service men and women.

You'll like this new Grandpa's Wonder Pine Tar Soap—surprisingly low in price. Get 3 bars from your grocer or druggist.

1. Delightful pine fragrance banishes body odor.
2. Extra rich, mild, white lather—invigorating and refreshing.
3. Makes a marvelous shampoo—washes out dandruff—gives hair new, lustrous beauty.

Hurry! Send 3 carton fronts and 10c for your 4 pencils —today.

THE GRANDPA SOAP CO., Dept. L, Cincinnati 14, Ohio

GRANDPA'S *wonder* PINE TAR SOAP

A Favorite Since 1878—Now Improved

CASH WHEN NEEDED MOST!

NOW $1 A MONTH PROVIDES

AMAZING NEW GOLD SEAL POLICY

Provides *all-around* protection, cash for almost every emergency! Issued by old-line LEGAL RESERVE company, yet actually *costs less than* $1 a month. Protection *you need* at a *price you can afford!*

Pays for ANY and ALL Accidents, ALL Common Sicknesses, as provided, even minor injuries. Disability benefits paid from first day. No waiting period. NO, this is NOT the usual "limited" policy. NO jokers. NO trick clauses. It's *extra liberal!*

Accumulated CASH BENEFITS for Accidental Loss of Life, Limb or Sight up to **$6000.00**

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HOSPITAL EXPENSES for Sickness or Accident including room to over **$650.00**

NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION

Policy issued BY MAIL at *big savings.* Ages 15 to 69. Actual policy sent for 10 DAYS' FREE EXAMINATION. Write for it today. No cost! No obligation! No salesman will call. Use coupon below. Do it today—Provide for tomorrow!

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Without cost or obligation, send your GOLD SEAL $1-A-MONTH Policy for 10 DAYS' FREE INSPECTION.

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DEC. 2, 1944

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor

IT'S NOT TIME TO RELAX—YET

THERE is a school of thought in Washington which holds that the American public is rather childlike in its reaction to war news. The theory is that too much good news is bad for the war effort on the home front. People hear and read of victories and assume the fight is over. They think they no longer need to put forth unusual effort at their jobs. They neglect to buy war bonds. They begin to disregard the regulations which of necessity govern civilian life in wartime.

Where there's smoke there's fire, and the fears of officialdom are not entirely baseless.

There's no doubt too much good news does cause some people to let down.

However, if we stop to think a minute, we can't help but realize we still have quite a way to go before we can call the war won, and relax. It is dangerous in the extreme to assume that our opponents are defeated until their armed forces have been destroyed and brought to unconditional surrender. The prizefighter who has his opponent groggy puts on even more steam to clinch the victory. The truck driver keeps his foot on the gas pedal and crowds on even more power just as he's about to reach the top of a hill. The doughboy finds he can't sit down just because the defending fire from his objective has weakened. He's got to go ahead and take it and can't relax until he does.

We on the home front have got to be the last to relax if the war is to be won as quickly as possible. If we let down now because we think victory is assured, we'll find out, as many have found out before us, that nothing is assured. If we let down, our foolish overconfidence might communicate itself to the men at the front, and then where would we be? Those who are doing the fighting have far more reason to let down than we have. Many of them are tired. They've been fighting for months and years. They want to come home. Yet every report from the fighting fronts says that the boys are determined to finish their jobs first.

We civilians haven't had a very tough war so far, and we're not likely to. All that's asked of us is that we continue to do our part.

The Sixth War Loan is now under way. This gives us a chance to show the cautious boys in Washington that their fears are misplaced. Let's make this Sixth War Loan the most successful one ever by buying more extra bonds this time than ever before. We've got more money now. It ought to be easy.

Sure, victory is on the way! Anybody who reads and listens can see that. But there's still a lot of fighting to be done, a lot of ships to be built, and a lot of guns and munitions to be manufactured before we can finally call victory ours. Meanwhile, by putting this Sixth War Loan over far beyond the expected goal, we can prove once and for all that it will take more than good news to make us let up until our fighting men are home again.

Paul Hunter

Dress up simple dishes with these savory sauces made from Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup!

TOMATO SAUCE FOR SPAGHETTI—Brown ¼ cup grated onion in 2 tbs. fat. Add an 11-oz. tin Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup, ½ cup water, ½ tsp. salt, dash cayenne pepper. Heat thoroughly. Strain. Simmer 2 hours with your favorite meat ball recipe. Cook ½ package Heinz Spaghetti as directed. Serve sauce and meat balls over Spaghetti. (Serves 2 to 3.)

COCKTAIL SAUCE—Combine an 11-oz. tin Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup (undiluted), 2⅔ tbs. Heinz Distilled White Vinegar, 1 tbs. Heinz Evaporated Horse Radish. Chill for at least 10 min. Yields 1⅔ cups.

BARBECUE MEAT SAUCE—Combine an 11-oz. tin Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup (undiluted), ½ cup Heinz Sweet Relish, ¼ cup finely chopped onion, 1 tbs. Heinz Worcestershire Sauce and 1 tbs. flour. Cook until thoroughly heated. Serve hot over Salisbury steak or any other desired meat. Yields 1½ cups.

SPICY SAUCE FOR SCRAMBLED EGGS—Sauté ½ cup chopped green pepper and 6 tbs. chopped onion in 1½ tbs. fat. Add an 11-oz. tin Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup and ⅔ cup water. Heat thoroughly. Pour over scrambled eggs. Yields 6 servings.

Just Wonderful!

Delighted exclamations *always* greet a steaming bowlful of Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup! For it has the enticing fragrance, the nourishing richness, the distinctive flavor that come only from deft blending of Heinz "Aristocrat" tomatoes, heavy cream and exotic spices. Like all Heinz Condensed Soups, Cream of Tomato is quick to fix, economical to serve—in short, *wonderful!*

HEINZ SOUPS

57

WHERE ELSE . . . BUT *America?*

Be thankful that here in the U.S.A., true luxuries are still to be had . . . roast turkey with all the fixin's . . . a cocktail or highball of Seagram's 5 Crown—every drop *true* PRE-WAR quality.

Be thankful, too, for the skill of the cook, whose subtle touch can create such a taste triumph. And the master blender, whose rare genius can produce a superb whiskey like Seagram's 5 Crown.

This glorious blended whiskey merits today all the praises you've heaped on it in years gone by.

It was, is, and always will be America's greatest whiskey value—*true* pre-war quality at its Seagram-best . . . *good taste* says "Seagram's 5 Crown, please!"

SEAGRAM TAKES THE TOUGHNESS OUT . . . BLENDS EXTRA PLEASURE IN

Seagram's 5 Crown

Say **Seagram's** *and be Sure of Pre-War Quality*

Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey, 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits, 86.8 Proof

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